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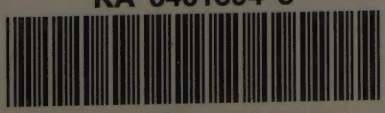

THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD

(Παντα ῥει).

THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD

BOOK THE FIFTH

The Story of the Clissolds—The Next Phase

BOOK THE SIXTH

The Story of the Clissolds—Venus as Evening Star

THE EPILOGUE

Note by Sir Richard Clissold

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BOOK THE FIFTH

THE STORY OF THE CLISSOLDS—THE NEXT PHASE

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§ 1

NOW with my story told I can come to the gist of my matter, to the new ways of living that are, I believe, opening out before mankind. I will at first set out only the broad lines of my ideas. After I have written this book I hope to return to the questions I am now raising and work over much that here I give in skeleton.

I will write as clearly as possible, but I must ask the reader to be patient if at times I am a little heavy and reiterative in this part. I am not a professional man of letters; my interests have been in things and practical ideas rather than in fine and graceful writing, and my utmost ambition is to be plain and strong. If I could set out what I have to say with charm and brilliance I would be only too glad to do so. I would make it as attractive as I could. But I am writing for the sake of the matter and not for the sake of the writing.

I have already given a sketch of the development of life and of the forces and accidents that have made human society out of what was once a sub-human species, rare in its numbers and scattered and almost solitary in its habits. In a few thousands of centuries this profound essential change has been brought about. From being a prowler man has become a hunter, a hunter in packs, and in the last hundred centuries or so he has taken to agriculture, become the first of the mammals to be economic as well as social, and developed

societies on such a scale as life has never known before, not even among the termites and ants and bees. This process still goes on with if anything an increasing rapidity. No living species except such as have passed under catastrophic circumstances towards extinction has ever been under so violent a drive of change as man.

The violence of the drive is even more conspicuous when it is measured against the length and scope of man's individual life. In my own lifetime his usual food, his range of activity, his rate of reproduction and the spirit in which he reproduces, his average length of life, his prevalent diseases, his habitations and his coverings have changed. No animal species has ever yet survived such rapid and comprehensive changes.

I have sketched a brief history of the beginnings of habitual labour, of the network of money and debts which holds us now all dependent upon one another, and of the rapid expansion of scale which has been the dominant theme in our affairs for the last two centuries. I have shown the lives of my father and my brother and myself as whirled along the lines they have taken, by the forces of this enlargement. My father with the swift poison gripping his heart and holding it suddenly still, Dickon bashfully accepting a baronetcy, and I, with Sirrie Evans sleeping and then dead in my arms, Minnie and my mother, Helen and Clementina, Roderick and Julian, are all no more than minute specks upon the figure, atomies in the body, of this synthetic evolution of human society that is in progress.

I would compare what is happening to the human species with what happens to an insect that undergoes

a complete metamorphosis. Man was a species living in detached and separated communities; he is now being gathered together into one community. He is becoming one great co-operative interplay of life which is replacing a monotony of individual variations. He is changing in every social relationship and developing a new world of ideas and mental reactions, habits of mind and methods of feeling and action, in response to the appeal of the new conditions. Nature, I take it, is impartial and inexorable. He is no specially favoured child. If he adapt he passes on to a new phase in the story of life; if he fail to solve the riddles he faces now he may differentiate, he may degenerate, he may die out altogether. One thing Nature will not endure of him: that he stay as he is.

I do not regard the organisation of all mankind into one terrestrial anthill, into Cosmopolis, the greater Athens, the Rome and Paris and London of space and time, as a Utopian dream, as something that fantastically might be. I regard it as the necessary, the only possible, continuation of human history. To fail to take that road will mean a fraying-out and a finish to that history, a relapse through barbarism to savagery, to the hard chances of animal life for a creature too scarce and long-lived to be readily adaptable, and so at last surely to extinction.

None of this is theorising; it is a statement of truths, austere and manifest. These alternatives are as much a matter of fact as the starvation of a large majority of mankind if ploughing and sowing were abandoned.

Another aspect, another idea of the human synthesis

I have also developed throughout these papers, and I return to it now and take it up again. It is this: that since the earlier stages of the individual development through its embryonic and childish and youthful years are more or less mutilated vestiges and imperfect recapitulations of earlier adult states, fish, reptile, early mammal, monkey and savage, so all the moods and motives of adult life in our nearer history must now, if the race is to achieve its necessary accommodations and survive, be in process of relegation to the status of puerility and adolescence; and a new phase of wider, less personal feeling and outlook, must be expanding to fill the main years, the lengthening span of years in the individual life of the coming generations. Man like any other living creature must change with new conditions, and this, if he is to go on, must be the direction of his change. The new stage of human experience demands what I have already been calling a new adult phase, and conceivably also a new post-adult phase, in the normal life, based on broader and sounder common ideas, expressed in new terms and new artistic forms, and accompanied by profound nervous and other physiological changes. From man's soul to man's chemistry this necessity to change and expand extends.

It involves altogether new political habits, a rearrangement and readjustment of moral and religious ideas and feelings, a new conception and method of education. The religious teachings of the past, the honours, loyalties, heroisms that adorn history, its science, its philosophy, its artistic expressions take on from this standpoint a juvenile and incomplete air. They will

seem, they begin to seem, childish, falsely sentimental, greenly youthful. The great kings and conquerors of the past are already apprehended, and will be more and more apprehended as naïve and short-witted; we realise how egotistical and vain they were, egotistical and vain as leading and clever children who "show off" are egotistical and vain; we see them in their glory, tawdry, limited and artlessly, almost innocently, wasteful and cruel. We see war no longer as a tragic necessity in human life, but as a horrible arrest of development. Conquest appears now as cruel blundering, and patriotism like the barking of village dogs.

Many people in this present dawn of an age of conscious change are coming to accept this transfiguration of the dignities of history; but such a realisation of the past as preparatory is only a prelude to the realisation of the present as provisional, in form and in texture. This next mental step has still to be taken even by the majority of educated and intelligent people to-day. They have still to apply Παντα ῥει to their own affairs, to their activities to-day and their plans for to-morrow. That is less easy for them to achieve because it implies a revision of their habits of living. Many stick at the mental, and almost all of them stick at the practical, recognition that the traditions, morals, political and economic usages of this time, dissolve, cease to be imperative or make new demands upon them, year by year, as they live out their lives. They feel the times toss and jostle and strain them, but they are not yet prepared to thrust back against and control and steer the changes of the times.

This is a transitional state of affairs. Almost all this revelation of the current metamorphosis of human society and relationships has been made quite recently, since indeed my father was a young man. What I have been writing here in the last few pages of the metamorphosis in progress is now known in matter-of-fact guise, by any well-read, well-educated person. The statement is made very clear-cut here and put aggressively, but there is nothing absolutely new in it. Yet it would have seemed fantastic beyond description, shockingly fantastic, to anyone born a hundred years ago. No one was fully awake then to what was already going on. It is no great wonder that a vision so newly attained has yet to produce the changes it is ultimately bound to produce in our ways of living and in the spirit of our lives.

It is, as I pointed out in my introduction, in the nature of childhood to believe this is a permanently arranged world. In the past hardly anyone got beyond childhood in this respect. People thought that change was incidental, upon the surface of permanent arrangements. It is only now that a few of us begin to realise with any fulness that it is change which is fundamental and permanence which is only apparent and incidental. It is a natural thing to think in the former way; it is a result of experience and thought to awaken to the latter. And so it is that people are everywhere going on with old, and now often mischievous, loyalties and patriotisms, with old economic habits and old social assumptions that are no longer valid, that they are failing to make the new generation that grows up

under their care realise the insecurities among which they are living, and that the metamorphosis of human society proceeds against such increasing resistances that it may even fail to achieve itself, and end in the failure and death of the species.

The present opposition to the reconstruction of human affairs comes quite as much from the uninstructed young as from the unconverted old. Conservatism is not merely due to the inadaptability of a generation that will presently die out. The young are revolutionary, inasmuch as they rebel naturally against constituted authority, but they are also reactionary in so far as they recapitulate the mental phases of the past. And we are doing little or nothing to correct that innate disposition. Our educational methods do not merely fail to inform the young of the immense demands life is making upon them—they conceal those demands. Humanity is confronted by the necessities and opportunities of a great metamorphosis, and our wills and imaginations are lagging and we are failing to square ourselves and prepare our successors for the great tasks of our inheritance.

This "Open Conspiracy" I am now setting myself to explain, is a project to make the apprehension of this metamorphosis fundamental and directive in human affairs. It is an attempt to harmonise people's lives with this metamorphosis and to undermine and remove the resistances that may divert its forces towards destruction.

§ 2

I DO not see this attainment of a new maturity for our race, which will thrust back what have hitherto been the adult characteristics of mankind into a mere phase of development, as a necessary and inevitable one. The attempt may fail. It may fail and mankind may fail and become extinct; there is no guarantee whatever against that, no modern rainbow of assurance in our ampler skies. The metamorphosis of mankind calls imperatively upon the will and effort of all who grasp its significance. By their response it succeeds or fails.

And now I come to the question of the gathering together of this Open Conspiracy to change the laws, customs, rules and institutions of the world. From what classes and types are the revolutionaries to be drawn? How are they to be brought into co-operation? What are to be their methods? How much are they to have in common?

To begin with the answering of that. Manifestly it is absurd to think of creative revolution unless it has power in its hands, and manifestly the chief seats of creative power in the world are on the one hand modern industry associated with science and on the other world finance. The people who have control in these affairs can change the conditions of human life constructively and to the extent of their control. No other people can so change them.

All other sorts of power in the world are either con-

tributory or restrictive or positively obstructive or positively destructive. The power of established and passive property, for example, is simply the power to hold up for a price. The power of the masses is the strike, it embodies itself in the machine-breaking, expert-hunting mob. I have written already of Vishnu and Siva. The point I want to make clear here is that it is only through a conscious, frank and worldwide co-operation of the man of science, the scientific worker, the man accustomed to the direction of productive industry, the man able to control the arterial supply of credit, the man who can control newspapers and politicians, that the great system of changes they have almost inadvertently got going can be brought to any hopeful order of development.

Such men, whether they mean to be or not, are the actual revolutionaries in our world. Among them it is and in no other direction that we must look for the first effectual appearance of the new adult mind in co-operative association. If they cannot lead mankind forward to an assured possession of its new ampler life then I do not see how that necessary forward stride can ever be made. Humanity may stagger for some time if they prove insufficient, for a few score years, a few centuries perhaps, upon the verge of a world unity, thinking great thoughts, expressing noble sentiments, making some lovely things, to relapse definitely into a decadence, a slipping back, a slackening hold, a sliding and a falling.

I admit how poor are the present materials for this creative conspiracy. In what has gone before I have

examined the scope and motives of the possessing, directing sort of people in the world and in particular I have done what I can to lay bare the quality of my brother and myself. I believe we two are fair average specimens of the outlook and impulse of our kind. I have tried to show how tentative we are and how we are entangled at every turn with—shall I call it Crest? The Crest tradition. The necessary start from a partnership with Crest. I have done my best to confess my own tangle of desires, to indicate at least my warring impulses and obsessions and indisciplines. Yet, as Dickon said, "Weak as we are, those others are weaker." It is out of us and our sort, and from among the scientific workers we can associate with us, that the consummation of the great revolution must come. There appears no other kind of men better able to carry it through. There are none. If we did not start through Vishnu as partners of Crest, then we should have to start as officials for Siva, fags for the doctrinaires, after a Communist revolution.

Give me the armorial Crests! Rather the dukes than the doctrinaires. I have no doubt—after my glimpses of Bolshevik industrialism—that ours is the more hopeful method of beginning.

I know some good men who are of the other way of thinking, but they are scientific rather than directive men. For my own part I shall keep to the right now and not try the left. Neither road goes straight to the goal we have to attain, the goal of a scientifically organised economic world unity, but though the right road be rocky and tortuous, it is I believe far more

likely to get there in the end than the left. I may be influenced by my own economic position: every Communist is trained to that explanation; and if I am wrong, well, then good luck to the left! I shall travel by the blue train to the end of my story. I shall look to America rather than Moscow for the first instalments of the real revolution.

It must be quite evident that we and our generation of enterprising and power-attaining men are only a beginning, that we are a mass of unrealised possibilities. As Dickon said of Northcliffe, power took us by surprise. We are not the finished samples of the new sort of men; we are only the raw material. We were not told, we were not educated, we were not aware of our kind; we had to disentangle ourselves from a world jungle of misleading representations. It is not necessary that those who follow us should be at such a disadvantage.

I believe that Dickon and I are not abnormal types. I believe that we industrials and the financiers are beginning to educate ourselves and broaden our outlook as our enterprises grow and interweave. I believe that if we can sufficiently develop the consciousness of contemporary business and associate with it the critical co-operation and the co-operative criticism of scientific and every other sort of able man, we can weave a world system of monetary and economic activities, while the politicians, the diplomatists, and soldiers are still too busy with their ancient and habitual antics to realise what we are doing. We may grow strong enough not only to restrain, but suppress their interference.

We can build up the monetary and economic world republic in full daylight under the noses of those who represent the old system. For the most part I believe that to understand us will be to be with us, and that we shall sacrifice no advantage and incur no risk of failure in talking out and carrying out our projects and methods quite plainly.

That is what I mean by an Open Conspiracy. It is not a project to overthrow existing governments by insurrectionary attacks, but to supersede them by disregard. It does not want to destroy them or alter their forms but to make them negligible by replacing their functions. It will respect them as far as it must. What is useful of them it will use; what is useless it will efface by its stronger reality; it will join issue only with what is plainly antagonistic and actively troublesome. It seeks to consolidate and keep alive and develop the living powers in the world to-day by an illumination, a propaganda, a literature, a culture, an education and the consciously evoked expectation of a new society.

It is only natural that a common interest and understanding should develop among all of us who are dealers in world realities as our enterprises extend and intertwine more and more. The nationalist groups and cliques that divide us to-day, the feuds and rivalries, are mere legacies from the passing order from which we release ourselves. Their persistence is part of our crudity and inexperience. Our true quality is cosmopolitan. We become the true International, because our activities extend throughout the world. Our inter-

national ideas are complex, material and real. When we cease to think ourselves British, American, German or French, we do not become vaguely cosmopolitan; we become world-steel, world-shipping, world-cotton, world-food.

The International of the Workers, in spite of its more explicit organisation, is even now an altogether less substantial affair than the business-International. It has been easier to organise for that very reason. It is so of necessity because of the limited outlook of the common worker, put to toil too soon, ill-informed and easily misled. He has feelings in the place of ideas. His International is a mere community of resentful sentiment directed against the general order of the world and against us as employers. And we I think incur that hostility not so much on our merits as on account of our association, as successors and partners, with the Crest tradition and its disregard of common human needs, and because of the aggressive extravagances of expenditure in which we permit our creditors and our Lady Steinharts—and ourselves in our laxer moments—to indulge. If European business men are men tainted with "Crestism," the Americans seem to me to carry a heavier load of useless women and heirs. These are matters needing correction. But a clearer day may come when the improving manners and intelligence of the employer and the better information of less stupidly directed workers may bring these now hostile Internationals to an understanding.

Many things that now seem incurably conflicting, communism and international finance for example, may

so develop in the next half-century as to come to drive side by side, upon a parallel advance. At present big distributing businesses are firmly antagonistic to co-operative consumers' associations; yet one or two of the big distributors have already made important deals with these large-scale economic organisations from the collectivist side. Both work at present upon very crude assumptions about social psychology and social justice. Both tend to internationalise under the same material stresses.

I find it hard to doubt the inevitability of a very great improvement in the quality and intellectual solidarity of those who will be conducting the big business of the world in the next century, an extension and an increased lucidity of vision, a broadened and deepened morale. Possibly my temperament inclines me to think that what should be must be. But it is patently absurd to me to assume that the sort of men who control so much of our banking to-day, limited, traditional, careless or doctrinaire, are the ultimate types of banker. It seems as irrational to suppose that such half-educated, unprepared adventurers as Dickon and myself and our partners and contemporaries are anything but makeshift industrial leaders, and that better men will not follow us. Dickon and I are, after all, at best early patterns, 1865 and 1867 models. And the spirit of the money market and of business enterprise to-day is far finer than it was in my father's days. These things in the logical course of their development must improve.

Equally absurd is it to suppose that the modern

newspaper is more than a transitory medium of communication and discussion, and that we shall not presently produce men who will handle the press and the new powers of public suggestion and education still latent in the cinematograph and broadcasting, with a creative intelligence far beyond any present experience. Economic life in a few score years ahead may be carried on in a light and with an education and inspiration almost incomparably better than ours.

And the labour leader that we know to-day, so vacuously emotional and unsound, is equally a transitory type. The younger men are different, clear, harder, less disposed to clasp hands with us and more able to lock minds with us and come to practical understandings.

None of these new types of men that begin to appear can have had anything but sentimental and acquiescent regards for the things of the past. It is incredible to me that many of them have not been thinking as Dickon and I have been thinking, and that their thoughts will not presently find expression in discussion and literature, and that they will not produce a distinctive culture, affect education profoundly and develop an international social life of their own. Sir George Midas is half a century out of date as a study of the *nouveau riche*. After all he was only emphasising the glories of the old order when he got himself cigars and diamond rings a trifle too large and filled his marble halls with footmen in plush. The Victorian Crests were foolish perhaps to sneer him on to better things. Most of the big business men I know to-day are men

of unassuming presence and temperate expenditure. They dislike display and evade Society. They practise much private civility. They seem to be illiterate and Philistine at present largely because contemporary literature is so extensively concerned with fantasies and imitations and allusions that have no significance for them, and art with the vogues of the studios. The insufficiency is rather in the art and the literature they disregard than in themselves. The art and literature of the eighteenth century were done to please an aristocracy, and those of the nineteenth century to please a bourgeoisie. They have still to develop a relationship to the modern man of energy.

As these new powers realise more and more completely their distinctive quality, and produce fresh aspects and complementary functions of this new adult phase they are constituting, they will automatically evoke types of literary and artistic work in harmony with their general activities, and depart more and more definitely from the second-hand social customs to which they now rather ungraciously adapt themselves.

Because of its continual progressiveness this great revolution which is now becoming apparent must necessarily continue to be open and explicit, continue to appeal to fresh types and extend its spirit and understandings into the lives of a larger and larger proportion of mankind. In no other way can it escape frustration. In that sustained openness it differs from any preceding process of success and replacement. History is full of the rise and fall of classes, priesthoods, dynasties, aristocracies. Each class as it comes up to pre-

dominance in the story sets itself to establish itself for ever; makes laws, constitutions, to fix its characteristics and defy all subsequent change. It rules, it tyrannises, it loses vigour and flexibility; with a diminishing resourcefulness and a fatal obstinacy it fights the slow and merciless will that has ground it out and will grind it away.

That is the common history of all past ascendancies. Such attempts at fixation were possible because the rate of change in their conditions was not fast enough to make such hopes of permanence manifestly futile. But the modern maker of values never reaches a breathing point for such delusions to establish themselves. The adaptation of modern enterprise is unceasing. Each victory is no more than a foothold for the next phase. Success is not a throne but an entrance. We of Romer Steinhart do not *dare* to disregard new suggestions or exclude new able men from a share in our directorates. All our monopolies are conditional monopolies; our patents pass out of our hands if we do not avail ourselves of them. We live only if we keep alive.

This which I call a conspiracy to reconstruct human life is therefore necessarily open and outspoken because all who are concerned in it realise that their utmost knowledge is provisional and their utmost achievement experimental. There is no part of the world, no race, no station, that presently may not be able to contribute something essential. This Open Conspiracy is indeed the application of the scientific method to the whole of life. Since scientific research ceased to be a secret

occupation, since its great expansion began three centuries ago with the beginning of frank publication and unrestricted discussion, miners, cobblers, lapidaries, grocers' assistants, rustic priests (not least these last), side by side with noblemen like Cavendish and great professors like Huxley, have contributed inestimable things. The social and political revolution before us must cast its net as widely. Necessarily it begins in practice in and about the direction of great financial and industrial developments because these things are the vital centres of social existence. There we are likely to find the greatest concentration of energetic types. But the greater these grow the less can they remain proprietorial. The less can they sustain any privacy about their general operations. The less can they exclude the outside man who is able and determined to participate in their control, who is able and willing to criticise and offer suggestions.

Exclude! We invite! In spite of Crest we keep up a perpetual hunt for capable and vigorous men whom we can bring into our operations. So do such systems as the American Steel Trust and J. P. Morgan and Rockefellers and Brunner Mond and Schneider-Creusot and Krupps and Tatas and the German electrical and chemical combines and the Ruhr steel group and the wonderful Zeiss firm and Kodaks and Fords and so on and so forth up and down and all through the tangle of modern productive and business activities. It is a far simpler, more honest and more certain career now for a poor and gifted young man to set out to make himself a director in the Romer Steinhart system

than to become an office-holding politician. The work is cleaner, the pay better, the position more assured.

This disposition towards the open board-room has increased conspicuously during the last few decades, and it will go on increasing. We industrials have got our affairs on to a scale when we want to hear them discussed and avail ourselves of every suggestion. The financiers are following us towards the light. We all realise the need of being understood. We realise the danger to ourselves and to our concerns and to the whole world, in secret operations. We are more afraid of our own shadows than of anything else whatever. We want to be lit on every side. We do not want to cast shadows because the shadows we cast are so large that the most destructive mischiefs, thefts of energy, diversions of purpose, can hide and mature in them.

I think now I have made plain what I mean by Open Conspiracy. It is the simplification by concentration into large organisations of the material life of the whole human community in an atmosphere of unlimited candour. It is explanation and invitation to every intelligent human being to understand and assist. It is the abandonment of all reservation in the economic working of the world. It is the establishment of the economic world-state by the deliberate invitation, explicit discussion, and co-operation of the men most interested in economic organisation, men chosen by their work, called to it by a natural disposition and aptitude for it, fully aware of its importance and working with the support of an increasing general understanding.

§ 3

HOW does this Open Conspiracy stand to the governments, the legal systems and the politics of to-day? These governments embody the evaporating ideas of the past. They occupy the ground we need. They are now largely entanglements and obstacles. They are like deadweight debenture-holders or old plant in the face of revolutionary inventions. They have a certain value in maintaining order and suppressing local violence, but they carry very poisonous traditions with them, they function inadequately, dangerously and at a heavy price; they divide, they waste energy upon false rivalries; they may quite possibly check the development of new methods altogether.

The larger part of human troubles at the present time, the undiminished peril and pressure of war, the recurring waves of financial and economic disorder, are due almost entirely to the relative inalterability of political and legal methods in the face of a general process of material change. Types of ships, railways, roads, machinery of every sort, methods of manufacture, methods of credit, are superseded, scrapped, replaced; scale of businesses, areas of operation enlarge; systems of production and distribution absorb, extend, amalgamate; they do so against friction, sometimes against friction that becomes nearly overwhelming. The kings, the parliaments and congresses, the law courts and flags and boundaries, on the other hand,

stick on with the imbecile inadaptibility of inanimate figures.

Their relative inflexibility is enormous. They are not regarded in general as methods at all; they are regarded as sacred conditions to which the living activities of human society must adapt themselves. They are sustained; they sustain themselves by an immense propaganda of conservatism. The chief problem before the progressive revolutionary, after he has secured his primary need, freedom of speech and discussion, is to bend, break, evade, minimise, get round or over or through the political institutions of the present time. The political history of the world since the war has been largely a story of conference after conference. Washington, Geneva, Locarno, for example, in which in a sort of blindfold way the better sense of mankind has striven to release itself from these stupid and dangerous entanglements and feel its way towards a wider welfare.

Our purpose in this Open Conspiracy, in which we do not so much engage ourselves as discover ourselves engaged, is to build up the organisation of a world state, a single terrestrial system of economic production and social co-operation. We do this not upon an open site but upon a world already mapped out in an extremely impracticable and inconvenient fashion into sovereign states, empires, kingdoms, republics, each of which is fenced in by the most elaborate defences against overt absorption. Each sovereignty is an implicit repudiation of our purpose. What is going to be our strategy in the face of this opposition?

There is a disposition apparent in many quarters to mitigate the present political fragmentation of mankind by methods drawn from the old politics. Eminent statesmen of sovereign states, unaccustomed to anything between themselves and high heaven, are to meet and arrange for very considerable mitigations of sovereignty. They are to bind themselves and their national governments to respect the arbitration of largely alien tribunals, to agree to various measures of disarmament and mutual assistance, each according to his own measure of efficiency and good faith. This is no doubt the only strictly legal way; none the less is it a way of highly improbable issue. In the end it might, under the most hopeful conditions, give the world a sort of super-Washington, a Supreme Court of international law and a confederated world government with a limited ability to call upon national armies and navies to enforce its decisions. But though this is the only proper legal way, I doubt if it is the effective or desirable way, and I doubt still more whether the sort of Federal World Congress it might ultimately produce, with its delegated and attenuated powers and its constitution repeating the most approved features of its constituent governments, would be able to perform any of the chief functions of an adequate world control.

It follows therefore that the way we have to pursue must be—how shall I phrase it?—sub or super legal. That is to say, revolutionary.

People are too apt to assume that a world directorate, a world republic, would have to be just the sort of government we find to-day in a typical sovereign state,

magnified to a world size—a sort of Parliament of Mankind with a World President, a World Emperor, in some suitably placed palace. They imagine someone hoisting the "world flag" amidst an uproar of military bands and a blaze of "world" uniforms. I think that is an entirely misleading assumption. All the governments that exist in the world to-day are combative governments fundamentally; a world directorate would be on the other hand fundamentally a government for the preservation of peace. The old type of government from which our present ones derive, regarded war as the primary fact in life and took the small scale multitudinous economic affairs of its people almost for granted. The world government we desire will be primarily social and economic. It will have hands instead of teeth and claws. It will not be a descendant or a direct development; it will have evolved along a different line.

No existing government seems capable of doing without a flag. Yet a flag has no real significance for peaceful uses. The head of the current state is traditionally a fighting figure. Before the war the numerous royal families of Europe almost lived in uniform. They were ready, aye ready. Their survivors show no disposition to relinquish the swaggering rôle. Wherever the remaining monarchs go the soldiers still turn out and salute, and every loyal Englishman ceases to be a rational creature and stiffens to the likeness of a ramrod at the first blare of the national anthem. No king would ever dream of turning out and inspecting the electricians or the economic entomologists or the

medical officers of health. He is a soldier by blood on the distaff side quite as much as on the other. Not an old lady among these royalties that is not at least a colonel two or three times over. Even the aunts and grandmothers of monarchy are carried to the grave on gun-carriages and buried with military honours. At the slightest provocation to the national consciousness at an Empire Exhibition for example, or at a patriotic tattoo, the Prince of Wales and the Duke of York leap into scarlet and bearskins and become almost magnificent figures.

No doubt the multitude feels its dread of foreign foes and their knavish tricks greatly assuaged by these displays; it likes to think of those dear old ladies as Brunhildas and Bellonas and of pleasant young gentlemen as War Gods, but the whole spirit of this royalty business is flatly incompatible with world unity. And let me remind the American reader that this essentially combative attribution is as true of the White House as it is of Windsor. The presidential office only reaches its full development when the States are at war. Then in sentiment if not in practice Mr. Coolidge is expected to buckle on the sword of George Washington, summon his levies and lead out the embattled farmers of New York, Chicago, Fall River, Detroit, San Francisco, Los Angeles, Atlantic City and Denver, to victory or death.

But a world government will not be a combative government; there will be nothing to combat. The world republic will be fighting nothing but time and space and death. It will have no foreign minister. It

will have no army or navy. Its general suavity will be tempered by an effective intolerance of armaments and of the making of lethal weapons anywhere. Necessarily. It will have no need to express itself even by the most generalised of flags, the most amalgamated of uniforms, the most attenuated of breastplates, swords and spurs. It will neither expand nor conquer nor subdue nor include the governments of to-day; it will efface them.

If on the one hand the coming world directorate will obliterate many of what we now regard as the most essential aspects of contemporary governments, it will on the other penetrate far more deeply than they do into the current life of mankind. It will be actively organising the world production and world distribution of most staple products; it will have incorporated the steel trust, all the mineralogical industries, all the chemical industries, power production and distribution, agricultural production and distribution, milling, catering, the transport organisations of the world and the chief retailing businesses into one interlocking system. It will exploit all the wind and water power of the world. It will in fact be the gigantic world-plant of which Romer, Steinhart, Crest and Co., their allies, subsidiaries and associates, are the germ. It will be not a world kingdom nor a world empire nor a world state but a world business organisation.

Its constitution will have grown with its development; it will no doubt have an extremely intricate constitution but one nevertheless in practical harmony with its functions. It will be checking its efficiency and

varying and improving its processes easily and naturally through the research departments it will have evolved. It will be making a record of its proceedings and exposing itself freely to criticism. And it will be directing the education and biological life of the world community because of the same necessities that have already made Romer Steinhart's, almost in spite of themselves, founders of technical schools, library and theatre proprietors, builders of industrial suburbs, vital statisticians, and keepers of their workers' health.

It is because of this essential difference between the old order and the new that I disbelieve in any political methods of effecting the change. The difference is so wide that to a certain extent the two orders can have a collateral existence. For nearly a century the new has been able to develop very considerably in despite of the old. But the two systems are necessarily entangled, and sooner or later they must interfere and come into conflict.

Political activities on the part of those who are renovating civilisation may then be necessary, but even so they will remain secondary activities. It may become imperative that men of the new type should throw their resources into the scale with or against Vishnu or Siva in the supreme interest of free discussion and personal liberty. Some bravo government may have to be lifted from the shoulders of a people. Or the gags of some doctrinaire domination may have to be relieved. But though the old-type ruler and politician may often be an antagonist and sometimes an

ally, he can never be an instrument. The further he is kept away from economic and biological administration the better for the world. He is the wrong man to look to. Creative-minded people have been wasting themselves for a century by looking to him.

It is not only that by his nature he would be obliged to operate these new world-wide processes within the localised limits of national and imperial boundaries, but also that by the very conditions that raise him to power he is always either rigidly traditional or tempted at every turn to sacrifice sound working to a reassuring effectiveness. And whether his transitory power is the outcome of inheritance or of an election or of a pronunciamento, he will still be profoundly inexperienced in the intricate balances and reactions of economic life.

It was by turning towards politics and deserting the vigorous initiatives of that inspired industrialist, Robert Owen, that Socialism went astray, and it is to the political delusion that we owe now, in nearly every country under the sun, the spectacle of a large futile Labour-Socialist party which clamours while it is in opposition for the nationalisation and socialisation of everything, and gives way to a helpless terror of administration so soon as it finds itself in office. The public meeting where every breath of response is magnified to an immense impressiveness, the party committee rooms, the fretful attic, are the worst of all possible preparatory schools for business management. The only people, practically, who know how to manage transport, the exploitation of natural products and indus-

trial activities generally are the people who are engaged in doing so now.

This is an unpalatable truth for other kinds of men, but it has to be stomached. What we have to do is to develop the common consciousness of such directive people and liberate them from the traditions of the past. We want them to extend themselves to the moral and biological consequences of their activities. We want them to realise themselves completely. It is equally futile to think of putting them under Lenin's dreadful "armed workers" or leaving them subject to the interference of the traditional rulers of the western world. They themselves have to rule.

If we set aside political methods as hopeless for the purpose of replacing the present fragmentary and combative governments of mankind by an intelligent world rule, then we must cast about for other ways of forwarding that revolution. It needs no very profound analysis of the situation to show what these must be. The first group of activities is mental. We have to exhibit and persuade. The new phase in world affairs has reached a point of development at which self-assertion is not only possible but imperative. The world republic must begin to explain itself, to challenge the still dominant traditions that impede its full growth, to make a propaganda for the conscious adhesion of men and women. It has to call for its own literature and use the press it already so largely sustains, explicitly for its own creative ends. Big financial and big business men have often, I know, a considerable fear of publicity, but it is a fear out of which they must grow. They

dread Siva too much and tolerate Vishnu too easily. It is high time to end this furtiveness. We have to remember that the sole strength of the political and social institutions amidst which we live and make our way to-day so tediously and wastefully and dangerously, lies in the fact that they are traditional and established. If we could start humanity afresh, wipe out its memories, and confront it only with the material, apparatus and problems of the present and the future, no one would dream of setting up the nationalisms and particularisms and privileges that entangle us to-day. Their sole justification lies in past engagements. They are not painted in fast colours and the memory of them needs to be continually renewed. For them at any rate there is no recuperative force in the silent touch of living realities.

When the old order tootles its trumpets and waves its flags, obtrudes its tawdry loyalties, exaggerates the splendours of its past and fights to sustain the ancient hallucinations, the new must counter with its tale of great bridges and canals and embankments, of mighty ships and beautiful machines, of the subtle victories of the laboratory and the deepening wonders of science. It must tell of lives lit up and life invigorated, of new releases and new freedoms and happiness ensured. The new world we establish is visibly greater and nobler than the old; it liberates the last of the slaves, rejects servility, calls on every man for help and service. It gives finer stuff for poetry and—better news for the press. I would lay stress upon that point that even now it gives the better news. The old stuff bores. It

is no mere detail but a fact full of hopefulness that, for all its affectation of romantic interest, the old stuff bores. Patriots are bores; nationalists are bores; kings and princes are *ex-officio* terrible bores. Boredom is a great motive power. I myself am a revolutionary mainly because the formal and established things, the normal entertainments of a successful man, have bored me to the limits of endurance. I am convinced they are beginning to bore multitudes of people.

You can see the still almost inadvertent conflict of the new and old in the vague, copious, inattentive newspapers of to-day. Here, ignorantly set out indeed but still arresting, is the intimation of some new discovery, some mechanical achievement, the martyrdom of a man of science, a vivid statistical realisation. Side by side is some dull picture of a row of politicians, the latest cabinet of Briand for example, or a still duller display of royalties in wedding dress or highland costume, doing nothing in particular. Most significant of all are the photographs of some huge dock or novel engineering structure, a towering display of mechanical achievement, and President This or Prince That solemnly "opening" it, doing his poor level best to look as though he was in some remote way responsible for it and not indeed a fetish as casual and irrational as a black cat put upon a first-night stage.

But though mental preparation for the revolution is fundamental it is after all only preparatory. While that preparatory process still gathers force, there are already, and more and more there will be, a series of issues breaking out between the new ideas and the old.

These must be the second series of activities of the Open Conspiracy. An enormous quantity of power is already in the hands of the new sort of men, and every day their proportion of power in the world increases. It is only now that the men of finance and industry are coming together freely and talking plainly, that we begin to realise how much of the old order is already existing merely on our sufferance. It is within the power of the bankers of the world now to forbid the growth or even the maintenance of armaments. They can forbid the building of battleships and insist upon education. They can turn expenditure from unproductive to productive channels. If they do not do so it is because they are disunited and unaware or unsure of their power.

And this is even more true of the big industrial organisations. If the Romer Steinhart group of firms and their allies throughout the world decided now to restrict the supply of certain products and munitions to any particular power, or any particular body of persons, that power, that body would be given an overwhelming military advantage. No soldier in existence can stand against the general will of the chemists and metallurgists of the earth. He is, from his under-exercised brain to his over-decorated buttons, antiquated and altogether ineffective without our help. If he get the usurer and credit manipulator upon his side, he is still incapable of producing the weapons he now requires without our assent. Sooner or later people like Dickon will throttle the soldiers' publicity and tie the hands of the credit manipulator.

As the story of the Tanks and a score of kindred experiences make plain, the generals cannot devise nor even use novel apparatus properly without unprofessional instruction. Indeed they cannot understand them. Tanks, said Kitchener, the British War Lord, were "mechanical toys." Professional soldiers love to "use" men instead of mechanical toys. The men feel. The history of the war is one long record of the bloodstained obstinate unteachableness of the professional soldier. To the end of the struggle, with excellent telpherage systems available, the British military authorities kept thousands of live men in toil and torment and danger, bearing burthens along the communication trenches. The men panted and were exhausted, many fell and were drowned in mud, but the alternative would have been for the military gentlemen to think out the use of telpherage systems. That was an impossible alternative. Slowly, slowly, at a great price of lives, they did indeed learn a little about gas, about modern transport, about the use of aeroplanes. But to the last they choked their lines with cavalry and great stores of fodder, and to this day they clink about in spurs. There was no military conclusion to the war—it was a moral collapse.

The general's elder brother the Admiral is no better stuff. A generation ago we took away his sails and wooden walls and put engines in him and wrapped him up in steel plates, in spite of his utmost resistance, and now to-day he still clings to his battleships—and will, until we send him and his gold lace sky-high in one. No one has ever yet written our private thoughts about

the exploits of the British Navy in the Great War. There were some cries from Admiral Fisher, but he died. At Jutland the guns, range-finders, submarines, torpedoes and aeroplanes of this huge spending department were all behind the times. But to this day the Admiral lords it amidst this machinery that has outgrown him. In spite of the protests of Weir, Parsons, Thornycroft and our own people, the naval engineer remains a civilian officer under these splendid militants in blue and gold lace. It is the current state of affairs in one vivid instance. And—is it wonderful?—there is a dearth of able naval engineers.

In 1914 the financiers and industrial leaders were taken by surprise and the gentlemen in uniform got loose. It is our fault, our want of vision, if ever again they get loose on that scale. It becomes increasingly unnecessary every year that they should get loose at all on any scale or that we should bear the burden and incur the dangers of their continued existence. The struggle of the financiers and business men of the world to tie up the professional soldiers of the European states again after the war, and to impede and mitigate nationalist extravagances, though it has been instinctive rather than deliberate, has been an extraordinarily interesting one. Scattered and unorganised though we still are, things have on the whole gone our way. As I write they are signing the Treaty of Locarno in London. This is bad news for the dealers in national flags. And the Compagnie Internationale des Wagons-Lits, stimulated by this triumph of cosmopolitan business interests over the dreams of national revenge and

readjustment, is, I learn from to-day's *Petit Niçois,* building a new type of blue sleeping-carriage that will soon be traversing all the main lines of the continent from Calais and Cadiz to Moscow and Constantinople.

§ 4

As the new order struggles to assure itself against a repetition of the disaster of 1914 and is forced towards self-realisation in the effort, its peculiar characteristics become plainer. The world republic is going to be as different from any former state as, let us say, an automobile from a peasant's cart. Its horse-power will be in its body. There need be no visible animal, no emperor nor president at all; and no parliament of mankind.

It is an anthropomorphic delusion that a state must have a head. A world republic needs a head no more than a brain needs a central master neuron. A brain thinks as a whole. And as for Assemblies and Councils, why should people meet to talk nowadays—especially to talk different languages—when they can exchange ideas far more effectively without doing so? Writing and print have been tested now for centuries; they are quite trustworthy contrivances. They admit of pithy and precise statement and exact translation. Why overwork the human throat? Polyglot debates are a delusion, a horror of empty noises and gesticulation.

The boredom of these sham discussions! In which no one ever answers anyone, in which sudden interventions are impossible! Twice, at Washington and

Geneva, I have sat out multi-lingual debates, and God save me from any more of them! As the interpreter, a Dutchman with an extraordinary quickness and aptitude for the task, rose to perform his incredible feat of promptitude, to say at once all over again, within measure, what had just been said, an audible groan passed like a breeze through the gathering. His voice rose and fell imitatively, his arms swayed out in alien gestures, as he tried to reproduce the actual speaker. Sometimes there were three versions, when the speaker used neither French nor English. With a further displacement of gesture and stress and precision. A few rare prigs in the galleries followed the paraphrases and noted differences and defects with an intelligent interest. The rest of the audience marvelled at the interpreter's gifts and creaked and whispered and suffered. After the interlude of translation, proceedings mumbled forward for awhile and then halted again.

These things mock reality. The decisions of importance to mankind grow silently and deliberately in the minds of those best placed to make them, and are no longer to be arrived at—or upset—by dramatic scenes and feats of eloquence in senates and assemblies.

In the world republic we shall need rather parlours for informal conferences than parliament houses for stirring debates, and great libraries of current statistics, competent digests of complicated facts and a concentration of administrative headquarters convenient for intimate talks and settlements. These facilities need not be all in one place. There need be no World Capital. The swifter and safer air travel and the

easier the transmission of speech and diagrams become, the less is a capital city necessary. Men can do their business now without swarming like bees. Even now you could steal and hide Washington away for weeks and, if the newspapers made no fuss, the average citizen of the United States would be unaware of his loss. A modern government of the world should never be in session and always in action. Men of importance would come and go, as the Cæsars did, where and when occasion required. The main structure, the constitution, the directorates if you will, of the great republic, may be in active existence long before it is clearly perceived and described as such.

§ 5

I HAVE already told something of my flying visit to Geneva the summer before last, but I have told of it so far as an aspect of an emotional state and laid stress only on the overcast mind I brought to bear on it. I wanted to give my own experiences of motive, my conflict of desires, a conflict to which I will presently return. But I perceived and heard more at Geneva than I was aware of at the time.

The proceedings of the Assembly, as I have confessed, disappointed and bored me. I was prepared to be bored and disappointed. I had never been in love with this idea of a world league with a written constitution and two chambers and fittings complete that came over to us from America. It did not come to us from the practical intelligence of America, nor had it,

at first, any great support among big business men; it was engendered by professors, very pedantic professors. Their minds were strictly legal, and they were too self-sufficient to consider any criticism that came from a non-legal standpoint. Wilson was a law professor quintessentially, an American law professor with historical perspectives that hardly went back beyond the War of Independence. He had no mental nor moral humility, and he lacked any proper pride in the greatness of his opportunity. The queer parliament of nations he created, based upon obsolescent ideas about sovereignty, was unattractive from the outset. Everybody in council and assembly alike was there as a national partisan. Nobody represented mankind. Sooner or later Geneva was bound to become an arena for disputes between nations, with a sounding-board to carry the passionate notes of these disputes to the ends of the earth. The civil war that nearly tore up the American republic was brought about by a dispute about the representation of states in congress and the efforts of one faction to secure an advantage over the other. The League of Nations seems constructed to engender a parallel quarrel. Its Council and Assembly are still a greater danger to the peace of Europe even than Italy.

Yet there are certain possibilities of cosmopolitanism at Geneva that I did not at first foresee, and things are germinating there that may grow and flourish as instruments of the world republic long after Council and Assembly have been wrecked, abolished or reconstructed out of recognition and any power of mischief.

I have mentioned my conversation with Mansard one sunny morning while we lunched at a lake-side restaurant, and how my attention wandered from what he was saying. Mansard was one of a little group of men who set themselves to explain Geneva to such curious visitors as he supposed me to be. A lot that Mansard had to tell me I hardly heard at the time, and yet I must have heard it, because afterwards I found it in my brain. His estimate of the Assembly and the Council was not much higher than mine, but what he was driving at all the time was the possibility afforded by the League of developing an international secretariat for a great series of world functions. He was insistent upon the possible importance of Albert Thomas' Labour Bureau, its independent importance. He said that the various officials came from their countries to Geneva in a national or at best an international spirit, that the first effect of the place upon them was often to stimulate comparisons between nation and nation and exacerbate their patriotism, but that presently their interest in their work almost imperceptibly "cosmopolitanised" them. There was a real cosmopolitan *esprit de corps* arising in Geneva.

That was Mansard's besetting theme—the growth which he professed to detect of a cosmopolitan mentality, an "international mind," he called it, among the permanent officials in Geneva. When you gave him your ear and encouraged him, this germinating seed would grow with extraordinary rapidity into a plant, that spread and branched until it overshadowed the world. He quoted Sir Mark Sykes, who had been

advocating a League of Nations militia when he died in Paris in 1919, for the sake of just the same end, a cosmopolitan *esprit de corps*. Mansard would quote the church in the middle-ages, its religious fraternities and orders, and particularly the Knights Templars as instances of a successful cosmopolitan loyalty in the past. His imagination would go on to a dream of the British Navy, detached from its parent stem, developing an autonomy of its own, and becoming the sea police for all mankind.

"And how can you run air routes except as a world service with a cosmopolitan *esprit de corps?*" asked Mansard.

So Mansard. I quote him because he strengthens me here, but I will not even comment on his ideas.

§ 6

IF ever the history of this great revolution in human affairs that may now be in progress should come to be written, there must be at least a vignette of that prophetic American Jew, David Lubin. He was a precursor, a figure rather like Roger Bacon in his unappreciated anticipations. He left a very sharp impression upon my mind. We dined together twice and exchanged several letters. My last letter from him is dated October, 1918.

I met Lubin by chance in the boat train from Dover to London, some three or four years before the war. He was dying to talk to someone and I was the only other occupant of his compartment. He was indig-

nant at some incident of the Customs examination. I think they had scrutinised some French books he was bringing with him. They had, he thought, betrayed a suspicion that he—he of all people! David! King David Lubin!—would import improper books.

I was quite prepared to sympathise with him. I hate Custom houses as I hate kings, as salient reminders of the foolish barriers that cut up the comity of mankind. Encouraged by my sympathy he opened himself out to me. That was altogether his spirit, he agreed. But he explained that so far as he was concerned he had done tremendous things to bring these separations to an end. He had a flamboyant, overwhelming mannner and an exaggerated style of exposition; he was obviously extremely vain, and at the time I gave what he had to say a very measured amount of belief.

He was already an oldish man then; he had the burning eye and the gestures and intonations of a major prophet; I can imagine a certain resemblance to the great Mr. Gladstone, the other "Mr. G." of my childhood. What he had to say was mixed up with the most remarkable theories about Israel and the world; he was a Jew, intensely race-conscious, Bible-fed, Hebrew-speaking, born in Poland and brought up amidst the excited sentimental and democratic enterprise of developing western America. He had, he told me, started work with some cheap jewellers in Massachusetts at the age of twelve, first as a polisher of scarf-pins—he had got into trouble by polishing too hard and getting all the gilt off when he began—and then as a maker of blue goggles which the firm con-

tracted to supply Sherman's army. He had gone west at sixteen, he had travelled in oil-lamps, prospected for gold, packed lumber and launched the first "one price" store in Sacramento City. "One price" meant in this case fixed prices; it was not a one-price store like Woolworth's in London. That "one-price" store had been the foundation of a substantial fortune. "David Lubin," he said with a sort of shout, "*one price*," and pawed towards me with his hand. He had slept under the counter of his store in a bunk of his own making. He had known thirst and hunger. In ten years he had the largest Department Store and Mail-Order House on the Pacific Coast. But also he had been lost for two days in the desert during his time as a prospector, and the sense of God, that Desert God of Israel, had overwhelmed him. So he did not "eat pork," like so many successful Jews, when wealth came upon him.

"Not for *me*, your monocle, your girl with the yellow hair!" He took his old mother, who had taught him to sing Hebrew songs and read Maimonides, on a pilgrimage to Palestine. He was giving all his life now, subject to such attention as the Mail Order House still required, to the God of Israel and the service of mankind. After the success of his store, had come experimental farming to restore the simplicity of his soul, and then great economic discoveries and his Mission. Throughout our conversation it never dawned upon him that I too might have had something of a fight with the world, or any idea of a function towards mankind at large. He talked to me as if I must be a

perfectly stable Englishman, as if I had been exactly what I was for centuries at least, as though no one ever rose or fell in Europe or felt the call to service there, so that the Transatlantic marvel of a man working his way up from small things to considerable wealth was bound in itself to fill me with amazement and admiration. It did nothing of the sort. But it interested me acutely just then to hear his interpretation of his Mission.

My first impression was that he had used it to treat himself to an eccentric tour of the heads of all the governments of Europe. He said he had just been talking to the Grand Vizier in Constantinople; that he was corresponding with the Queen of Roumania; that he had called on the King of Italy on his way back; that he had been in communication with Stolypin, who was at that time the Tzar's Imperial Chancellor, and visiting the home of the Russian Minister of Finance in Finland. He added that he had made treaties on his own behalf with more than forty separate governments —I forget the exact number—which at the time I supposed to be either some fantastic metaphor or a downright lie.

Yet it was not a lie. It was literally true. This crazy-mannered, posturing, one-price merchant had a real Mission, and was doing a work of the utmost significance. He was, upon one side of him at least, a very great man. He had enlarged his experiences as a successful mail-order merchant and an unsuccessful Californian fruit shipper, until they embraced the economic life of mankind. His inner vanity was not

blinding him in the least to the broad realities of human economics. Within him there was a life of almost childish fantasy; he seemed to find a Messianic significance in the fact that he had been christened David the King and not Pinchus after his grandfather, because his face had been burnt by a candle flame when he was four days old and an old Rabbi had foretold a great destiny for him to comfort his mother; he identified himself with a mystical immortal Israel that was linking all the nations. Isaiah was his dialect. By Israel's scars the nations should be healed. But directly he turned his face outward he was the western prospector, farmer and trader, and his eye was clear and keen.

The International Institute of Agriculture which his persistence, emphasis and audacity had already called into being by 1905, and which was now seated firmly in a building of its own in the grounds of the Villa Borghese, embodied a vision of one world-wide human community leading a righteous, productive and happy economic life. It quite justified all he claimed for it and for himself. He had gone to Rome, thrust himself amazingly into the royal shooting-box at San Rossire and prophesied to the young King of Italy, extraordinarily after the fashion of some prophet in goatskin from the desert standing before a king of Israel or Judah; and the king had built this institute for him and had given him facilities that had opened doors to him in Washington and every country in Europe. He appeared as if from nowhere, prophesying and not so much organising as provoking organisation. He played off America against Europe and Europe

against America in the astutest fashion, while he brought this Institute into being. He had projected the thing, American fashion, as a sort of economic parliament with an upper and lower house—what a curse to the human imagination the British and American Constitutions have been!—and I rather guess that his last years were overshadowed by the fact that there was hardly any recognition that it was he who had invented the "Original League of Nations"; but the reality he had begotten, as he expounded it to me, was something much more modern, practicable and far-reaching than any League of Nations. It was not organised talk but assembled knowledge he had evoked.

The International Institute of Agriculture, to begin with, was a census of world production. It was sustained by subsidies from fifty-two governments, each subscribing to an identical treaty, and it was administered by a permanent committee of representatives of the sustaining nations. It kept a record of the state of the crops and the general agricultural outlook throughout the world, based on telegraphic reports from the boards of agriculture of its constituent countries. Week by week and month by month production was recorded, so that the destinations of all the prospective supplies could be adjusted to the probable demands. In addition the Institute had developed departments dealing with the world prevention of plant diseases and with meteorology and agricultural legislation. That much existed.

But Lubin was quite clear and resolute that matters could not stop at that. As this fabric of economic intel-

ligence was built up, there would arise the plain necessity of a world revision of transport conditions. On that second step he was working when I knew him and up to the time of his death. The current interstate and international transport of commodities was, he recognised, altogether too haphazard and speculative for world welfare. Given a centralised control, an all-seeing eye, a regulated system of warnings, it could be made as clear and as definite—as a mail-order business. And moreover, he argued, agriculture was not the whole substance of economic interests; the methods of the Institute once they were established could be applied with suitable adaptations to the other main staples of human consumption, to coal, to oil, to steel and other metals. So this mail-order prophet from Sacramento reached out until he touched hands with Romer, Steinhart, Crest and Co. Instead of the dark, crowded, un-co-ordinated adventurousness of contemporary business, we could, he maintained, following along the lines of his Institute, substitute an illuminated, orderly, world-wide merchandising. I told him Romer, Steinhart, Crest and Co. would be quite willing to subsidise his Institute whenever the Kings and Viziers failed him.

The storm of the Great War submerged Lubin's internationalism. There was a dismally sentimental little dinner in August, 1914, when the French, German, Austrian and Belgian members of the staff drank together to the world-peace of the future, talked of their immediate duty and dispersed in a state of solemn perplexity to their several belligerent countries. It was the beginning of the end of that chapter in the

history of internationalism. Presently Italy was swept into the war, and what was left of the Institute—staffed now by women and by the mutilated and the unfit—devoted itself to the problems of the allied food supply.

Since the war I have heard little of it. It has passed into obscurity in the shadows about the eclipsed king. Lubin died in the influenza epidemic at the end of 1918 before he could think out the war at a sufficient distance to get clear of the combatant note; he had been altogether pro-ally, and when he died, the hand of the Lord God of Israel was still heavy against Germany in all he said and did. For some time, I think, Lubin had been ailing and losing his grip upon things. The war posed a multitude of troublesome riddles to him, and it was not always easy for his undisciplined mind to find where Isaiah had hidden the answer. Almost his last effort was to commend his Institute to those who were concerned with the prospective League of Nations. His last letter to me was about that.

He was buried at Rome early in January, 1919, and his funeral passed disregarded through streets that were beflagged and decorated to welcome the visit of President Wilson.

Wilson ignored him and his Institute and his suggestions.

§ 7

I WILL return now to something I have already used once as a point of departure. It is that I am projecting, not foretelling. All this estimate of creative forces here is speculative; the revolution I write about is not assured. For all I know it may be inevitable, it may be in the very nature of things; I have no evidence for or against that view. But I am convinced that it will remain only a possible thing, an unsubstantial appearance, until it is embodied in a wilful understanding among the people who can carry it out.

I write of the increasing power of the financiers and the big industrials to control human affairs, to prohibit wars, consolidate international production and distribution, restrain and direct governments, dictate policies; they are the great Barons for a World Witenagemot, but at present their power is either partial or unconscious in its use, or merely a potential power. It does not follow they will ever use that power systematically or use it for great ends. The metamorphosis has gone so far I think that one can distinguish the broad lines of the new social Leviathan, the world republic; but it sleeps, it does not move, it has not yet awakened to its possible existence. The assembling of this "Open Conspiracy" remains a thing for the future.

The fact that I am writing my own mind clear about these things down here in this tranquillity among the olive trees is evidence enough that what I am propounding concerns a merely incipient reality. The

substance of the preceding book is mainly the history of how I and Dickon came to these still developing ideas. But my case is that we are not abnormal men but samples of ordinary successful modern men, and that what we are thinking a lot of other similar and similarly circumstanced people must be thinking also, with individual differences but on the same general lines. I have come away here to Provence and made myself a sort of hermit for the better half of the year, in order to get on with this complex readjustment of my vision. It has been and still is for me a task more important and urgent than any concrete business operations.

To some extent I may be exceptional in this direct transfer of my attention to the general problem. No one else among active business men so far as I know has come away like this for an exhaustive consideration of the general position of business. Such moods and disappointments as have rendered it not only an easy but an almost necessary thing for me to concentrate on these questions, may not have chanced as yet to anyone else. Accident may have made me a sort of pioneer in expressing these views.

But Dickon, though he has not come away and is much too busy, I think, ever to come away, has developed quite similar views. He however has made no such attempt to crystallise them out. They come and go in his mind. His must be the more usual state of affairs. Such a pause for self-expression, such a realisation of the need for statement and a clearing up of the outlook has not yet come to the world of great

business as a whole. I think it is nearly due. The new order is still mute; I chant my saga of the future without accompaniment; the politicians and political personages, journalists, religious teachers and schoolmasters who supply together the ordinary forms of political thought in use, repeat nothing but the accepted formulæ of the passing state of affairs. But the phase of self-realisation and self-expression may be close at hand. It may come very fast when once it begins to come.

There are, I grant, few signs of its coming. As yet we think by ourselves alone as I am doing, or we talk only by twos and threes as I shall do when I return to England. We have still to talk by groups and then in books and organs of our own. Clearly while this mental fragmentation continues the world of contemporary expansions will be deprived of the larger part of its sustaining power, and the old order will still be in a position to hold on and recover its losses to us. A time comes when every social process must become conscious of itself. No great creative development can go on in modern social life beyond a certain point without a literature of explanation and criticism. We talk, I say, by no more than twos and threes. Almost all the talkers are men. Few if any of the womenkind of men of affairs seem to share these ideas that the practical handling of power is evoking. Nor do we make any éclaircissement with our business partners; we educate no successors. We hand on our impressions and vague intentions only by the most fragmentary hints and suggestions to our sons. Our homes, our

families, our social life, are still quite submerged in traditional ideas. We work submerged.

This is a state of affairs that is necessarily transitory. The men who have been the means of developing the large scale methods thus far, the men of science, the inventors, the men of imaginative business enterprise, the men of financial understanding, cannot leave human affairs in this present crisis of discordance between worldwide achievement and nationalist outlook to which they have brought them.

But they cannot go on to the subtle and enormous tasks of intellectual and moral adjustment that are required of them without a consolidation of their own still largely scattered activities, and the support of a widening confidence and participation in what they are doing. They have to bring not only the world of science but the world of literary activities and their own womenkind and families into understanding relationship with themselves. They have to produce a social life of their own that will sustain and ensure the continuance of their work and be harmonious with that work. They have to evoke a literature and an education that will record and continue and spread their awakening creative spirit. They have to bring that spirit out of their laboratories and works and offices and country houses into all the concerns of mankind.

I do not know if they can do that, but I do know that if they do not do it, a long period of violent stresses and probably of degenerative disorder lies before mankind. The old order of things such as it was can never recover its former confident stability; it has been sprung

like a worn-out tennis racket; it has lost its moral ascendancy over men's minds even if it has kept its grip on their affairs. But the new scale world can achieve itself only under onerous conditions. Economic revolution trails with it every other sort of revolution. It involves a new way of living, new habits, new relations between the sexes, an artistic and literary renaissance, a new handling of the methods of publicity, an educational revolution. And it is only people of our type and freedoms who can have the knowledge and experience to plan and the courage, ability, and worldwide advantages to achieve, so great a reorientation of human attention and effort.

§ 8

A NEW social life must necessarily develop step by step with the progress of the world republic. It will be aristocratic in the sense that it will have a decisive stratum of prominent and leading individuals who will wield a relatively large part of the power and property of the community, but it will be democratic in the sense that it will be open to everyone with ability and energy to join that stratum and participate in its work to the extent of his or her ability and energy. It will have routines of its own, and they will be widely different from the routines of the present time.

The social routines of the present are determined largely by the assembling of a government and the existence of a court. Society gathers at some sort of capital

and entertains and is entertained. There are routs, parties, pageants and theatrical displays. Then it disperses to carry on the traditional motions of the conquering nomads from whom most old-world governments derive, to hunt, shoot, frequent the open air. There is no need to hunt or shoot now; the hunting is a public nuisance and the shooting a massacre of tamed birds, but still the thing goes on. At convenient times society races, bets upon and trades its now rather obsolete horses. Its costume, its language, is gravely equestrian.

This seasonal coming to town and return to the country that was once necessary to powerful people in the past, has undergone great elaborations and modifications as these powerful people have become more and more a creditor community no longer in direct contact with realities. All the procedure has become more formal and more trivial. Games have become displays and functions rather than general exercises. I have told already of the disillusionment of Dickon and myself as we clambered up from the struggle for freedom and power and realised the nature of the feast, the feast of honours and satisfactions, at present spread for success.

The new social life will be the life of people in close and keenly interested contact with the realities of economic, directive and administrative affairs. They will have no time for systematic attendance at courts, parliaments, race meetings and the like; they will find much better fun in the work they are doing. And there will be no capital, no court, no parliament and no race meetings. I doubt if these adults will have any use for mass assemblies.

The present disposition of people to assemble in monstrous crowds, the great Epsom festival of Derby Day for example, is a very curious and probably a now passing phase in the human development. The crowds seem urged to gather by an immemorial habit, but they do not seem to be very happy or busy when they have gathered. They stare about. In India immense congestions of a religious sort occur. In the past there were great fairs and pilgrimages; Mecca is still a pious Epsom. There appear to have been such assemblings at Avebury and at Stonehenge, with races and sacrifices. Solutré, to judge from the vast accumulations of picked horse bones, was an annual camp and fair for the horse hunters of the Palæolithic period many thousands of years earlier. This custom of seasonal assemblies goes back therefore to the early beginnings of social life. It was dictated first perhaps by the habits of the grazing animals to scatter when the food is scarce and the calves or fawns are young, and to reconstitute the herd at the breeding time. Man the hunter followed the herd, and learnt to assemble as the herd did.

All need for these swarmings has evaporated now with increased freedom of individual movement. They are survivals. All the world is a meeting-place for the new type of man. An uncrowded meeting-place. All the world is our court and our temple, our capital and our fair.

This disappearance of a "social round" from the lives of the more modern types of people does not mean a decline in sociability—but an intensification. Just as a king or a president becomes ridiculous now as a

symbol of the will and purpose of mankind, so jostling innumerable people, roaring in unison with them, cheering some regal mannequin, promenading in our best clothes and eating by the hundred, fail to satisfy our deepening sense of intercourse and co-operation.

We want to get at other individuals closely and effectively. We want to develop resemblances and understand differences. For that purpose social life needs to be a series of small duologues and group meetings. Its encounters cannot be very definitely arranged. Staying together in a well-managed country house for a few days' holiday, joint membership of a club, meeting frequently to lunch or dine, taking exercise or sitting in the sun together, working in proximity or co-operation, going on an expedition for a week or ten days, sharing a walking tour, a day or so in a yacht or the like, these are surely the best forms of contact. What more does one want? All the other social things are mere occasions for mass excitement. And when we come to contacts of personality, the actual encounter is often the least part of the relationship. I am reminded of Heine's visit to Goethe and how the chief blossom of that long anticipated encounter was a remark upon the excellence of the fruit trees by the wayside. Our reallest intimacies are often with people we have never seen.

Writing often affords a closer encounter of minds than a personal meeting. After all I am living here in this *mas* up a byeway in Provence, not because I want to get away from people but because I want to get more effectively at them. I have so much to say, and the

saying of it needs such careful preparation, that it is absurd to think of saying it by word of mouth. I want to say it when the people to whom it appeals are ready to hear me. I want to lie ready for the mood of attention, and as a book on a table or even as a book on a shelf I am sure at least that I shall not be met in a phase of defensive disregard. At a set and dated meeting, especially if it lasts only an hour or so, anything may happen.

I once met J. M. Keynes at a lunch party. I rather think I had asked to meet him. I had and have a great admiration for him. It is the only time I have ever encountered this idol of my brother Dickon. I could have imagined all sorts of topics we might have discussed together, but as a matter of fact all we did on that occasion was to fall foul of each other rather sharply about a book called *The Mongol in Our Midst* and the way in which a gorilla sits down. Neither of us really cared very much about the way a gorilla sits down, but we both chanced to be wickedly argumentative that day. We scored off each other, and that is all that passed between us.

Yet Keynes has affected both Dickon's ideas and mine profoundly, and I shall be disappointed if this stuff I am writing here among the olives does not reach him at last in Cambridge—with my friendly greeting.

A life of active work that continues to the end, a life in which everyone goes apart at times to think and write things out in order to communicate them better, a social life of meetings by twos and threes and fours, a

social life that has no use for crowds and for crushes and for mere passing salutations, a social life where men speak to one another by books or by pamphlets more effectively than by speech, in which there are no debates, no public decisions by means of oratory and voting, will necessarily produce its own forms of house and garden, its own apparatus of intercourse. One needs a place or places to work in, and that accommodation must vary enormously with the nature of one's work. It may call for indices, libraries, laboratories, secretaries; assistants, colleagues, summaries may need to be readily accessible. And away from the working place, but not too far away, one wants to dine and rest in some unexacting beautiful apartment, a flat in a retired quarter, rooms in a riverside inn or the like, some corner of freshness, light and quiet. And then one wants a break in one's work, the sort of break people now call a "week-end," and for that is indicated the pleasant country house, with good company and tennis, or racquets or lawn tennis or swimming or good walking. Or this *mas* here. And further one needs the occasional refreshment of going abroad to a different climate and of encountering a different fashion in all the incidentals of life.

I say "week-end," but I will confess I wish the ancient people who invented the week had invented it longer and larger and with more than one day of rest at the end of it. Six days' work and then one day off may have been all very well for the peasants of ancient Babylonia or among the vines and fig-trees of Palestine, but I find it one of the tightest misfits of the modern

world. The English "week-end" lasts from Saturday afternoon until Monday at lunchtime, and leaves four days and two half-days for getting things done. One is always knocking off too soon. I could do most of the things I have to do in England far better in spells of from six to eight days of steady work to be followed by three or four days of play, gossip, laughter, and rest. But people treat this neolithic week as though it was an astronomical necessity, like day and night. For one person who will be shocked by my republicanism, a score will cry impossible at a ten or twelve day week, with a three or four day Sabbath to it.

Here in Provence Clem and I can practise it, and it succeeds wonderfully. I can call up a little automobile I now keep in Grasse for our Sabbath, and we can go anywhere within a hundred and fifty miles, to the sea, North Italy, Avignon, Nîmes, Grenoble, or just down to Nice or Marseilles for an urban day or so. I believe a longer week would suit almost everyone in a modern community better than the Babylonian legacy.

The freedom to get away that a longer week would give the ordinary worker would revolutionise the everyday life of labour. His present Sabbath is merely a pause in his toil; it is neither a rest nor a change. Before anything can happen it is over. The ordinary wages-worker comes back on Monday morning less disposed for work than when he left it on Saturday. He wasn't worked out when he left, and he isn't refreshed when he returns.

Some day perhaps the world will keep such an

enlarged week. This change in the timing of life to a longer, slower rhythm, this relinquishment of mass gatherings and periodic and formal social functions, this intensification of personal encounters, this expansion of interest to worldwide activities, this resort not only to reading but to writing and publication as a normal part of one's social existence, must be necessary aspects of the development of a new adult stage in human experience. The new sort of people can no more submit to the social routines, the time apportionments, the etiquette of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, than they can keep an automobile in order with tools of wood and flint.

§ 9

THIS new way of living demands not only different rhythms and routines, it demands also a changed spirit of conduct for women, differing from any that prevails at the present time. How far women will come with us and how far they will let us go is a question I must tackle in a separate book of its own. But here I will venture to say that family life will be less the habitual mode than we now pretend it is.

It is a venerated assumption among lawyers and suchlike preservers of antique psychology, that men work and organise great industries in order to "found families." I cannot imagine how anyone with the most rudimentary powers of observation can repeat so foolish a statement. I doubt if any big business man

or any big financial man for the last hundred years has done what he did for the sake of his family. Far more was it for the sake of the business. In former times of insecurity one may have looked to one's sons and connexions by marriage to hold together the estate one had created, but even then I believe the care was mainly for the estate. And nowadays, though sons or nephews may often prove congenial junior partners, a really vigorous business man is much more likely to care for a capable stranger than for a disintegrative son. The later Cæsars did. They were constantly adopting colleague-successors. The most disastrous of the Cæsars were the ones who were born to the purple. And look at the families "founded" by the earlier American millionaires!

No energetic directive people are deeply in love with inheritance; it loads the world with incompetent shareholders and wasteful spenders; it chokes the ways with their slow and aimless lives; it is a fatty degeneration of property. If Romer, Steinhart, Crest and Co. could avoid carrying Lady Steinhart and the Crests on our backs we should all rejoice. Our only reason for resisting the heaviest possible death duties is that the alternative to our present load of heirs would probably be the active interference of some rascal appointed by political intrigue to look after the growing share of the old-style State in our concerns. Rather Crest, rather a score of Crests, than one of Lloyd George's convenient friends. Rather Lady Steinhart's possessive bad manners, her fences and her *pièges à loup* for a mile or so and another generation or so, than a network of

tiresome unintelligent restrictions over the better part of the world.

In course of time these great business systems as they become the ostensible as well as the real government of the world may evolve some method of voluntary dispossession. We may for example return our individual shares of the capital into the business and become annuitants after sixty-five. Or we may devise ingenious Trusts that will save our work alike from the paralysis of the politician, from the weight of a layer of rich widows and from the ravages of the heir. We may make the personal share smaller while retaining the power to wield large masses of property so long as one is on the active directorate.

Few of us realise how rapidly family life, home life in a little group of parents and young, fades out of modern existence. Royalty makes an immense parade of its family life because that is its *métier;* but a great majority of the more influential people in the world, though they keep quarters here and there, no longer centre upon a home. Lambs Court is a sort of home for the Clissolds, but now only servants inhabit that place continually; Dickon who for a modern man of enterprise was exceptionally domestic, hardly ever goes there now; for nearly half his life he has been as homeless as I have for nearly all of mine. Family seats are traditional things, and they may be pleasant things to sojourn in for a few happy years, but they are no longer any more necessary to human life than capital cities. Half the great country houses in England are for sale to-day. Just as all the world may some day be the seat

of government, so the common safety and welfare may at last dissolve the walls and seclusion of the family altogether.

I do not think that this reduction of cohabitation and this diminution of inheritance in property involves a disregard of blood relationships. A man may come to care all the more for his kin, because he is less encumbered with them. A son who no longer regards his father as a tyrant or a lock-up investment may come to realise his value as a friend and as a kindred experiment in living. The less perhaps the habit of proximity the more the magic of consanguinity. Where there is a natural peculiar sympathy it will out, in association and co-operation, and where there is not there is no profit to parent or child or the world in a forced succession. If the son becomes a competent director, well and good, but we do not want him as an inert shareholder. Let the son justify his sonship. Let the widows and feminine dependents be limited to comfort and security, house and gear. A man who has been privileged to direct great business has no right to encumber its controls or impoverish its reserves with his domestic bye-products.

§ 10

THIS increasing, free-moving cosmopolitan society of vigorous individuals, with its habits and methods spreading out into larger and larger strata and sections of the human community, will produce its own literature. It will live very much by

and through its literature. Literature will be a form of social intercourse.

There will be much thinking and reading and writing in the next phase, but it will not be delegated work. It will be a literature of activity. It will not be a professional literature. A modern man of affairs, like an Athenian gentleman or a Chinese gentleman, will work out his own philosophy and make his own comments and records. A few may specialise in expression, but I do not see that we need continue the vicious practice of the Roman plutocrats and keep a class of philosophers and men of letters to ease us of our responsibility for these things,—and lose them at last in the necessary pettinesses and pedantries of men without experience.

We shall need newspapers that will give us facts simply and plainly. We shall certainly have no use for the vast sheets of advertisements set off with inaccurate news, quasi-amusing trash and political frothings that now invade our homes every twenty-four hours. The daily papers of educated people half a century ahead may be a tenth of the size and ten times the price of these wildly flapping caricatures of contemporary happenings.

I am not even sure that, so far as our own interests go, we want them daily. It is the betting man and the stock exchange speculator who follow the fluctuations of the day and hour, and if our sort of people gets a real grip on the world there will be very little betting and speculation. For most people the daily paper is a daily disappointment—to which they are drawn by habit and against which habit forbids them to rebel. I

lie in bed here of a morning with a mind at peace, inaccessible to any correspondence, and think of the hundreds of millions of rustling sheets away in England that are being opened with a sort of jaded eagerness for something really wonderful. Recently our postman here has become erratic; he brings the Paris papers, the London papers, sometimes at eleven, sometimes at four, sometimes not at all. Americans over the hill get them; to him one Anglo-Saxon seems as good as another. It matters hardly at all. There are four packets unopened now on the bench at my side. I may rip them open and glance through them to-day or to-morrow.

The weeklies interest me much more. The new order may find a weekly newspaper sufficient. In seven days things have had time to shape themselves a little. Ten days would be still better. The best of all newspapers, to my mind, is *Nature*. That tells you of things that matter, and tells you adequately. The weekly *Manchester Guardian* or the *Weekly Times* too are good, but they would be better if they left out more of the literary stuff and gave a fuller abstract of the news and more articles of relevant information. I do not know enough of the American press to say whether there is any periodical at all over there, daily or weekly, which gives as competent a digest of the general news as *Nature* does of scientific happenings.

I may seem perhaps a little too ample in this criticism of the press. I may seem to some readers to be enlarging on a superficial matter. But indeed it is not a superficial matter. The press colours the general tenour of life now and makes the background of all we

do. If it is noisy, uninforming, inexact, we live just as though we had to live in a house with all the windows open upon an incessant railway station or an unending fair. The hurdy-gurdy of a roundabout is an unimportant instrument of music in itself, but not if it drives the workers in a great laboratory frantic and makes their work impossible.

And it is not only as the background of our own lives that the press is essential to our social life. It is the medium of relationship between the active directive people and the mass of the population which, consciously or not, is in co-operation with them. It is the only medium through which the bulk of the community may ultimately be brought into conscious co-operation. But at present it fails to possess that function. At present the great distributing businesses which provide the financial basis on which our newspapers rest and which dictate their tone are not sufficiently self-conscious to see beyond mere circulation. The newspapers tell of the lines and bargains offered by the distributors to their customers, and what else the newspapers may be doing with those customers does not seem to concern the advertiser. So long as the advertisements are carried far and wide, so long as there is no hostile discussion of the advertised commodities and so long as no plainly subversive doctrines are preached in the papers, the big distributors do not care what else is or is not given to the public. They are still too new and too untaught to maintain any conscious relations of policy and action with the transport organisations of the world as a whole, with the merchandising of staples in bulk and

the general industrial network, and they behave as though they had neither come out of a past that was different nor as if they headed, as they surely do, for equally great changes and developments in the near future.

The newspapers on that account are still quasi-independent of the distributing trades. Because of the inadvertence and inconsecutiveness of these latter. But that is a conditional and transitory freedom of the press. It is diminishing rapidly. Newspapers have nothing like the power they had in their hands during their period of opportunity at the end of the war. I have recorded my brother's lamentation of their blindness already. In the long run newspapers may become merely instruments in the hands of the retailers.

There is still a delusion which many business men share, that it is the public that determines the pattern and sets the key of the press for which it contributes its pennies. This is no more true of the newspaper than it is of the theatre or the cinema. The rôle of the public in these affairs is to endure. You can feed the public anything you like in all these things, within the limits of its endurance. It is helpless against you. Its only possible veto is to die, riot *en masse,* be ostentatiously sick or abstain from what you give it. Short of these extremes it must accept. It may grumble but it must accept. Given competition it will prefer whatever bores and repels it least, but its freedom of choice is limited by the very great and growing limitation of competition. Exceptionally great masses of capital are needed to start a paper nowadays or to make any sort

of big public show. The public may wish for all sorts of things in its paper, but unless it carries its wish to the effective point of refusing to take the paper altogether unless it is satisfied it will not, of its own initiative, get them. Nearly everyone has the newspaper habit; and the newspaper proprietors can defy your individual objection so long as they maintain a general understanding among themselves.

The only possible effective control of all these processes of publicity, so that this shall be given and that withheld, is to be found in the hands of the active proprietors and directors of the great newspapers themselves, and in the advertisers who sustain them. If these people choose to give the public well-written daily or weekly papers, responsible and large-minded, the public will get them, but it will get them in no other way.

The public does not make the newspaper nor the cinema, but on the other hand the press and the cinemas do more and more make the public. They provide the social background for an increasing proportion of people, they determine the characteristics of the modern social atmosphere as nothing else now does. The pulpit and the home circle sink to relative insignificance. And if we men of large material influence propose, as I am proposing here, to accept our manifest responsibilities and reconstruct the world as we can do, upon broader, finer and happier lines, then it is in the world of the press and the show and the new methods of publicity that our first overt struggle must occur. If the conspiracy of circumstances that has put power into

our hands is to be changed into an open creative conspiracy, it is to these things that we must first address our awakening intelligence.

And it is with Vishnu rather than Siva that Brahma must struggle here, Vishnu who wants the people blinded and divided and misled so that he may rule unchangingly for ever. But Vishnu's way is always either to suppress newspapers or make them so dull as to be unreadable, and Siva tears his own papers to pieces and will not tolerate success even in a labour journalist. But Brahma is persistent and inventive, and if one way is blocked to him he will find another. In the long run the press comes back into his hands because he interests.

Open, candid, exact, full and generous, these are the qualities the newspaper of the new life must possess, for these are the necessary qualities of the new life. It must suppress nothing, lend itself to no shams and outworn superstitions, throw all its weight in the scale against particularism, sectarianism and traditionalism. Day by day or week by week, by text and picture, it must bring to every mind capable of receiving it the new achievements of human effort and organising power, the victories of conscious change. Even in its reports of litigation and police courts it will display the struggle of the old Adam against the needs of a growing society. There is never a case before the magistrates that does not afford either a criticism of law or custom, a lesson in psychology, or the revelation of some educational defect. Life will be shown as incessantly interesting, and the anniversary, the ceremonial

and the crowded occasion, so necessary to mankind amidst the dulness and deprivation of medieval life, will sink down to unimportance.

By an organisation of publicity and suggestion and entertainment, upon wise and liberal lines, the new social life can be sustained and reflected in the minds of an increasing proportion of the people of the world, and the growth of the new order in the body of the old assured. The press, the cinema theatre, broadcasting centres, book publishing and distributing organisations, are the citadels that dominate Cosmopolis. Until they are in the hands of the creative revolution human progress is insecure. They may be held by brigands, they may be gripped by the forces of reaction and the life of the world may be starved or stifled. The firm establishment of a great press throughout the world, reasonably free from the interference of national and local politicians, and, in the last resort, capable of assailing them effectively, is the first course in the foundation of the conscious world republic.

§ 11

HUMAN society rests upon physical force. Law is in the first place the systematic forcible suppression of instinctive and incoherent violence, so that property and life are generally safe. Law in the past may have been at times little better than the will of the ruler or the pressure of tribal opinion, but it has always had in it a certain element of system, the implication at least of a definite pledge to protect and

observe conditions. But hitherto it has been applied only locally, it has been reserved for the subjects of a state; it still varies enormously from land to land.

It would make an extraordinarily interesting book if someone were to give us a history of the extension of legal protection to the stranger and the alien, the growth of the idea that a man could have rights not only as a citizen, not only as the protégé of a foreign state sufficiently powerful to avenge his wrongs, but simply as a man. There would be some entertainingly tortuous chapters upon extra-territoriality and diplomatic privilege. It must be quite recently that the conception of a world-wide protection for anyone whatever, an even justice for the stranger and the native, has become practically effective. It has been associated with the general widening of mental horizons in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. It has been accompanied by certain social developments of the most interesting and promising sort.

Quite the most significant of these is the modern policeman. If we could bring back to contemporary London or Paris or New York a capable Roman administrator, he would, so soon as he had got over the enormity of the traffic, the astonishing width of the roadways, the plate-glass shop-windows, the artificial lighting and suchlike obtrusive material differences, concentrate upon those rare impassive persons who smoothed and pacified and assured and facilitated the thronging concourse. For the modern policemen is something new in the world. He appears in history even later than the modern press. He is something

very essential and very significant in the new phase of human association in which we are living. He embodies new ideas. He has great possibilities of development.

I suppose the learned could give us a long history of constables, watchmen and the like throughout the ages. I suppose there was some sort of watch and controls in ancient Rome and Babylon. They were not so much sustainers of order as a prowling reminder of order in dark and dangerous places. Rarely have such arrangements created enough confidence to dispense with the bearing of arms by private citizens. How recent and how complete is the individual disarmament of mankind! I have been round and about most of the earth, and in some very lonely and desert and wild places; I have flown thousands of miles, been underseas in submarines, had my fair share of personal dangers, but—except as a formality during the war—I have never carried a weapon upon me. How astonishing that would have been to my Tudor and Plantagenet ancestors! How different a mental atmosphere it implies! Before the Tudor Clissold went out at nights, he made sure that his very ornamental dagger came easily out of its decorative sheath. He put a wary hand upon the hilt at every corner.

So unobtrusively that there is little about it in the histories, these new police organisations came into being and spread, with macadamised roads and gas-lamps and newspapers, into a changing world. All these innovations seem commonplace, almost vulgar, nowadays. But they transfigured the tenour of social life. Very

rapidly it appeared that with the aid of print and telegram the common man also could apprehend the world as a whole. Imperceptibly it was realised that life and property could be made so secure that it was reasonable to demand release from anxiety upon either score. It was demonstrated that freedom of movement and freedom of activity wherever in the world one's interests might take one, might be conceived of as common rights.

The ideal of the civil police developed in the eighteenth and early nineteenth century. Though I imagine it arose first in France, it developed in England more rapidly and completely than anywhere else. It was, as the English mind apprehended it, a new organisation of force for novel ends. The policeman was to be the servant of all, he was to be kept entirely out of politics, his use of force was to be strictly limited, he was to be unarmed or very lightly armed with a truncheon or suchlike blunted implement, and he was to protect and not infringe private liberties. He had to be alert but not inquisitorial, warn rather than command. If he did not hit hard, he was to hit surely; instead of a spasmodic and vindictive omnipotence he was to embody a gentle, inevitable omnipresent urgency.

In England and America and every European country there has been a struggle of these profoundly modern ideals with older and baser applications. Every British Home Secretary has felt the temptation to give the policeman a political twist, and almost always that temptation has been resisted. Both the United States and England have felt a certain pressure to set him such

difficult and unsuitable tasks as the regulation of sexual morals, insistence upon bedtime, restrictions upon drinking and eating; and every attempt of this sort has been found to overstrain him morally and make him inconvenient. But he has never been so far demoralised anywhere yet as not to be a betterment in every community in which he appears.

Police force and military force, in their typical and contrasted forms, might almost be taken to symbolise the new human order and the old, the one candid, universal, protective and releasing, the other selective, combative, secret and compulsive. In the French and English newspapers during the last week or so there has been a curious display of both types of force. A group of criminals with romantic political pretensions has been forging French paper money in Hungary, and they have been caught by the frank concerted action of the French and Hungarian police. A robbery in England has been brought to book in Paris by an equally frank co-operation of the police of France and England. By being kept out of nationalist politics, the European police have been free to form a sort of international of their own to the universal benefit. There one sees the filaments of the new order leaping across the separations of the old. But at the same time a very nasty little affair has come to light in Toulon; mysterious Englishmen, it seems, have been in the stews of that city, inciting poor little prostitutes to worm secrets—what secrets can they be?—out of French sailors and arsenal workers. Secrets got in this way are not worth the stink they are wrapped in. But there

you have the old order at work and there is your contemporary nationalism in its logical development. My intellect is cosmopolitan but my pride and instincts are patriotic, and I am not pleased by the suggestion in the French papers that my Admiralty has been caught under the beds of the Toulon brothels.

A civil police is the proper method of force in the modern state, as a regenerate press is its proper method of mental intercommunication, and so the civilisation, the internationalisation of the police mentality is plainly the second line of work to which the creative revolutionary should address himself. The development of a great world press with common ideas and a common aim, and the development of an intercommunicating network of police forces throughout the world, animated by a common conception of security for life, property, movement and thought, constitute the two main practical activities to which those who wish to secure the metamorphosis of social life should devote their attention, their energy, their ambitions and their resources. An International Court between nations is all very well in its way, but far more penetrating and significant would be the organisation at Geneva or elsewhere of a central police bureau to co-ordinate the protection of life, property and freedom throughout the world without distinction of persons under a universally accepted code.

§ 12

THERE is a vast amount of racial prejudice in the world, and perhaps I am disposed to undervalue its importance as a force antagonistic to the development of a world republic. I am fairly alive to small differences and with quickly roused racial feelings, but though they affect my personal relationships in all sorts of ways, I do not find they are any encumbrance to social and business co-operation and interchange. It is quite plain to me that there are, for example, subtle differences between the reactions of Clissolds as a class and of Romers as a class to the same circumstances, and it is amusing to observe them and play with them and natural, a natural extension of one's self-love, to arrange a scale of values in which these differences are so estimated as to count in favour of the Clissolds. But my affairs have brought me into contact with most sorts of European transplanted to America, with Indian iron-masters and Chinese and Japanese business men in some variety, and while everywhere there were differences, differences in quality that were almost always exaggerated by differences in culture and training, nowhere did I find anything that could be considered an insurmountable barrier against their common citizenship in a world republic. The negro is the hardest case. But the negro has hardly ever had a dog's chance of getting civilised in considerable numbers, and yet his race has produced brilliant musicians, writers and men of scientific distinction.

In the eighteenth century he was the backbone of the British navy. I refuse to consider even the black patches of the world as a gangrene in the body of mankind or shut any kind of men out of a possible citizenship.

It is foolish to deny the variety of human types. There are strains with an earlier maturity, a shorter span of years, quicker, more vivid sensibilities, less inhibitory, less enduring. There are heavier and slower strains. There may be a great range of susceptibility to particular shocks and diseases and stresses. I doubt if there is any strain at all that can be picked out and isolated and described as being an all round inferior strain. At the utmost I will concede that some strains may give a larger proportion of feeble and inassimilable individuals. I do not see why all of these varieties should not mingle and play different parts according to their quality.

The great society of the future will call for a large range of special aptitudes. Uniformity of type is impossible in it. There is already a natural segregation of the extremer types. They are subtly adapted to particular rôles or to special climatic conditions. You might pour Cingalese by the shipload into Norway or Highlanders into the Congo forests; in a few centuries you would look for their type in vain. However much humanity is stirred together, however much it interbreeds, I see no end to its variety so long as its opportunities vary. Some types may disappear but new ones will appear to replace them. The pattern of the kaleidoscope may change but there will always be a

pattern. A time may come when we shall talk no longer of a man's race but of his temperamental type. But the number of temperamental types will have increased rather than diminished. As the world republic develops there will be a general lengthening of life and a longer phase of fully adult living, but every race may reveal its own distinctive possibilities of ripeness.

This book is to give one man's vision of this world; it is not a controversial book, and I do not propose to write any formal reply to the many preposterous volumes of incitement to race jealousy and conflict that have been published in the last few years, books about the Yellow Peril, the Rising Tide of Colour, the Passing of the Great Race, and so forth. Even the titles are banners and aggressions. Most of them impress me as the counterparts in ethnology to the profound historical researches of Mrs. Nesta Webster. There are scarcely the shadows of facts to correspond. I was sufficiently concerned about this suggestion a few years ago to give some time to ethnological realities. There has never been any Great Race, but a continual integration, dispersal, and even reintegration of active peoples drawn from the most diverse sources, and there is hardly a people which has not contributed some important release or achievement to the common progress.

Race trouble there is no doubt in very many regions of the world, but it may be questioned whether anywhere it is a trouble that arises entirely out of differences of race. Let us examine the conditions under which these conflicts have arisen. In no cases do racial

stresses appear to be more powerful than the economic with which they are mingled.

The immediate result of the change of range and scale that has been going on since the ocean-going ship appeared, has been to bring together or to bring into vigorous reaction peoples once widely and securely separated, and almost always there have been profound differences in the culture and in the phase of social development of the peoples thus flung together. The western Europeans had the leadership in the new phase, a leadership given to them quite as much by geographical accidents as by blood—for so level were east and west in material attainments five hundred years ago that it was practically a toss-up whether America should be discovered and settled by Chinese and Japanese junks or by European ships. The lead fell to the Europeans, and in America and Africa and the East Indies they blundered both upon vast regions for material exploitation and also upon populations sufficiently backward and helpless to be exploited in that work. The negro, as the extreme example, was needed as a slave and he was taken as a slave, and the interests of the whites came to help their prejudice in damning him to a natural inferiority. There have been the most powerful inducements for the spreading European to believe and to behave in accordance with the belief that the brown, yellow and black peoples upon whom his good fortune had thrust him were unteachable or weak-willed or ill-disposed or perverse, and fit only for a servile relationship to a profit-making master. The disadvantages that came from illiteracy and inexperience

and inferior and antiquated traditions, are so indistinguishable from innate disadvantages, that the testimony against the exotic peoples was as easy to produce as it is difficult to confute.

To-day we are still in the midst of this unequal struggle. The means of getting at the backward populations are still increasing their efficiency, the large scale handling of things, mass and plantation production, are still spreading, and the scientifically constructed state still lags in its attempts to overtake the headlong rapacity of its Crests, to whom its science has given weapons and wings. The methods of the modern order develop too slowly for the old traditions that possess men's imaginations. The Crests are for unskilled mass labour to-day, for serfdom and for slavery, just as firmly as the first Pharaohs, and as they once grabbed our coal and ore and turned our factories into hells for children and our industrial regions into slums, so now—as our own people have developed resistance and our industries have modernised their methods—they have spread their grasp wherever a less recalcitrant population seemed accessible to them.

Through all this picture I have been giving of my world as a developing economic and social system, runs the idea that in the process of change of scale that is going on now, there are two almost distinct strands, one unprecedented and one a repetition of a former human experience. The latter repeats the expropriation of small freemen and the concentration of wealth and economic power that made and then destroyed Imperial Rome. The former is something that men have never

known before, it is the progressive organisation of a scientific conservation and exploitation of natural resources on a world scale, for the common ends of mankind. This is Brahma taking the sceptre from Vishnu. It means a new type of industry; a supersession of human toil by machinery whenever it is merely toil, the progressive abolition of the ignorant and unskilled human being and the progressive development of skilled and mentally participating workers. Wherever it goes, it seeks to sanitate, train, educate and reform. Its dearest, most cherished factor, is its labour. In the old system, labour was the cheapest, universal driving power under hunger and the whip. I have already drawn a contrast between our works at Downs-Peabody and the Crest Collieries. You may find that contrast running through all the industrial and agricultural developments of the world to-day and see the two systems everywhere fighting a still very uncertain battle.

The earlier system which arose from the first exploitation of the change of scale under the burthen of the old traditions, obsessed with the idea that an unlimited supply of labour, as nearly animal as possible, was a necessary condition to its progress, resisted education, resisted all organisation of its workers, underpaid them and did not protect them from the rapacity of adulterating retailers, sub-landlords and every sort of middleman; it produced slums at every industrial centre, and it created swamps of agricultural labourers at the pauper level, slaves or peons, wherever it set up its plantations. The creative industrialism of to-day,

demanding as it does a high type of labour and as much participation as possible, has no more use for slums and a reserve of unemployed than it has for ghettos or slave ships. It is not that it is humanitarian but that it looks further and works cleaner. But it is only winning its way slowly to the control of the world's economic life, and what is effectively ascendant in the processes of production and distribution to-day remains the scrambling, crowding, profit-seeking, unorganised competitive tradition that was developed in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Its methods were evolved in western Europe, and they have extended throughout the world.

Now these broad facts need to be borne in mind when the question of contemporary race conflicts is considered. There has been modernisation everywhere, but it has not brought up the regions that were backward a century ago to a level with the still rapidly changing modern states. While in the Atlantic countries the slum phase is past its maximum, the once autonomous life of Asiatic and African countries is, with improving communications, being invaded and drawn into world-trading relationships and repeating the story of western Europe.

A large part of the brown, yellow and black population of the world is arriving now at a phase of economic development from which our Anglo-Saxon worker is gradually and with intermittent set-backs emerging. The baser factory industries emigrate to Asia. The east end of the world wins the empire of cheap and nasty from the east end of London. A universal char-

acteristic of every population as it parts from its old economic and social balances and begins to eat bought and imported food and work regularly and uninterestingly for remote and unknown customers, is a vast, dingy proliferation. That happened in England. But it has ceased there. It is happening now over great areas of the world.

Not only do real and dreadful slums of the same type as those of middle nineteenth-century England appear in the great Indian and Chinese towns, but there is—what one might call a general "slumification" of entire populations. Their original economic and social balances are destroyed by an influx of new commodities and new employments. They become politically protected from warfare and raids. They lose native control over their best lands. The essence of a "slum" it seems to me is this: that it is a portion of population dependent on economic processes over which it has no control, fed so that it proliferates; it is the breeding of low-grade, uneducated employed. A Kaffir kraal, an Egyptian cotton-growing village, the Chinese quarter of a treaty town, an Italian township near some workable deposit of chemicals, may be as much of a slum now as a Lancashire cotton town or a black country district was in 1840.

The statistical aspects of this slum phase are extremely terrifying to all that sort of people who can be terrified by statistics. But indeed there is no reason for their terrors. Their "rising tide of colour," and so forth, is this natural and inevitable concomitant of the delocalisation of the economic life of the lands of "colour."

Populations that have been at a kind of balance for centuries, multiply, add ten or fifteen per cent. at every census. This does not mean any sort of biological success for the new peoples it is affecting. The new base population masses are at too low a grade of adaptability for effective settlement abroad. At the utmost they may transfer to congenial slums elsewhere where the sweating is a little better. Only in alarmist computations can they be considered capable of war. This "tide of colour" may rise in its own tanks to even tormenting pressures, but it will never overflow very extensively. And it is a tide that will ebb as the economic planet passes on to its next phase.

It is remarkable what intelligent people can be infected by these suggestions that we are all going to be turned black presently—or at any rate a dark chocolate—by these adverse birth-rates in the oriental and semi-tropical slums. They begin to fret about number and fret more and more. They are seized with a passionate advocacy of counter procreation. They write off books exhorting the "white" peoples to up and have a fearful lot of children. Nothing else they feel and declare will save us from colouring up like so many meerschaum pipes. We are to launch babe against babe. We are to smite the foeman with our loins and smite and smite again. I shall not be surprised to hear of exhortations to the quiet folk who listen in to the broadcasters. "*Think!* Seven little negroes and ten Chinese have been born in the last quarter of an hour. We are able to transmit the squeals of the last. Wa-a-a-a. A warning! Oh, good! Good news to hand!—Triplets in Ber-

mondsey, *all* white, and twins at Salisbury. Good women! England expects——"

I cannot respond to this clamour for children.

It does not alarm me in the least that the English birth-rate for 1925 is the lowest on record. With a million and a half unemployed in England, I wish it could be lower. I hope it will be. I hope the time is not far off when every child born in England will be born because its parents fully meant it to be born and because they wanted it and meant to rear it. A time will come when all the world will have passed through and out of this slum phase in the development of a large scale economic life, and when birth control will be universal.

Birth control is indeed essential—nay, more, it is fundamental—to the conception of a new phase of human life that the world republic will inaugurate. I would make birth control my test of orthodoxy between liberalism and reaction. All who are for birth control are with me and essentially for the new world; all who are against it are against the progressive revolution.

Birth control embodies in the most intimate and vivid form, the essential differentiation of the newer conception of life from the old. The old was based upon the idea of a meticulous Providence. It not only took chances at every turn, but it found a kind of superstitious delight in taking chances. It was always expecting Providence to rig the game in favour of good intentions. It retained this childish attitude throughout life. Do what you are told to do, submit, make no

attempts to control consequences; its spirit lay in such injunctions, and if it was so far inconsistent and illogical as to struggle against competitors and rivals, to promote wars and grip possessions, it always defended its inconsistency by a surprised assertion that in these things it obeyed the way of Nature and the Will of God. But the new idea of life admits no limit to man's attempt to control his destinies. It plans as largely as it can; it would plan more largely if it could; it gathers together every available force to free man from accident and necessity and make him master of the universe in which he finds himself.

I cannot conceive a world republic existing and continuing unless that automatic increase of population which follows every increment in the food supply is restrained, and it can only be restrained by a world-wide knowledge and universal acceptability of the methods and means of birth control. The material gains of the nineteenth century were largely swallowed up by the disorganised increase in population. Given sufficient wisdom to control that, and these nightmares of civilisation suffocating under the multiplicity of its darker and baser offspring, dissolve into nothingness.

No variety of the human species has any overwhelming and uncontrollable desire for offspring as such; that old Crone Nature has never yet given the desires of sex so long a range of vision; and as the standard of living and the multiplicity of interests increase, there are no sort of people anywhere who will not welcome the freedoms and the relief from burthensome families that birth control affords. The love and pride of

children will ensure the sufficient continuation of the race. But that very love and pride is opposed to the swarming ill-conducted household under an exhausted mother that is the characteristic slum home. The most philoprogenitive would surely rather breed three masters than a dozen slaves.

When we find a race or a people alleged to have an overwhelming desire for children as children, it will be found almost always that they are living under conditions which render possible the early utilisation of these children, who are sent into the fields or sent out to work or sold for servitude and outrage—before childhood is fairly at an end. These simple-hearted folk, you will find, are breeding themselves, as well as their chickens and pigs, for profit. It is easy to cite the Bombay Hindu as a man who will recoil from birth control with a noble, a religious, an instinctive horror, but he is easier to understand when one learns that he may have two or three wives, get children by all of them, send wives and all the children as soon as they are toddling into the cotton mills and fill his paunch with their combined pay. But shut these mills to little children and married women, brace up his social and educational responsibilities, and you will find his ideas about the family westernising at a headlong pace. In a little while he will be another Hindu gone over, as they say, to "western materialism," and you will find him studying birth control advertisements in his native press as eagerly as he studies the offers of nerve tonics and cures for impotence that now adorn these publications.

I do not want to minimise the grave dangers of the

slum strata, these pockets and mines and veins of slum matter, that are so widespread now on our changing planet. But they do not threaten us with great racial conflicts, wars of white against yellow, gigantic all-black insurrections or the like. And they are not to be cured by a countervailing domestic activity that will distend every respectable "white" home with babies and send back the whites to insanitary medievalism. What these great "slumifications" may engender is a delaying and destructive malaria of ignorance and misconception, a fever of violent politics.

The remedy is not more white babies, but more civilisation. It lies in the hands of the men of world-wide business interests and great financial power. They and they alone can exercise a sufficient directive force to hurry the economic development of the more dangerous lands past the festering phase. It is they alone who can arm or disarm, corrupt or control. With them resides the possibility of a concerted breaking down of the fantastic barriers to trade, transport and intercommunication that now protect backward, wasteful, misplaced and slum-creating forms of employment. No other sort of men can do that, but only big business men. They can strengthen the hands of the labour intellectuals and enforce their demand for a rising minimum standard of living throughout the planet. With a rising standard of comfort the springs that feed these dank dangerous marshes of low-grade breeding will dry up, because whenever comfort rises, the birth-rate falls. And it is the big business men who can and who should subsidise and stimulate liberal education

everywhere. They can loosen restrictions on press and publication in these matters, with an effectiveness peculiar to their position of advantage. Everywhere they can make aids and assistance conditional upon open windows and unrestricted light. Their moral influence can be enormous. Even now it can be enormous, and as their recognition of their responsibilities grows, as the Open Conspiracy realises itself, it will become the guiding power in world affairs.

And as the world republic dawns into economic being, this literature of race panic and breeding scares that now gives such grave concern to so many unsoundly informed people, will seem more and more preposterous and curious.

§ 13

THERE has been a fashion lately of flattering the young. The young have been told that they are the hope of the earth and that their naïve instincts are better than all the painfully acquired wisdom of mankind. But to be young is not necessarily to be new. All immaturity is by its very nature a throw-back. The gill arches of the human embryo recall the Cambrian period and are the roundabout way of nature to a jawbone that one would be glad to have developed more directly, and to earbones one could have wished better designed. The infantile mind recapitulates the successive suppressions of the ape and the savage. The adolescent young man or woman is a barbarian by nature, ready to revive, eager to revive, all

the tawdry romanticism that we adults are clearing away. Young people are not conservative perhaps, but they are instinctively reactionary.

Since the war we have been much oppressed by the generation that grew up and missed it. They grew up while their fathers and elder brothers were away and for many of them the spanking hand, the reproving voice, never returned. It has seemed to many of this raw stratum that it was their business to take control of the earth. But their proper business is to learn something about the earth.

Adolescent mentality has had an opportunity to display itself since the war, as it has never had before in the whole history of mankind, and everywhere it has shown itself the same thing, violent, intolerant, emotional, dramatic, stupid and blind to all the vaster intimations of the catastrophe. Everywhere it has rushed to follow extremist leaders and to follow them with a fierce devotion. The Communist Party in Moscow is substantially youthful, and its devotees in Europe and America are rarely over thirty. The fascist nuisance is its natural counterpart.

The mind of youth is a medieval mind. It takes us back to the age of persecution, to the age of theology and urgent fear. Life crowds upon the young with an effect of intense impatience; all the decisions youth makes seem to its inexperience to be conclusive decisions. It snatches at guiding principles and defends them dogmatically. Youth like an undisciplined army dare not risk manœuvre or retreat for fear of a panic. It seeks to silence and kill criticisms—not because it

believes intensely but because it fears that it will not believe. Its violence veils a profound intellectual cowardice, the dread of a phase of indecision, the horror of being left at loose ends.

Few minds are mature enough and stout enough before thirty to achieve a genuine originality. The originality of the young is for the most part merely a childish reversal of established things. The independence of the young is commonly no more than a primitive resistance to instruction. The youthful revolutionary is merely insubordinate and his extremist radicalism an attempt to return to archaic conditions, to naturalism, indiscipline, waste and dirt. The youthful anti-revolutionary turns back to mystical loyalties and romance.

§ 14

IT is necessary to educate the young for the new order. But that everyone should be educated does not mean that everyone is to go to school or that schools are to be enlarged and multiplied. People are too apt to identify schools and education. Never was there a more mischievous error. Schools may merely fix and intensify those adolescent qualities it is the business of education to correct.

My distant cousin Wells has written frequently and abundantly of the supreme necessity of education, of that race he detects in human affairs between "education and catastrophe." I agree about the urgency of the need for education, but I doubt if he

has sufficiently separated the idea of education from the idea of schoolmastering. He was, I believe, for some years at an impressionable age, a schoolmaster, and he has shown a pathetic disposition during a large part of his life to follow schoolmasters about and ask them to be more so, but different. His actions have belied his words. He was indeed so much of an educator that quite early he found it imperative to abandon schoolmastering. He produced encyclopædic schemes and curricula that no schoolmaster would or could undertake. He wrote a text-book of history that shocked the scholastic mind beyond measure. Finally he settled down to a sort of propaganda of Sanderson of Oundle, whose chief claim to immortality is that there never was a man in control of a public school so little like a schoolmaster.

Dickon discovered Oundle, and both Dick and William spent their school years there, and in my capacity of uncle I met Sanderson quite a number of times. We two had just missed meeting him thirty odd years before. He must have come to Dulwich as science master a year or so after we had gone on to South Kensington. But what a schoolmaster! His methods were passionately anti-scholastic. The answer to the riddle, "When is a school not a school?" used to be, "When it is Oundle." He was trying to make his school a factory, a laboratory for agricultural biology, a museum, an institute for the preparation of reports upon everything under the sun, a musical and dramatic society. He would get explorers, investigators, industrial leaders, to come and freshen the scholastic air by

talking to his boys. His enemies said he let down the games, let down the scholarship of the place. I believe he did. It is not least among his claims to honour. He made it as nearly an educational institution as any English public school has ever been. The games and grammar prig was at a discount at Oundle all through Sanderson's time.

Dickon was greatly taken by Sanderson; even physically they had something in common. They were both ruddy ample men with a spice of rhetoric in their composition. But Sanderson was always rather out of condition, fattish, with a shortness of breath that should have warned his friends of the heart weakness that snapped him off from life in mid-activity. He spoke with a pant in his voice and in broken sentences, and there was a faint remote echo of Northumbria in his intonations.

The school, he said, should be a model of the world —not of the world as it is but of the world as it ought to be. It had to send out boys prepared for adult life, ready to take hold of affairs. So he did his utmost to bring reality to them; he filled his place with machines and models of mines, with charts of trade and production. He sent batches of boys to factories and collieries, to live among the workers for a week or so. He put up a building which he called the Temple of Vision with money he got from Sir Alfred Yarrow, and he was going to fill it, he told me, with charts and exhibits to display the whole story of human achievement from its very beginnings to the present time. It was quite empty when I saw it, a little while before

his death, and I believe it is empty still, but as he stood amidst its echoing bareness and expounded it to me, I saw plainly a vision of that soul of creative industrialism he was trying to evoke. He died before any of his wider plans materialised. His greater Oundle was never more than a project, and the big, prosperous and liberal school he left behind him reverts to the normal conditions of an English public school. The games and the "scholarship" have been restored; the novelties cut out; the Yarrow Memorial has never become a Temple of Vision. My nephews, I think, were lucky indeed to have fallen into Sanderson's time and have him as their master; they liked him enormously, not with awe but with a great affection; William particularly was his loyal friend.

When one met and talked with Sanderson it was possible to believe, as my cousin Wells believed, that there could be a mighty reconstruction of the life of England and the world, through schools, through an expansion and glorification of public schools. One saw for a dazzling interlude, England all dotted with Oundles, each with its biological laboratory in contact with agriculture, its workshops in contact with industry, its youngsters alive to the realities of the life of the community. One saw a new generation of young Englishmen, broad-minded, helpful, generous-spirited, capable, technically equipped, going out into the world, servants and masters of the republic of mankind. The fallacy of that hope lay in the fact that from the scholastic point of view Sanderson was a complete abnormality. There were no other schoolmasters like him, and there

are not likely to be any. He was the antithesis of a public schoolmaster; a complete "outsider," in the opinion of most of his fellow heads, a lamentable, scandalous incident that had happened to a small, respectable grammar school.

You need only consult the nearest secondary schoolmaster to verify the statement. To ask such a one about Sanderson is like asking a "fully qualified," dull and dangerous general practitioner about that famous osteopath, Sir Herbert Barker, and his forty thousand forbidden cures. "*Oow!*—Sanderson? That Oundle fellow!" The man goes green. His nostrils twitch into a sneer. He intimates with an unreal gentleness that you know very little of schoolmastering if you think Sanderson is a schoolmaster; "very, very little." And under encouragement he develops his case.

Sanderson was originally an *elementary* teacher, not a real schoolmaster at all. He went to Cambridge on a special scholarship—*late*. His religious orthodoxy was more than doubtful. He had radical views. His patriotism was uncertain. His mathematical teaching was eccentric. Moreover, he did nothing new, and whatever he did new was done better, elsewhere. "By men who don't advertise, y'know." And—"he let down the games and all that!" He was good at squeezing money out of his governors, of course. Had his points, no doubt.

So the secondary schoolmaster.

This idea that Sanderson in his later years entertained and expanded to the Rotary Clubs and to Weir and Yarrow and Bledisloe and my cousin and all and

sundry, this idea that we might start a new way of life, a new phase of civilisation in the schools, that we might make them models of the world as it ought to be, forecasts of and training places for new achievements in civilisation, is vitiated by just this one little flaw: that the last human beings in the world in whom you are likely to find a spark of creative energy or a touch of imaginative vigour are the masters and mistresses of upper middle-class schools. I say of upper-class schools because the origins and quality of the teachers in the popular schools of Europe make them psychologically an entirely different species. But these schoolmasters and schoolmistresses, as distinguished from teachers, to whom we entrust the sons and daughters of nearly all the owning and directing people of our world, are by necessity orthodox, conformist, genteel people of an infinite discretion and an invincible formality. Essentially they are a class of refugees from the novelties and strains and adventures of life. I do not see how as a class they can ever be anything else.

In the past there was nothing paradoxical in the fact that schools were conservative social organs. They were established not to innovate but restrain, to transmit a rule, a ritual, conventions of writing, speech and computation, to priestly neophytes, to prospective rulers. The less they changed, the better they observed the spirit of their foundation. So far as my casual knowledge goes, the idea of a *progressive* school dawned only after the onset of the New Learning at the Renaissance. Even then I doubt if the idea of the idea of progress actually entering the schools can be traced. The new schools

were to teach Greek and open the world of liberal thought as the man left the school and went on into life. Greek was the key to a liberal and creative culture; but the school handed over the key rather than opened the door. The highest virtue of the school was still precision; with blows and exhortations it handed on a correct tradition of languages and calculation, and presumed but little beyond.

Larger pretensions on the part of the schoolmaster grew with the development of boarding-schools in the past three centuries. The Jesuit schools, which in accordance with Bacon's counsels, provided the pattern even in the most Protestant countries for the new schools of Europe, took boys right out of their homes for the most formative years in life. This no doubt did very much to break up the solidarity, the clannishness of families; but it substituted a new clannishness, loyalty to the school. Men became prouder of their schools than of their fathers. The pedagogue added the duties of a delegated parentage to his teaching. He set himself to character-building. The English public schools ran away with this pattern and became the extreme instance of the new development. In the nineteenth century their influence reached its zenith. By the middle of that century the prevalent Englishman abroad and in public affairs had become a type noticeably different from any other nationality. He had become stiff, arrogant, profoundly ignorant, technically honourable and utterly incomprehensible to the uninitiated rest of mankind. He was no longer the Englishman of the Elizabethan and Cromwellian model,

half Kelt, half Viking; he was no longer any sort of man; he was a public schoolboy, the finished product. Amid the harsh realities of business he did not so much abound, and there and in art and literature one may still find the native Englishman, comparatively unwarped by schoolmastering. But the clue to the manifest change in character that Britain and its Empire have displayed during the last hundred years, the gradual lapses from a subtle and very real greatness and generosity, to imitative imperialism and solemn puerility is to be found, if not precisely upon the playing fields of Eton, in the mental and moral quality of the men who staff the public schools.

It was manifest to a man like Sanderson that the ruling and directive English of to-day had been *made* politically and socially by the public school. It seemed logical to him that if you turned the public school about towards creative things, you would in the same measure turn about the Empire and the drama of the world in which it still plays so large a part. But since he was a complete "outsider," as they said, to public-school life, since he picked his assistants very forcibly to suit himself and his own methods, it was natural for him to remain to the last blind to the inevitable characteristics of the men who would in general staff the boarding-schools of an upper class, wherever such boarding-schools came into existence, and their fantastic incompatibility with any such salvation of the world by schools as he projected.

The last time I was in England I had occasion to go to Dimbourne to put in a friendly word for my

eldest grandson who is on the waiting list for that ancient foundation. It is not my wish that has sent him there. He has to go there because his father was a Dimbourne boy before him, and I am supposed to be influential because Walpole Stent, the next master under the Head — I forget for a moment his exact title —is my half-brother. He did not follow Dickon and myself to Dulwich and so come into the Sanderson orbit, because the Walpole Stents also had a Dimbourne tradition. He went to Dimbourne on some special terms reserved for the children of old Dimbournians and got a school scholarship for Oxford, achieved a moderate degree in Greats, and after various assistantships returned to the old place. There I found him and walked about the scattered school buildings with him, inspected the dormitories of his house, looked at some cricket, visited the wonderful old cloisters and the dreadful new War Memorial, all of white marble, and the arms of our allies and colonies and dependencies in gilt and colour, met his various colleagues and dined with the Head and refreshed my impressions of the directive forces at the heart of representative English manhood.

I had not seen him for a dozen years or more, and I was struck by his increasing resemblance to my departed stepfather. He bends his forehead forward now with just the same effect of pointless preoccupation that failed to win the respect of Dickon and myself forty odd years ago. I must be twelve or thirteen years older than he is; but I felt that of the two of us he was rather the senior. He seemed to realise that too. It came

into my head suddenly when he greeted me that my father was a convicted felon and a suicide—a thing that had not troubled me in the least for a score of years. He seemed to feel that I was not quite worthy of Dimbourne, but that he would do his best to overlook that and be kind to me and make me understand the place. His voice is quite different from his father's. It is an acquired voice. At times it brays rather querulously. He pitches it up in the air and keeps it there, dominating you as no doubt it dominates a classroom. It seems to tire him. I do not remember my stepfather ever betraying fatigue in the use of his voice.

We sat in his study at night after I had been through the staff and the Head, and before I departed to sleep in the horrible parents' Inn, in the town. We talked as much like blood relations as possible. He has some traits of my mother in his chin and jaw and about his eyes. He tried to condescend but he had no courage. He speedily fell back upon the defensive offensive. At times sheer propitiation came to the surface. He knew I was the stronger animal and he left the conversational leads to me.

The room, like all scholastic studies I have ever seen, was lined with bookshelves. They reached up to about two-thirds of the height of the room, and above that against a dingy green wallpaper were various of those extraordinary violent black and white prints in which Piranesi guyed the monuments of Rome. All schoolmasters admire them. They exaggerate so heroically. There must be a perpetual copying and reprinting of these things to replenish the scholastic market. There

were also two very large photographs of the Matterhorn which my intrepid half-brother has twice ascended, an ice-axe and some ski. And there was a cast, a very cheap cast, of the head of that statue of Antinous which is in a niche in the Vatican Museum. For some reason that is not perfectly clear to me it is associated with a memory of marsh mallows growing in a marble basin. It is, I think, called the Belvedere Antinous, the one I mean with the downcast face. I remember the head as a very beautiful one, and I have seen many photographs and even copies of it that have recalled much of its loveliness, but this cast was a half-size cast, made from the work of some poor copyist, and it had, I reflected as the evening went on, much the same relationship to its fresh and gracious original that the erudition of a Greats scholar has to philosophy and the Greek spirit. That dulled reminiscence, that false claim to an intimacy never achieved, was so placed that it looked down on my half-brother as he sat and talked to me of the richness and wonder of the Dimbourne tradition. On the table was an untidy litter of papers, various books, a tobacco jar and pipes. My half-brother is a conscientious and systematic smoker, with a pipe for every day in the week. It is by his smoking and the mightiness of his pipes, by his cricket and by his feats among the classical mountains, that one knows him for a man.

I do not recall and I could not imitate our dialogue. I have already quoted him once, for it was he who called Sanderson "that Oundle fellow." I became curious to know how far he was still alive. I tried

him over modern writers a little, rather carefully so as not to scare him. Shaw was "that crank who runs down Shakespeare"; Nietzsche was a madman of whom he could not "make head or tail"; Samuel Butler, William James, Maurice Baring, Philip Guedalla, Cunninghame Graham, James Joyce, James Branch Cabell, Christopher Morley, Sherwood Anderson, Mencken, Tchehov, Julian Huxley, Fairfield Osborne, Sir Arthur Evans, Jung, were among the names he had either never heard of or forgotten, but Freud, he knew, was "pigs' stuff." His phrase. He had caught two boys talking about Freud and "pulled them up pretty sharply." Anatole France he had heard of, but not read. That took my breath away.

"One can't keep pace with it all," he said wearily. "Luckily I don't have to buy for the school library. That falls to Gunbridge, and he tells me the difficulty of getting any modern books that a clean healthy boy may open without danger is—frightful."

W. H. Hudson, for some inexplicable reason, he supposed to have written a text-book of English literature. Sinclair Lewis, he thought, had "seduced poor George Eliot." Perhaps I was a little exacting about American writers, but I wanted to know what the young lions of a ruling class were likely to get from him about that really rather important country. So I tried him up and down the list. He knew absolutely nothing of any living American writer at all unless Professor Nicholas Murray Butler can be considered one; him he had met at some academic treat at Oxford. He spoke of the "poverty" of contemporary letters. "What

wouldn't they give for our Newbolt or our Kipling?" he asked.

"You think there is no promise at all there?" I put in.

He shrugged his shoulders and grimaced. I pretended to understand.

I turned back to science and philosophy. Charles Darwin, he thought "rather blown upon nowadays." He had been "exposed a good deal," he understood, by the Abbé Mendl. Einstein for some occult reason, he said, "chopped logic." I would like to have pursued that, but I felt it might be unwise to press him too closely. Even as it was, he had become a little restive under my rather persistent soundings. "You have more time for reading than I have, I see," he expostulated suddenly. "Here the work is incessant—incessant. And when I have a holiday—well, I put a little worn volume of Catullus into my pocket. That suffices. Old-fashioned stuff, you will say. Old, old stuff. Yes, I admit it."

I note in passing that these rare holidays of his amount to almost three months in the year.

I felt he had managed his "get away" rather creditably. I did not pursue him further in that direction.

I got him to talk about the boys in the school. And the fathers and uncles—"and the mothers!" said my half-brother—who came respectfully and intermittently when the disciplines of the school permitted it. "Odd people we have now," he said. The waiting-list had never been longer. Business people from the Midlands were discovering Dimbourne, people with factories and

so forth. "It's a good omen for the country," he said.

He had an air of forgetting that Dickon and I belonged to this lowly but opulent stratum. "We do what we can to civilise them," he said. "Some of the boys are quite jolly. But the fathers ask the most impossible things. Oh! One of them wanted us to take up Russian, and another was here only yesterday demanding a German master. I don't mean a man to teach German *inter alia,* I mean a real live Hun. Modern German. German without literature or history. So that they might *speak* it—like commercial travellers. And there's a working model of an ore crusher one of them has given us. It's in one of the corridors. A frightful thing for getting in the way. Near the Roman galley and the restoration of Jerusalem. One has to tide over that sort of thing. One has to parry. The mothers are fussy about health and warm baths and flowers on the dinner table, dreadfully fussy at times, but most of that falls on the matrons, thank Heaven! They are much more amenable about the curriculum—much more amenable. They seem to feel what we are really driving at, more than the men."

He was under way now and I found it less necessary to follow him up closely. I abstained from asking what he was really driving at. My eyes wandered to the bookshelves. There were hardly any real books at all. There were school books, dictionaries, Macaulay's History, Green's History of the English People, classical and Bible Encyclopædias, Murray's Guide to Switzerland, school editions of the classics with notes, informa-

tive books on mountaineering and ski-ing and flyfishing and cricket. There was an annotated Shakespeare, the "Works" of Sir Walter Scott, the Valima Stevenson, various Kiplings, an odd volume of *Picturesque Europe,* something called *Rab and his Friends,* a book called *Friends in Council*—what could that have been? A stray Quaker volume?—a lot of dingy leather bound books that looked like sermons and may have been bought to fill up. What on earth is the Badminton Library? There was a lot of it. . . .

My attention reverted for a time to my half-brother. "I can say with a good deal of confidence, with considerable confidence in fact, that Dimbourne is one of the *cleanest* schools in England. It needs constant watchfulness. . . .

"Send them to bed tired," said my half-brother thoughtfully, as he knocked out the ashes of his pipe upon the top bar of the grate. "Send them to bed tired."

So that was what he had got to. It was time I too was sent to bed tired.

I roused myself from a private meditation upon heredity. I had been thinking of the beach near Saint Raphaël—how many years was it ago?—and of a longer, leaner, but extremely similar Walpole Stent in knickerbockers, bowling and bowling to Dickon's hefty smacks, never by any chance getting him out, and all the while lecturing, helpfully, improvingly, confidently, on Dickon's way of holding his bat, which was wrong, which was all wrong. *Plonk,* and away went the ball for four. "You have a good eye," said my stepfather,

"but it's all wrong; the knuckles of the left hand ought to be much more forward."

And from these memories I had strayed to questionings that touched my suppressed but incurable patriotic pride. Which of us represents "God's Englishman"—as Mr. John Milton put it—most nearly? We Clissolds or these Walpole Stents—the wild English or the tame?

Whatever the answer to that may be, there is little doubt in my mind which of the two, Sanderson or Walpole Stent, is the representative schoolmaster, the schoolmaster with whom we creative people have to reckon. I do not see how it is possible in any country where there are great differences in class and where the schoolmasters are drawn from the middle and upper classes, that the average schoolmaster should ever be a much better thing than my half-brother. The whole crowd of upper-class youth has been picked over again and again before the schoolmasters come; the most vigorous and innovating men have gone in for diplomacy, the law, politics, the public services, science, literature, art, business, the hard adventure of life; and at last comes the residue. "Poor devil!" I once heard my nephew Dick say of a friend of his. "He's got a second-class. His people have no money. His games are pretty fair. He'll have to go into a school." A few public schoolmasters may have a vocation; the body of them, the substance of the profession, is that sort of residue. Its mentality is the mentality of residual men.

That is a neglected factor which has to be reckoned with in the history of the British Empire during the

last hundred years. That is something the foreign observer has still to realise. A larger and larger proportion of its influential and directive men throughout this period have spent the most plastic years of their lives under the influence of the least lively, least enterprising, most restrictive, most conservative and intricately self-protective types it was possible to find. We have bred our governing class mentally, as the backward Essex farmer bred his pigs, from the individuals that were no good for the open market. The intelligent foreigner complains that the Englishman abroad has been growing duller and stiffer in every generation. I offer up my half-brother, Walpole Stent, as the clue.

From quite early years this scholastic type has to develop a private system of compensatory false values. Life would be unendurable without it. These men of a secondary grade of vitality whose lot it is to figure in the rump of the first or second class in every examination and to go in to bat in the tail of the eleven, find their refuge in an ideal of modest worth, something richer, better and truer than flaunting success, something which is the real opposite of failure. Walpole Stent's phrase about Dimbourne cricket returns to me. "We always manage to put up a decent show." And he used another phrase, "We don't pretend to be miracle workers." It was an intimation that "miracle working" wasn't really in quite the best form. It was something you "pretended" to. The mathematical teaching at Dimbourne "does not claim to turn out calculating boys." But Dimbourne used to "cut a good figure" in the old Mathematical Tripos, and had

a "decent" list of First, Second and Third Wranglers in that perverted test of unphilosophical discipline. Style, good form, is a great consolation for the impotent. Mr. Shandy's bull, one remembers, was a master of style.

And another powerful word with Walpole Stent was "scholarly." The substance might be platitudinous, the argument inconclusive, the deductions wrong; those things were upon the knees of the gods; but one could at any rate be accurate upon minor points and polished, stylish, careful and allusive about the irrelevant. No examination ever discovered genius, intellectual power, and "all that sort of thing"; no examination is or can be a test for poverty of the imagination; and so the worthy man gets through "quite decently" and presently finds himself, in his armour of compensatory values, less thrust, it seems to him, than called, to domination over schoolboy minds. He has never been first before, but now in this world of school he is master, and he can make his compensations his standards. It is inevitable, it is without malice or compunction that he does so.

Inevitably he is conservative. He has abandoned free, novel and powerful things to bow himself to the existing state of affairs, and he resents the freedoms, enterprises and novel successes that reflect upon his own retractions. He becomes the quiet, inaggressive but obstinate champion of the old order against his bolder contemporaries. He desires their defeat because it involves his own justification. He will thwart where he can and deprecate always. But he loves to exalt

the past, the classic, magnified past, the glory of the splendid dead—who are deader even than he. How can it be otherwise with him?

That is the stuff that must be in general control of the development of our youngsters so long as we are content to send them off to these boarding schools. No other stuff is available for such places, which by their very existence insist upon class distinctions and class traditions. And just as it is unavoidable that nine out of ten schoolmasters will be of this type, so also are certain reactions unavoidable upon the minds of the generations they will influence. They will not inspire, they will not compel, they will not stimulate nor evoke. If they had the quality to do that they would not be public schoolmasters. Catholic schoolmasters with the immense traditions of the Church behind them may try to shape boys to a preconceived pattern, but not the English public schoolmaster. His boys are too strong and well-connected for him to impose a type. His action is negative. He lets a type happen. His results lie not in what he imposes but in what he permits. He surrounds his boys with an atmosphere in which "good form" is better than great achievement. He infects with his habitual, his tacit, disparagement of exhaustive performance. Intensity or concentration of interest he marks as priggishness, as unhealthy, as presumption. New and stirring things are belittled—because if they are not belittled the humiliating question arises, "Why then are you not taking part in them?" Persistently the suggestion is conveyed to the boys that the great things of life are shams and only the little

things are real. There is a fatal responsiveness in boys to such treatment. Boys who will resist commands and prohibitions with the utmost vigour and persistence yield with extraordinary ease to a sneer. So he restrains the criticism of life; deflects attention from all strenuous issues towards formality and convention, in politics, in economic assumptions, in religion. For religion, the hushed voice, the averted mind. For sex, darkness. "Pigs' stuff." The world is full of things one does not do, one does not speak about.

And his teaching! The public schoolmaster is in temperamental sympathy with just that intractability, that hatred to being taught and changed which is natural to recalcitrant youth. He is the natural ally of the unenterprising boy against the boy who may make the pace too hard for the two of them. None of that at Dimbourne. He is doing nothing in the world but teaching, but how can one teach with any vigour unless one also does the thing one teaches and does it well? Who can teach mathematics who never deals with forms and quantities in real earnest, or a language if there is no attempt at expression? So he does not teach with vigour. He is bored and he bores. He bores apologetically. "You fellows do not like this stuff, nor do I. But it's the Right Thing to do it—in a certain fashion. It doesn't *mean* anything, of course, but the grind"—the *grind,* he calls it, "is good for you."

He flies from the class-room to the playing-fields. There he has his strength as a man to exact a kind of respect for himself, from himself and the rest of them.

"Well hit, Sir! *Oh! Well* hit!" One can forget one's contemporaries then who are struggling up to economic and political power, who are going about the great world outside, doing considerable things. There are some splendid moments after all for the schoolmaster. When his heart swells near to bursting for the dear old school. When he is popular about some petty issue, the Tuck Shop question or the Summer Camp, and the boys stand up and cheer. He composes himself to look modest and even a little ruffled. But how fresh, how honest is that schoolboy approval, bass and tenor and alto altogether! "Three cheers for Mr. Walpole Stent. Hip. Hip. Hooray!"

These boys have an instinct. Many of these "painter fellows," these "much-belauded writers," these old scientific moles, never get such a cheer throughout their entire lives. Unless they come down to us for Speech Day and we incite the boys about them.

There is the real schoolmaster. I do not blame the man for being what he is, a retarding shadow upon the best youth of our country; he achieves his self-respect against great difficulties, and I would gladly leave him alone in his self-satisfaction if it were not for the manhood he arrests. But I do not see how we of the new order of things can be content to see our sons, our nephews, bright boys of every origin, every sort of boy who is to be given opportunity, the majority of our successors, left to his dwarfing restrictions for want of a better routine. So long as we pass our youth through the sieve of the public schools, we shall find them triturated down to his dimensions, and the "rank out-

sider" will still be needed to save us by his unimpaired initiatives. Dickon and I, like so many men in business and public affairs in England, are outsiders, but I do not hold a brief for the outsider as a class. They have faults all of their own, a huge carelessness, wastefulness, inco-ordination. Is not all this book about their faults? But at least they were not partially paralysed by growing up under the shadow of subconsciously futile men.

So there appears a third integral part of a creative revolution in my world, parallel with the gradual creation of a liberal world press, and equal in importance to the systematic replacement of militant ideals by police ideals: the development of a boldly conceived new education and a release of the main supply of our directive and progressive youth from the cramping influence of these establishments. All this sending apart of young people, out of our homes and affairs, to acquire an attitude of supercilious evasiveness towards living and progressive things, makes directly for stagnation and reaction. The best education for reality is contact with reality.

I can understand parents who live in an evil climate or lead disorderly lives or ply some disgraceful trade, sending their sons and daughters out of their surroundings into a better atmosphere, but not men and women pursuing active and influential careers, directing interesting industries, promoting important economic and social developments. I do not see how we can at one and the same time believe in ourselves and in the public schoolmasters. If our homes and businesses are not fit for

our children to live through, it seems to me that a change in the spirit and direction of our home and business life is indicated. We should in that case mend our manners or our morals. If I had had sons I would have seen to it that they were first and foremost Clissolds and not "Dimbournians." I might have entrusted them to Sanderson at Oundle, but I know of no other school to which I would have delegated my paternity.

I would have us recover all this "formation of character" work, all the cultivation of taste, the interpretation of history and the establishment of standards of conduct and aim, out of the hands of these "upper class" schoolmasters into which they have so largely drifted in Britain and western Europe and into which they seem to be drifting in America. And reduce these all too influential pedagogues to their original and proper function of the skilled teaching of specific things. If they proved—which is by no means certain—to be equal to the skilled teaching of specific things. We want skilled teachers badly, but the fewer schoolmasters we have the better. The world, and the social atmosphere it throws around us, is the final maker of all of us. When it was barbaric and dangerous, then there was some excuse for making little refuges and fostering places for civilised traditions and learning, under monastic sanctions. They gave a narrow and cramping education but it was better than none. Men like Saint Benedict and Cassiodorus, indeed, saved European learning, but that is no reason why we should go to Subiaco or the fastnesses of Monte Cassino now to learn to read and do sums. Now that the world grows

safe and orderly and decent there is less and less justification for withdrawing young people from the general life in order to prepare them for that general life.

A good case is to be made out for the well-equipped, skilfully conducted, sociable kindergarten for a dozen or a score of children, against the home with only one or two. I do not think that childhood is the period when close contact between parent and child is most advisable. And since many of us now move about the world very freely and since social life increases in the variety of its relationship, there may be excellent reason for a great use and extension of schools of the "preparatory" type, as they call them in England, schools, often largely staffed by women, and not very big, where little fellows between seven and fifteen live a quasi-family life. But from fifteen onward the more directly a boy lives in contact with the real world the better alike for the real world and himself.

Then it is that the tradition of his family or the achievements of his parents may become of interest to him, and he may benefit by learning what these beings, so exceptionally like himself, think of life, and how they have dealt with it before him. By fourteen or fifteen special aptitudes should be apparent, and a boy should begin to work hard in some technical school according to his intentions and interests and quality. But if possible he should live at home. He should begin to see something of his father's life and his family business. There is a tremendous leap forward in the capacity of a boy's mind between fourteen and sixteen which the English public schools, retaining boys to

eighteen or nineteen, do not recognise and help powerfully to arrest.

The boy's sister should be active upon parallel lines. They should both be reading widely, listening and talking freely in a community in which the boy will habitually encounter adult minds and girls and women, and the girl, men. They should go to special schools for special ends. Not even in these special schools should the boy meet Walpole Stent or sniff the wind of his frowsy study.

What will happen to Walpole Stent in a modernised world I do not know and I do not care. He might make a good timekeeper in a factory. The teachers of the modern specialist schools will not be the residuum of a social class, but specially equipped men of any social origin, and they will actually teach what they profess to teach. Their business will be what Sanderson called "tool sharpening"; mathematics, scientific processes, languages, and the only moral influence they will exert in their classrooms will be the best moral influence of all, the one our public schools most frequently omit, the example of work seriously and vigorously done.

When one turns either in England or in France from the old schools, the upper class schools with a long tradition, to the new popular schools for elementary instruction, sustained by the state, that have become numerous in the last century, one comes upon entirely different psychological processes. The two sorts of schools are different worlds. These latter schools were carefully planned to supply a certain necessary minimum

of education to the working-classes without any disturbance of class relationships. They made no pretence of character forming; that they were given to understand from the first would be presumption; their business was to supply a carefully limited amount of instruction. They were designed to preserve a sense of inferiority in their pupils. Not even the residuum of the universities was cheap enough to staff them and a special sort of teacher was evolved, trained in a specially cheap and inferior college, or trained only by service under a trained assistant. These elementary teachers also were to be humble and industrious. They were to be pursued in their work by inspectors of a higher social class, and docked in their pay at any signs of slackening. So, without any serious rise in wages or loss of social discipline, it was hoped that a more intelligent type of workers would be bred. Even then, the dear old Victorians were astounded at their generosity in supplying these schools, and there was considerable repining at the idea of educating "other people's children."

But a better knowledge of psychology might have made our Victorians doubt the sustained subservience of these elementary teachers. In the main they were drawn from the working-class; they were the clever boys and girls who were not quite strong enough to be put to wages-earning early. They saw in the educational service a door to the life of an educated human being, and when they found themselves confronted by bars and barring prejudices to any ascent from the elementary schoolroom, when they realised the insufficiency of

their pay for any cultivated way of living and the insulting cheapness of their educational opportunities, they displayed a certain resentment at the blessings conferred upon them. They were often individuals of considerable energy. While the secondary and upper-class teachers were essentially a residuum, these were essentially an élite. And drawn from a very numerous and hitherto untapped stratum. They had a vulgar energy. They refused to be suppressed. An expanding number struggled up to degrees in the new universities as external students. Many of them became, and many of them are, better teachers than the upper-class masters and mistresses. Many have clambered off into journalism, literature and all sorts of quasi-intellectual occupations. Many pass on into the upper-class schools, and infuse a new vigour into their classrooms. Sanderson for example. Few are as gracefully subservient as those who evoked them hoped they would be.

A lively social insubordination is as characteristic of the more intelligent trained elementary teacher as a discouraging conservatism is of his unskilled social superior. In England the elementary teachers supply a contingent to the Labour Party which brings in a disciplined mental vigour it might otherwise lack, and in France there would hardly be such a thing as a Communist party if it were not for the teachers. But in Britain elementary schoolmasters are to be found in all sorts of positions. There is quite a bunch of ex-elementary teachers in the House, and for example, G. E. Morgan, who practically runs our labour affairs at Downs-Peabody, was one. They constitute a very mis-

cellaneous body in Great Britain; there is, I am told, a frightful fringe of barely qualified cheap teachers in the backward rural districts, but on the whole they are a new and increasingly important force in public life, and I am all for making them, and not the Walpole Stents, the backbone of the teaching profession of the future.

Above the elementary schools—which will run parallel for a time with our kindergartens and our excellent preparatory schools until these become good enough for us to dispense with any educational differences of class—we who possess the power of financial initiative can do much to develop the new system of special schools, studios and laboratories, for arts, sciences, languages and every sort of technical work. The style of work will be new. We want nothing of the classroom methods, the "prep," the recitations and all the other monkish devices the old schools have preserved. And it is to the sources that have given us the elementary teacher and not to the exhausted cadres of the universities that we must look for the staffing of these modern institutions with modern-spirited teachers. Even then it will be a teaching profession much more limited in its pretensions and much sounder in its work than is the schoolmaster, as prosperous English people know him to-day.

The reality of education for everyone over fourteen in a modern state lies more and more outside any classroom. The world grows more explicit every year. The finest minds in the world can speak now almost directly to everyone. A copious and growing literature about life and the direction of life makes the personal

director unnecessary. The fewer the school-made values a boy has, the juster will be his apprehension of reality. So far as the general business of education goes, beyond mere special drillings and instructions, the need for schools dwindles to the vanishing point. So that I am rather an educational gaol-deliverer than a school reformer. I do not so much want to alter and improve the schoolmaster as induce him as gently as possible, and with the fullest recognition of his past services to mankind, to get out of the path of civilisation.

§ 15

I EXTEND my scepticism about schools to universities, and particularly to what one might call the universities for juveniles like Oxford, Cambridge, Harvard and Yale, the annual cricket, boat-race, baseball and football universities, where every sort of intellectual activity is subordinated to a main business of attracting, boarding and amusing our adolescents. I think that we who deal with the world's affairs have been very negligent about the things that have been done to our sons and daughters in these institutions, and that we need to give them more attention than we have shown hitherto. In England they are not giving value for the money and respect they get—less even than public schools—and in America I have a suspicion they are worse even than in England.

My observations of these places are necessarily external. Dickon and I were under no sort of discipline during our student days in London; London

University knows no proctors, and its undergraduates are as free in their private lives as errand boys. No tutors brood over their intellectual development; the London crowd scatters and absorbs them before they can develop consciousness of themselves as a class and a type. They never become aware of themselves as local colour and feel no consequent obligation to be sprightly and entertaining and characteristic. We took our university on the way to other things; we scarcely thought of it as a university; it stamped no pattern upon us.

My nephew Dick had two years at Oxford, and his career there was cut short by the war, so he too is no more than a partial witness. William refused stoutly to go either to Oxford or Cambridge. He said that he wanted to paint like a man from the start, and that at either place he would have to think and talk about painting and paint like a clever boy. When he was told that one went to a university to rub shoulders with one's fellows and exchange ideas, he said one exchanged nothing better than shibboleths. He thought he was quick-witted enough to pick up shibboleths as he went along without wasting three years upon their acquisition. When the advantages of meeting distinguished men were pointed out to him, he said first of all that dons were not as a class distinguished men, they were only men who had conferred distinctions upon one another, and secondly that in practice one never met them but only their "damned wives" at tea parties. The really distinguished men at Oxford and Cambridge were always "cutting up to London" at

every possible opportunity, to get out of the "dried boy" atmosphere. One was much more likely to get talks with them in London. "Dried boys?" Interrogated on this remarkable phrase, William asked what else one could call them?

"And I shouldn't be able to stand the Rags," said William. "The Rags that are such a Delightful Feature of undergraduate life. The dressing-up and the oh! such fun! When the little bleaters started a rag I should want to go out and kill some of them."

So William, in accordance with the dictates of his savage Clissold heart, took up his abode in Chelsea, to prowl in studios and see men at work, to argue in the 1917 Club with all sorts of queer people, to write, to paint, to see all the new plays and pictures and dances so soon as they came out, to brood in museums and read voraciously, and to paint and again to paint.

I'm all on William's side. I believe that the day of Oxford and Cambridge as the main nuclei of the general education of a great empire, draws to an end. Since the war this has become very evident. These universities fail to do any adequate educational work upon the larger part of the youngsters who spend what are perhaps the cardinal years of their lives in their colleges. Only a minority do sound work. They do it against the current of opinion. Much of it they could do far better in closer touch with London or in any other habitable town. Both Oxford and Cambridge lie in low river valleys, the heavy air demands much time out of every day for exercise, and a vast industry of games has grown up to overshadow all intellectual

activities. In spite of such exertions, there is a prevailing slackness. There is a tradition of irrelevance, which only the most resolute workers escape. Much time is given to "Rags," those industriously organised, toilsomely humorous interruptions of the leisurely routines of study. There is no effective supervision by the tutors who are supposed to guide the mental growth of the undergraduates, and a considerable number of these youngsters waste their time in little musical and dramatic societies that lead neither to musical nor to dramatic achievement, and in similar forms of amateurism. Such opportunities for frittering away time are endless.

Few of the dons are of a quality to grip the undergraduate imagination. Many of the most conspicuous seem to be wilful "Freaks" who set out to be talked about. Nowadays these dons seem more disposed to carry on the traditions of discouragement and suppression that dominate the great English public schools than to excite a new generation to vigorous thought and effort. Cambridge University earned an unenviable notoriety during the war by its treatment of Bertrand Russell, and it has recently done its best to dismiss a great biological teacher because he was co-respondent in a divorce suit. Oxford I see proposes to send down all youthful communists. By such tokens these places put the repressive training of the young above knowledge and freedom of thought.

I encounter a growing discontent with Oxford and Cambridge among many of my friends who have had undergraduate sons. I know three or four who have

been bitterly disappointed in reasonable hopes. They send their boys trustfully and hopefully to these over-rated centres. They find themselves confronted with pleasant, easy-going, evasive young men, up to nothing in particular and schooled out of faith, passion or ambition.

I think we must be prepared to cut out this three or four year holiday at Oxford or Cambridge, and their American compeers, from the lives of the young men we hope to see playing leading parts in the affairs of the world. It is too grave a loss of time at a critical period; it establishes the defensive attitude too firmly in the face of the forcible needs of life. I offer no suggestions about the education of girls because I know very little about it, but the conviction has grown upon me in the last few years that as early as fifteen or sixteen a youth should be brought into contact with realities and kept in contact with realities from that age on. That does not mean that he will make an end of learning then, but only that henceforth he will go on learning—and continue learning for the rest of his life—in relation not to the "subjects" of a curriculum, but to the realities he is attacking. We are parting from the old delusion that learning is a mere phase in life. And all the antiquated nonsense of calling people bachelors and masters and doctors of arts and science, might very well go, with the gowns and hoods that recall some medical alchemist or inquisitor, to limbo. They mean nothing. There is no presumption that a man who has the diploma, or whatever they call it, of M.A., is even a moderately educated man. The only good thing I

have ever heard in defence of a university gown is that it is better than a tail coat for cleaning chalk off a blackboard. And even for that a pad of velvet is preferable.

One may argue that to clear out the colleges and disperse the crowds of spoilt and motiveless youth that now, under a pretence of some high and conclusive educational benefit, constitute the physical bulk of Oxford, Cambridge, Yale and Harvard, is not to put an end to universities; but the value of that argument depends upon the meaning we assign to the word university. No doubt the modern world requires an increasing number of institutions conducting research, gathering and presenting knowledge, affording opportunities for discussions and decisions between keenly interested men, working perpetually upon the perpetually renewed myriads of interrogations with which the intelligent adult faces existence; but are such institutions, without teaching pretensions, really universities in the commonly accepted sense of the word at all? A whole book might be written about the varying uses of that word. In one sense the Royal Society of London might be called a university, but it seems to me that in ordinary speech "university" conjures up first and foremost a vision of undergraduates engaged in graduation, a scene of caps and gowns, brightly coloured hoods and scarlet robes, of learned doctors who are supposed to have imparted their precious accumulations to the receptive youth at their feet, and of candidates, shaken and examined when full, certified to

"know all that there is to be knowed"

and sent into the world, in need of no further intellectual process for the rest of their lives except perhaps a little caulking. That is the current idea of a university, embalming the artless assumptions of an age that passes. It seems to me that age may very well take its universities with it—into history.

The new institutions, the research and post-graduate colleges if you cling to the word, will offer no general education at all, no graduation in arts or science or wisdom. The only students who will come to them will be young people who are specially attracted and who want to work in close relation as assistants, secretaries, special pupils, collateral investigators, with the devoted and distinguished men whose results are teaching all the world. These men will teach when they feel disposed to teach. They will write, they will communicate what they have to say by means of conferences and special demonstrations, and their utterance will be world-wide. There is no need whatever now for anyone to suffer and inflict an ordinary course of lectures again. The new institutions for the increase of knowledge will become the constituent ganglia of one single world university, and a special press and a literature of explanation and summary will make the general consequences of their activities accessible everywhere. The modern university, as Carlyle said long ago, is a university of books. So far as general education is concerned I agree entirely with that.

There it is that we to whom power is happening are still most negligent. It is not merely that we have great possibilities of endowment, we have also great

opportunities of organisation. As the prestige of tradition and traditional institutions fades, an immense desire for knowledge and for new sustaining ideas spreads through the world. There are millions of people, half educated and uneducated, vividly aware that they are ill-informed and undirected, passionately eager to learn and to acquire a sense of purpose and validity. This new demand for information, for suggestion and inspiration, is perceptible now not only in the Atlantic communities but increasingly in India, in China, in Russia and in the Near East. We make no concerted effort to cope with it. We allow it to be exploited meanly for immediate profits. Much absolute rubbish is fed to this great hunger, and still more adulterated food. This appetite, which should grow with what it feeds on, is thwarted and perverted.

It rests with us, the people with capital and enterprise, to treat this phase of opportunity with a better respect, to show a larger generosity in the promotion and distribution of publications, to use the great new possibilities of intellectual dissemination that arise worthily and fruitfully. The world university must be a great literature. We cannot have our able teachers wasting and wearying their voices any longer in the lecture theatres of provincial towns; we want them to speak to all the world. And it must be a literature made accessible by translation into every prevalent language. Each language and people will still produce its own literature, expressive of its own æsthetic spirit and developing its own distinctive possibilities, but the

literature of ideas must be a world-wide literature sustaining one world-wide civilisation.

To this sustaining contemporary literature in its variety and abundance our young people of all classes must go for their general conception of life, and throughout all their subsequent lives they will follow it and react to it and develop mentally in relation to it. Such personal teaching of adolescents as will remain in the world will direct their attention to what is being written and said, and will advise and assist in study and selection. That in effect is the real upper education of to-day, that is how we are being kept alive as a thinking community now. Apart from the modicum of technical instruction they impart, the upper schools and universities of our world already betray themselves for an imposture, rather delaying, wasting and misleading good intentions, rather using their great prestige and influence in sustaining prejudice in favour of outworn institutions and traditions that endanger and dwarf human life, than in any real sense educating. They are the most powerful bulwarks, necessarily and inseparably a part, a most vital and combative part, of that declining order which our revolution seeks to replace from the foundations upward.

Here as with monarchy and militant nationalism we do not need so much to attack as to disregard and neglect, to supersede and efface, through the steadfast development of a new world-wide organism of education and intercourse, press, books, encyclopædias, organised translations, conferences, research institutions.

A time must come when Oxford and Cambridge will

signify no more in the current intellectual life of the world than the monastery of Mount Athos or the lamaseries of Tibet do now, when their colleges will stand empty and clean for the amateur of architecture and the sight-seeing tourist.

Perhaps effigies wearing gowns and robes will be arranged in the Senate House to recall the quaint formalities of the ancient days. Or perhaps a residue of undivorced soundly orthodox and conservative dons will by that time have ossified into suitable effigies.

§ 16

I HAVE now sketched out the main lines of my hopes and sympathies in relation to the economic, social and political processes of my time. This book is primarily autobiographical and not a dissertation upon politics, and I tell of these things without detachment because they are a part of me, because they are the subject of a large proportion of my waking thoughts and determine my acts and the lay-out of my days more and more. This conception of an open conspiracy to realise the World Republic is the outline into which I fit most of my social activities. It is as much a part of me as my eyesight or my weight. I have tried to show not only the character of this outline, but how it has grown up in my mind.

This Third Book which now draws to its close—though I feel there is much that needs expansion in what I have set down—may be taken, I suggest, as a statement of twentieth-century liberalism. The state-

ments of liberalism made in recent years, because of its entanglements with political factions and their transitory accommodations, have been formless and rhetorical, but liberalism is quite a definable thing, and I am by any possible definition a liberal type. I am as much a liberal as I am a Londoner or an industrialist or a Fellow of the Royal Society. It is a fundamental fact in any description of me.

Liberalism is essentially a product of the last two centuries and mainly of the last hundred years. It is an attempt to express in thought and social and political activities, the apprehension of urgent readjustments produced by the change in scale. It began therefore largely as a system of denials, as a repudiation of existing authority, of privilege, of dogma, of tradition. Its first profession was freedom; its first fruits upheaval. It found its natural exponents in the new social types in business men, in lawyers, in shipping people, in western industrialism. It talked republicanism. It sought help against established things among the excluded; it emancipated, it enfranchised. It stirred up subject peoples by "sympathising with their aspirations." From the first it was in conflict with national as well as social restrictions. It allied itself with the internationalism of Jewish finance. It evolved the idea of free trade.

In contact with things political it lost its way here and there. In Britain it was exploited by the Tory-spirited Gladstone, in France by Napoleon the Third. It was baffled by Trades Unionism. It could make nothing of, and it ought to have made a great deal of,

this collateral synthetic process that was substituting a collective bargain for a chaotic scramble for work. Its advocacy of insurgent peoples made it presently a champion of nationalities and the instigator of pseudo-liberal nationalism in Germany and Italy. That pseudo-liberal nationalism has brought forward thorns of swords and bayonets and bitterly unattractive fruits. Moreover British liberalism became curiously imperialist at the end of its shipping lines, though even in India for a time it sought to educate and modernise, and promised to release. It got on in the world and made compromises with the Crests.

Already by the days of the Franco-German war of 1870, it had assumed something of its present loose amiable indeterminate cast of countenance; it was getting its Asquith face. But it still held stoutly to free trade, to popular education, to free speech, to the open mind in religion. It had unhappily pinned itself prematurely to an extreme freedom of private property, to the philosophy of Individualism, and it was perplexed when the socialists appeared with their idea of a large-scale non-competitive business organisation of society. They had got in front upon the constructive path by another route. In the subsequent controversies neither liberalism nor socialism succeeded in keeping more than a one-sided grasp upon the processes of economic and social developments. I have told how Dickon and I, typical adventurers of the new sort, typical cadets of the new scale, were puzzled in our student days by these conflicting statements. The history of our experiences and ideas, as I have spread it before the reader, is the

history not merely of the struggle of our two minds but, in our two selves as samples, of the general practical intelligence of our generation, to get a comprehensive grip upon the main issues of our time.

This new statement of liberalism I am making here is the outcome. What we think, many other men, in business and public affairs, are beginning to think also. As I have written in an earlier section, individualism and socialism have reached a phase of coalescence and rephrasing. Political liberalism dies to be born again with firmer features and a clearer will.

It is remarkable how much of the liberalism of the middle nineteenth century is still living in our minds, in a fuller and more co-ordinated form. We two at least have returned to its republicanism and its cosmopolitanism. We realise ever more fully the fundamental importance of free speech, freedom of belief, freedom from barriers of privilege and adverse presumption. We can be bolder now in our cosmopolitanism because we have before our eyes a whole series of successful international experiments. We have a firmer apprehension of the means and methods by which the progressive transformation of human affairs towards the World Republic may be achieved. Our faith in progress has seventy years of added justification.

Essentially the project of modern liberalism is an immense simplification. For a century liberalism has been like the spirit of a young giant striving against almost intolerable bonds, bonds in which he was born and which cripple and threaten his growth and existence. Its main purpose is to clear away an infinitude

of complications that trouble and waste life. It is creative by release, like the chisel of a sculptor. It sets its face against, and in the long run it will overcome and efface the boundaries, the flags, the enforced and exaggerated separations that keep men from wholesome and brotherly co-operation round and about the world. It would smooth out every kink and every dark place in which greed, suspicion, cruelty and evil disposition can now find a purchase and operate and do harm to the human commonweal. To that end it would sweep away all the custom houses, passport requirements and all the barriers that far beyond nature's limitations cramp and confine human activities and human commerce upon this little planet. It would make the money and credit system of the world one; it would put the land and sea transport of the world under one control; it would watch over the production and distribution of staple needs everywhere. It would rationalise the property-money complex that holds us all together, by scientific analysis and systematic law-making in accordance with that analysis. It would bring all men under a common law. It would re-crystallise the political life of the world as a single economic and police directorate. It would remove crowns and courts and all the residue of the warring states of the past as a discreet surgeon will remove an appendix, because mischief lodges in these things. And in the place of our little ancient secluded learning-places, in the place of knowledge given almost furtively by word of mouth, there would be a released education, a great common literature and universally accessible

information, bringing all mankind into one understanding and a broad unanimity of will.

I have told how the conception of this simplification of human affairs grew up in my own mind, and what forces seem to me to drive towards it, making it not only possible but probable and necessary. I have painted my own mental and moral portrait against its only appropriate background, which is two hundred years of change of scale and the dawn of human unity. Believing in that progressive simplification and in the progress of man's spirit that will accompany it, I can take life serenely, I can find a purpose in my activities outside myself. This simplification, this clearing of the ground for a new beginning in the human adventure, makes effort seem worth while. But if now I lost the faith that has grown in me with my ripening, in the continuing power of these synthetic and creative processes, I confess that there would be little savour left for me in life. Without the idea of progress life is a corrupting marsh. If this present age is not an assembly for great beginnings, confused and crowded still but getting into order, then it is a fool's fair, noisy, tawdry, unsafe, dishonest, infectious. In spite of the strange light of beauty that falls at times upon it, in spite of incidental heroisms and relieving humours and the fun of first pushing one's way into it, it is a fool's fair, speedily wearying and at last repelling. The small insecure accumulations of science, the rare perfect art one finds in odd corners, unless they are to be recognised as mere intimations of greater things to come, are out of all measure insufficient to redeem so vast a

futility. I should be glad to get out of the glare and turbulence of so unmeaning a spectacle, and I should not be particular what way I took back to nothingness and peace.

I have passed through deep moods of doubt and I am still not altogether immune to them. But these moods of doubt have always come in phases of fatigue, or when there was a great noise about me and when I was too close to things. It is disconcerting at times to read too many newspapers. They make life seem entirely a clamour of superficialities; they make it seem impossible that any men anywhere will ever think more than a week or so ahead in regard to public matters. There is only one newspaper that comforts my soul, and that is *Nature*. This place up here is good for retirement and thought, but there is a terrible infection of vacuity about the faces and bearing of all these well-to-do fellow countrymen who crowd Cannes and the front at Nice. When my business or some rare social occasion takes me down to these places, I have to resist the suggestion that within my brain I am perhaps a wild, fantastic, almost scandalous rebel, a "crank," a changeling, and that it would become me better as an Englishman of standing to put away Clementina privily and all these solicitudes for the republic of mankind, and to go down to Cannes and take up the quarters proper to my position, deport myself stiffly and carefully, talking about Suzanne and Miss Wills and polo and the fall of the franc and the severity of taxation in suitable terms, relaxing myself with bridge, and exercising myself with golf and elderly tennis until my time

comes to an end. Instead of spending these days of sunshine and these nights of beauty in mental toil, in plotting, planning, writing and re-writing. Because, says the devil of that despondent mood, think I never so hard and work I never so well, these people will never understand, cannot understand; they will live and die, a mass against such solitary fretting sports as I, firmly sustaining all that I condemn and giving the lie to all my prophesying.

The other day I went to Marseilles, and as I sat with Clementina taking our coffee, after lunch, at a big café in the Cannebière and watched the active various crowd about me, each individually brighter than I, and all sanely intent upon little things, and all doing these little things so much better than I could do them, it came to me with overwhelming force that it was as reasonable to anticipate one planetary will from such beings as from a canful of small frogs in summer. I had some French newspaper in my hand telling me of the eighth or ninth failure of the petty inveterate political groups in Paris to pass a possible budget, and that the Treaty of Locarno, so recent, so hopeful, was already in effect moribund, poisoned by petty disputes about the entry of Germany into the League of Nations. That had set the key of my thoughts.

"Achieve!" said I. "They do not even desire. The republic of mankind is a dream."

But here in this secluded peaceful place and especially at night when everything is still, one can take a larger view, see things upon the scale of history, see the wide-sweeping radius of destiny tracing its onward path

across the skies. Then change has a countenance of purpose, the World Republic like the stars seems close at hand, and it is the fashions of pose and occupation and the multifarious ends and conflicts of the hurrying eddying crowds that dissolve like the mists in the morning and take on the quality of a dream.

§ 17

"BUT why should you care for a World Republic you will never see?" asks Clementina, who has set herself with a gathering tenacity to understand what I and this book are about.

"Why should the thought that men will never get to the World Republic make you unhappy when it does not seem to trouble you in the least that presently you must die?"

That is a fair question.

Why should I have become almost miserly with my days and hours in order to work for ends I can never live to see? Why do these things occupy and compel me so that I forget myself? Why do I not simply take the means of pleasure that I possess now so abundantly and "enjoy myself"?

The answer to that runs like a thread through all this complex fabric of observation and reasoning and suggestion that I have been weaving. It is that I have grown up.

I have become fully adult in a world in which as yet most human beings do not press on to a complete realisation of their adult possibilities. It has happened

to me to do so not because there is anything very exceptional in my quality but because my circumstances and experiences have prevented my accepting and settling down to interpretations and routines that are satisfactory enough to delay and stop the development of the generality of people. I missed those public-school and university disciplines which arrest the development of so many of the fortunate minority at a puerile stage, I escaped from that employment by other people which robs the greater majority of its opportunities for full growth, I did not chance to marry happily and settle down to that family life which becomes as it were a plateau of cessation for those who live it. I was never so engaged and interested at any stage by the details of life as to forget my interest in life as a whole. I went on moving mentally when most other people, according to the customs and necessities of our world, were either sitting down of their own accord or being obliged to sit down. And thus left to the unchecked drive of the forces within me, I went on growing up.

I have grown at last altogether out of regarding myself as the prime concern of my life. I am no longer vitally impassioned by my own success or failure. I have done with my personal career as my chief occupation. That complete preoccupation with the feelings and deeds and pride and prospects of William Clissold with which I started has been modified by and has gradually given place to the wider demands of the racial adventure. That now grips me and possesses me. William Clissold dwindles to relative unimportance in my mind and "Man" arises and increases.

And though William Clissold, my narrow self, will surely die before any great portion of this present revolution can be achieved, yet just as surely will man, that greater self in which my narrow self is no more than a thought and a phase, survive. Insensibly I have come to think, to desire and act as Man, using the body and the powers of William Clissold that were once my whole self, as a medium. And while all that I do expressly and particularly for the pleasure, delight and profit of William Clissold ends, I perceive, and will presently be forgotten and its refuse put away in some grave, all that I think and attempt and do as man goes on towards a future that has no certain and definable end and that need not be defeated by death.

It is only by this conception of a slowly emergent fully adult phase of the human life cycle that I can explain the main facts of my own development, the gradual fading out of my childish intensities of hope and desire and fear, that were once as swift and fierce and transitory as the moods of an animal, the softening of my adolescent hardness of spirit, the wane of physical and worldly jealousies, the attainment of virtual indifference to happenings that once would have thrown me into furies of self-assertion, into despair of life or into the profoundest humiliation. And these things have fallen from me with no diminution of vitality but through the progressive establishment of a more disinterested system of passions that were at any earlier stage altogether outside the orbit of my concern. I have extended and become less self-centred, year by year. I care for myself less because I care more and more for the republic of

mankind. There have been and are reversions to passion, to resentments and anger, to acute personal reference and spasmodic greed, but they become briefer, rarer and more completely amenable to the growing and releasing generosity of the wider reference. They become unreal and unimportant in relation to it.

And what has happened to me can happen to most people. It will begin to happen to many. My release from my excessive narrow self is not abnormal; it is only a little unusual at present to this extent. Most other people could be brought on past the stages of petty irrelevant occupations and habitual intense self-regard just as I have been. They all have occasional moods of larger interest. In a saner, juster, less meanly urgent world those moods would be sustained, multiplied, connected and made dominant.

In this present part of my book I have been stating this idea of a great revolution in the economics and politics and social relations of mankind, in the form of a project as wide as the earth. But it could also have been stated in another fashion, in an older fashion, in the form of a project as narrow and concentrated as a single heart. The attainment of the World Republic and the attainment of the fully adult life are the general and the particular aspects of one and the same reality. Each conditions the other. The former would release man from traditions, economic usages, social injustices, mental habits, encumbering institutions, needless subserviences and puerile interpretations, that dwarf, confuse and cripple his life upon this planet, that divide it, impoverish it, keep it in a continual danger from the

wasting fever of war and threaten him with extinction. And the other would liberate the individual man from a servitude to instinctive motives, unreasonable obsessions and an embittering concentration upon personal ends that can have no other conclusion but age and enfeeblement, defeat, disappointment and death. In the service and salvation of the species lies the salvation of the individual. The individual forgets the doomed and defined personal story that possessed his immaturity, the story of mortality, and merges himself in the unending adventure of history and the deathless growth of the race.

That is my philosophy of conduct, my mysticism, if you will, my religion. That is my answer to Clementina's question. This is my final conception of my life as I live it, set in the frame of my world. To this fully adult state men and women are, I believe, finding their way through the glares and threats, the misstatements and absurdities, the violence, cruelties, tumults and perplexities of the present time. A few come to it now, doubtfully and each one alone, as I have done, but presently more will be coming to it. As they do, the path to the World Republic will open out and this new phase of human life become the common phase throughout our mounting race.

We shall put away childish things, childish extravagances of passion and nightmare fears. Our minds will live in a living world literature and exercise in living art; our science will grow incessantly and our power increase. Our planet will become like a workshop in a pleasant garden, and from it we shall look out with

ever diminishing fear upon our heritage of space and time amidst the stars.

We shall be man in common and immortal in common, and each one of us will develop his individuality to the utmost, no longer as a separated and conflicting being but as a part and contribution to one continuing whole.

BOOK THE SIXTH

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§ 1

THIS Sixth Book I shall dedicate to women, to the love and fellowship, distrusts and antagonisms of men and women. I have not yet done with my Fifth Book, but I shall leave that now for awhile until I can shape this Sixth Book out. A score of vast questions have been started and left almost immediately in that Fifth Book; I must return to them later; but I am impatient, I do not know why, to see the completed form of my work before I deal with them further. The immense projection of a unified world civilisation is at any rate visible in Book Five as it stands. The great revolution is stated there.

But all such schemes are abstract and jejune until they are made real by the comprehension of women. Man comes from woman and returns to woman for confirmation and realisation. He may explore new worlds alone but he cannot settle, cannot establish himself, unless he bring his womankind.

My sense of the value of woman, my care for and interest in woman, has grown very greatly since I was a young man. I began with infantile dreams of abjection to women, these faded out in boyhood and gave place to indifference qualified by a hot unkindly lust. Desire tinged with antagonism was the quality of my adolescence. I had a considerable dread of losing my personal freedom. Imperceptibly a strongly suppressed

craving for help and companionship escaped from its suppressions. To-day, though I struggle against the admission, I find my mental serenity extraordinarily dependent upon the companionship of Clementina. If she were to vanish now this life here would collapse. I cannot estimate how great a tragedy that might not be for me.

I have known many women. I have known several of a masculine creativeness and vigour of self-assertion. Some of the main features of the modern view of life, the propaganda of the idea of birth control, for example, are largely woman's work. And yet I do not know how far this austere conception of life devoted to the establishment of a great deliberation in the place of the present impulsive confusions of the world, can count upon the support and service of women or how far they will be open antagonists or subtle opponents or passive, instinctive, or even unconscious obstructionists of the things we desire.

The revolutionary forces of to-day are at present operating through scattered individuals. It has been my argument that these forces cannot become efficient and consciously and securely dominant without the development of a social life to express and confirm them. What impresses me very greatly is that the active and creative men do not as a rule get into relationship with either actively creative women or with women who can be effective helpers and protectors and subordinates, and that, so far as I know, the much rarer women of creative and scientific quality remain single or are indifferently mated. They seem to think and speak in an idiom

that is different and to have a different idiom of behaviour. This is not a complaint against the opposite sex—against either sex. It is rather a statement that these busy preoccupied men and women are careless in this relation, are taken unawares and do not know how to set about securing themselves against diversion and wastage. They are the critics and disturbers of the current world, and the current world, the habitual and accepted thing, protects itself and takes its unpremeditated revenge upon them by tying them up to demands, responses, exactions, obligations, conventions, recriminations, that distress, disorganise, disappoint, overstrain and help to defeat them.

I have much reason to be grateful to women, and I have a sense of ungraciousness in writing these doubts about them. But I cannot help but recognise the atmosphere of intensifying sexual antagonism in which we are living. One of the four women who have played large parts in my life sustains me loyally now; one would perhaps have become co-worker had she but had the strength left in her. But of the two others, one was a disloyal waster of my poor gifts, and the other a frank and open opponent, who in the end came to use her power over my emotions very ruthlessly. The story of my married life, brief, crude and vulgar, as I have told it, is yet very typical of the conflicts of the time. It is the common misunderstanding in gross and heavy detail.

I am dissatisfied with my sexual history and my dissatisfaction quickens my apprehension of the general uneasiness of the sexual world about me. A great

majority of business men and active men of affairs I know are frittering their sexual interests away as I have done for most of my time, getting no use or companionship out of women in their essential lives, marrying wives elegantly aloof from their vital concerns, begetting sons to be turned over to the old order by pedagogues and dons, practising small adulteries, having "affairs" with little dancers, chorus girls and a miscellany of such women. It is not what they want, if ever they stopped to ask themselves what they want on that side of life; it is what happens to them. No sort of woman is developed as yet to respect and look after them, and life has been too unexpected and crowded for them to be able to look after themselves.

I know that my insistence in this book upon a completely normal sexual life for an energetic man is a breach of literary decorum. I shall be called over-sexed, when indeed I am merely normally sexed and only abnormally outspoken. But our literary standards derive from schools and universities that have sheltered almost to the present day the dishonest and inwardly unclean chastity of medieval romanticism. We must, they rule it, either hide or titter. We must pretend we have no desires or only the very funniest desires, and that anyhow they do not matter in the least and have no significance whatever. I decline to follow these monkish usages and put a fig-leaf upon my account of myself, because once upon a time certain blushing prelates went round the Vatican Museum and started such wear for the classical statuary that had fallen into their hands. I do not believe that a normal man can go on

living a full mental life in a state of sexual isolation. I refuse to entertain the idea that I should have accepted celibacy and devoted myself entirely to scientific work. On those questions our medical science is absurdly discreet and vague, and so I have to go upon observations that may be greatly deflected by my temperamental bias. My impression is that abstinence involves so large an amount of internal conflict, so urgent and continuous an effort of self-control, such moods and humiliations and compensatory adjustments, that the diversion of attention and the wastage of energy are far greater than the average disturbances and deflections of a normal life.

This is, I am convinced, as true for an ordinary woman as for an ordinary man. There may be exceptional types released from this issue altogether in some, to me, unimaginable fashion, and free to specialise vigorously in creative work. I know none, but it may be so. An unembarrassed abstinence is alleged to have been achieved by various religious mystics of great administrative power, Saint Theresa and Saint Dominic and Saint Ignatius Loyola for example. Such a release with unimpaired energy is against all biological presumptions, and the general tone of celibate priesthoods and devotional literature suggests not so much release to me as consuming negative obsession. For most of us sexual life is a necessity, and a necessity not merely as something urgent that has to be disposed of and got rid of by, for instance, incidental meretricious gratifications, but as a real source of energy, self-confidence and creative power. It is an essential and perhaps the fundamental substance of our existence.

For me and my kind the house of ill-fame is of no more use than the monastery. My need is for the respect, friendship, sympathy and willing help of a woman or women just as much as for her sexual intimacies. And if you come to discuss this with a fully developed intelligent woman I believe she will say of herself exactly what I say of myself. Mate came before husband, wife or mistress in the story of life, and may outlast both of these relationships.

Most or all of the men and women who will constitute the main directive community of this modern world-state towards which human affairs are moving, must mate happily and live happily mated, if they are to do their work; and all the social institutions and moral codes that prevail to-day must continue or change in accordance with that primary condition. As they become aware of the distinctive difference of their aims and work, and as their own sexual life develops, they will evolve their own conception of restraints, imperatives and reasonable conditions, and fashion a new code. At present we live sexually in a world of mixed and broken codes, and irregular and extravagant experiments and defiances. Most people are doing or pretend to be doing what they believe to be right in the eyes of their friends and neighbours. Few people have the courage of their internal want of convictions. The larger part of the younger generation of educated and semi-educated people in Europe and America seems to me to have no sexual morals at all, but only cynical observances, the plain inevitable result of an atmosphere of manifest shams and insincerities.

It will be worth while to become historical again here and to go over the development of prohibitions, customs, traditions, codes and conventions that have contributed to our present welter. To discuss how one has got to a situation is often the way to discover how to get away from it again. Let us see to what extent this confusion can be analysed, and find out whether we are being reasonable or impossible in making this demand for a free society of mated and co-operative men and women.

It may be that we are asking for the moon, that an insoluble conflict of interests and instincts exists between men and women, and that to the end of the story our race must go on, as I have lived, as most of the people I know are living about me, now tormented, now delighted, now distracted, now wasted by the untamable and irreconcilable impulses of sex. Our creative work can never in that case amount to the sum of our lives, it will be only what we can rescue from this devouring inheritance of desires and gratifications that has arisen for us out of the struggle by which we were made.

§ 2

I WRITE of men and women co-operating and mating on terms of equality. That is our modern idea. But have men and women ever met on terms of equality?

I am sceptical that there has ever been equality between them. The greater probability seems to me to

be that from the ancestral ape upward the female of our line has been at much the same physical disadvantage as most other mammalian females. The sexual reactions of reptiles, fishes, insects, crustaceans, may follow lines entirely outside our sympathetic understanding, but the whole mammalian series has in common the devotion of the female to the young. The new creature hampers her before its birth, preys upon her, becomes her parasitic associate, clamours for her protection, and her instincts respond. The male, less preoccupied, grows to greater strength, is freer in his movements. He is linked to the female primarily by desire. Nature in forming the mammal has never discriminated between the sexes so far as to deny the male and the female a touch of the acquisitions of the other; most male animals have a certain maternal tenderness for young things, and hardly any mammalian female is altogether a slave and sacrifice to breeding; but the broad distinction holds. I take it that primitive man as male desired, fought for, dominated and did his best to enslave his woman and have done with her. Most of us still do that. She complied or she evaded; she resisted or submitted. I doubt if she had much choice or much freedom of initiative. I do not suggest she was wholly passive, but on the whole the disadvantage was hers. When he and she were sexually attractive and active that was their relationship; that was and that is the primary sexual relationship.

But the life of the primitive men and the sub-men their ancestors were lives of struggle, and the sexual motive was not always uppermost. They hunted, and

probably he hunted best. She was generally either immature or nursing or pregnant. She could not keep up with him, and so she stayed behind. She kept the fire and kept by the fire. As economic life began, the greater part of the work was not so much thrust upon her as fell upon her. It began naturally with minding the children and the fire, with tidying the lair and furnishing the lair. She probably had to gather fruits and little things. She cooked. She ground the seeds. He made his casual magnificent exertions, but the first toil was hers. Woman was the first drudge; the man sat about. But hers was the hearth and home. That must have been the primary economic relationship of the sexes. Put an ordinary man and woman together to-day in a hut or a cottage or a one-roomed tenement, and almost without discussion things adjust themselves in that spirit.

But there was a third primary relationship of a different sort. The man and woman were not always in a sexual relationship, male to female; sometimes he was son and junior, and she was mother and senior. Then she was his protector. She shielded him from the jealousy and injustice of his father; she was great and wise in his eyes, beautiful and kind and helpful. That wove a different strand of feeling into the complex of relationship. Most male animals seem to forget that phase, but the comparative helplessness of the human young lasts so long and memory is relatively so good in us, that in all our subsequent lives the appeal for feminine help and kindness lingers in our souls. I can trace that strand from quite infantile imaginings

reappearing, vanishing, turning up again, throughout my life. And it interweaves with the two others, so that women at large are at once our seniors and our juniors. We do not classify them or they us; life is too entangled for that. They are this to-day and that to-morrow. When a woman takes a man in her arms she takes a duplex creature, a conqueror and a refugee. And he holds a queen and a slave. In the Egyptian mythology, Isis, the Star of Heaven, held the child Horus in her arms and Osiris was her lord and Horus was Osiris. This remembered dependence is the primary defence of women; the mitigation of the material inferiority to which their physical disadvantage subjects them. The woman resists, evades, submits, but also she aids and pities and mysteriously she commands respect.

In his intimate relations to a woman, without any planning or intention but of the necessity of his nature, a man is continually ringing the changes between these three primary colours of his emotional palette. And she flashes her own correlated variations. That much is in our natures. And in our natures also is something that I think transcends sex, though it is habitually turned to the uses of sex, and that is our personal abasement before some shining, lovely, admired and overwhelming person. The dog has this aptitude for personal worship extravagantly, but man now has it too.

All these things are natural inalterable factors that we must respect in perfecting the relations of modern men and women. Another factor in our make-up that must come in for any sort of balance to exist between

them is comradeship. Comradeship is a relationship that became emotional I think first between men and men, in the hunt, in the battle. It has still to enter into the ordinary tangle between the sexes. Whether it can do so is the most doubtful question of all. It is not in the established precedents of nature. Man, we must remember, is now the most social of animals, and the nearest approach to level mating has occurred hitherto among the more solitary beasts, lions and tigers and such great carnivores. Man is in the minority of social animals in his disposition to pair. None of the economic creatures pair. The social animals when they are undisturbed by rut, go off peaceably with their like, the hinds together, the young stags together. But man is not to be ruled by the practice of the beasts. He has to work out for himself his own distinctive methods. He is not subject to their seasons of rut and indifference.

In the past woman was the material and moral inferior of man mainly because she was so soon and so completely overtaken by the oppression of sex. Now that in the modern communities she is not so overtaken, since now she may carry that burthen as lightly as a man, it is interesting to see how rapidly she approximates to the freedoms and physical energy of a young man. The Western girl among the prosperous classes of to-day is far more different in physique and morale from the young lady of a hundred years ago, than she is from her brother. And one can think of her as a man's mate and comrade, as one could never do of the young lady. Perhaps now one exaggerates the resemblances as formerly one exaggerated the differences.

But I find it possible to imagine a world in which a large proportion of the leading people will be mated colleagues. Assimilation can go further than it has gone. I doubt if it will ever obliterate the feminine disadvantage completely. Still more do I doubt if there will ever be any essential inversion of the rôles. Typically the man will produce the larger initiatives, and in their intimacy the pair will realise those balanced reactions of subjugation and tenderness that come to us from the past.

The world moves from uniformity to diversity, and there will be, no doubt, a multitude of exceptional cases, and there will be freedom and tolerance for such exceptions. What I am writing of here is the prevailing fashion in which the men and women of a creative energetic type would probably group themselves. And so far I have been discussing only the natural inherent reactions of men and women and the common sense necessities of people whose lives are shaped by the desire for a maximum of creative work in a world at peace. Directly one turns outward from such speculations, one faces a world entirely antagonistic to them, a crowded gregarious world of feverish entertainment, of decoration and displays and general extravagance, excitements, provocations, pursuits, jealousies. One finds the companion-mate as a dream in the hearts of a few people here and there, as an experiment, an almost hopeless experiment, like a match lit in a high wind or a swimmer borne away by a stream.

Is it no more than a dream, this conception of an active austere social life, not crowded with persons, lived

much in the company of a dear associate or so, but generous and free in spirit, and with interests and activities wide as the world? I do not think it is a dream. But how can I reconcile this project, this expectation, with the manifest realities of life to-day? Where, you ask, are these women, these mates, these men happily mated? Where are these fully emerged adults?

I cannot point to them; I have never met them; that is indeed my personal story. I can only foretell them. But I foretell them as I foretell a coming world control by sane and powerful people. This world control, gradually becoming evident, will make the flags and the armies, the rulers and governments, which seem to monopolise all the concrete realities of our collective life to-day, weaken, become thin and manifestly unreal, and presently fade very swiftly out of existence. So too I believe the current social life to-day will grow transparent and palpably flimsy and suddenly fade in a few decades out of its present compelling predominance. Our ways of living are even more provisional now than our governments. Everybody does this or that to-day which nobody will do to-morrow. The change in manners and morals, in customs and conventions during the last half-century has been tremendous, but it may seem nothing before the changes of the next half-century. We are living in the hectic last phase of a dying order.

§ 3

THE manners and morals, the laws and arrangements between the sexes to-day, the expectations people have and the rights they claim in love and marriage constitute now a vast, dangerous, unhappy conflict and confusion. It has ceased to follow a code or a system. It is like a panic, like a débâcle. In the past there has been stress, suppression and sorrow in sexual life, but never so chancy, unjust and wasteful a time as this one. It is a state of affairs in which no one is safe for happiness, and no conduct sure of success. For most of us there is an obligation to blunder.

I have tried to make out of my observations and experiences some sort of classification of the medley of traditions and guiding ideas which determine men's and women's treatment of one another. That is a necessary preliminary to any attempt to reach conclusions in the universal problem. We start complex in these affairs as I have shown, but that complexity is nothing to the complexity of our traditions and suggestions. We are always shifting about among these without realising what we are doing; now we behave in obedience to one set of values and before we know it we have changed our course because of a new wind from quite another quarter. To give the next generation some help in referring their motive ideas in sexual matters to their source is one of the main educational tasks before those who seek to realise a new and better phase of human life.

I have not seen much sexual happiness either in my own life or in the lives of those about me. I have seen much pleasant coming together and much bright hope, but the usual fate of the contemporary love-story is that it tarnishes and the colours fade. I do not believe there is any such natural antagonism of man and woman as to make disappointment necessary in this, the main affair of most people's lives. I believe nearly all the jangles and disappointments of contemporary life can be traced to a confused unpreparedness of mind, to a profound ignorance of physical and psychic fact, to fluctuating and impossible expectations and unjustifiable assumptions about what is right and reasonable and graceful and honourable in sexual conduct. Out of disappointments arise resentments, estrangement, malice, cruelty. The contemporary love-story begins in illusions and goes on by way of misunderstandings to conflict. It opens cheaply and ends in dispute or dull resignation.

Certain main classes may be distinguished into which all these codes, fragments of codes and traditions of sentiment and expectation which we find determining people's activities, fall. These classes differ in their fundamental nature, arise from different strata in our being, are not equivalent dimensions but things of diverse categories. First one may distinguish and set on one side all those motives, judgments, ways of taking sexual things, into which the idea of Sin enters. There is a factor of fear and repulsion. Of this one can make a first whole class of ideas. They give us what may be called the Woman of the Sinful Man. Desire drags

against shame and a terrified predisposition to abstinence. There is an immense exaggeration of chastity. The ideal woman is a sexless female, helpful, serviceable, but perpetually virgin and even so a temptation; marriage, though it be consummated with extreme infrequency after prayer and fasting, amidst austerely unpleasant details, remains an unclean affair, a lapse from the better life. These ideals embody fundamentally masculine conceptions; the man of the sin-conscious woman is a secret that has never been betrayed in sane literature. But women, with their extraordinary facility for adapting themselves to expectation, have produced in response the rôle of the woman wholly chaste and unapproachable, have protected themselves enormously from unwelcome attentions by that impersonation, and have established an almost inestimable value for such shameful concessions as they may at last consent to make to the hysterical importunity of the sinful man in his phases of moral débâcle.

Within a lifetime the codes, manners, sentimental systems centering upon this conception of the sinfulness of sex, prevailed widely throughout the world. They gave women artificial value and dignity at the price of incessant restraint. But the great gales of controversy that have cleared away so much fear and moral fog from mankind, have left but little sense of sexual sin in the modern mind. The covered inaccessible woman, that veiled mysterious indulgence, is passing out of the general life. The protective shamming of indifference ceases to be a part of feminine tradition and training.

Less a code than a body of practice is a second great

system of methods of treatment, the way of the vulgar sensible man and woman, the secular sexual life of the peasant, the farmer, the little shopkeeper, the man with a living need for a helper and confederate. In the settled communities of mankind throughout the ages, the multitude has lived in a roughly but rationally adjusted manner, poised in a not unequal fashion, and with the woman as near self-respect as women have ever got in the whole experience of the race. She was necessary, she was consulted, she need make no great attempt either to withhold herself or charm an exacting male. She could be mother to the full extent of her desires. At times her wishes in that direction were outrun, but the friendly germs of infant mortality kept the balance down. No doubt the priest troubled the couple at times with strange hints of sin and damnation, troubled but did not disturb profoundly, and no doubt, too, the law held the woman was man's chattel and would duck or chastise her spasmodically for small misbehaviours and disloyalties. But she knew her place and power better than the law; did she not cook the man's dinner, make his bed, and keep or shatter his peace and his pride?

For a hundred centuries from China to Peru this common life has gone on, in which the woman was as necessary and as respected upon all practical issues as the man. Its real practice—for like the English common law it had no code—was handed down from woman to woman and imparted by mother to son. Religions may permit polygamy to the prosperous, as Islam does, or Court or Town practise the most fan-

tastic tricks; the common life has varied little from the common formula. The Anatolian peasant is as mated to his one woman as the Irish farmer. In this country about me the tradition of the vulgar sensible folk is to be found strained by new forces, but still vigorous among the jasmine and olive terraces, in every other *mas* that the rich Americans and economising artists and suchlike invaders as Clementina and I have left intact. It has been so much the life of our species since man became man, that for anyone without historical perspective it is easy to call it the immemorial natural life of mankind.

It is nothing of the sort. Παντα ῥει. That change of scale which is the present form of human experience as a whole, invades the vulgar sensible way of living in every practical detail and in every imagination. The niggling cultivation of the soil in small patches that was once the only possible basis of the social structure is becoming economically unsound, and even more is the toil of the woman being robbed of the dignity of necessity. The change is visible even here, in neglected olive-trees, in crumbling terrace walls and in the cyclist figures flitting along the paths at dusk to betray the fact that our typical neighbour is no longer a cultivator of the soil but a worker in a Grasse factory. These are new developments here. It is in the suburban homes of the great towns of our typical England and the United States—and England now for the half of its area is no better than a scattered suburb—that the change is most fully displayed. The man is still a worker and even more of a toiler than he used to be,

but he works away. It needs a liberal education for him if he is to realise the significance and scope of the economic machine in which he is a cogwheel. And the woman at home has been stripped more and more of her fundamental economic importance and reduced to the position of a sexual complement. She knows little or nothing of her husband's affairs; they are too far off. She does not brew, she does not bake. She does not so much cook as "warm up." She does not make her linen or control her house, she merely "shops" for it. The gas company is her hewer of wood and the municipality her drawer of water. She touches a button to light her home. To her own relief and her husband's and the community's, she ceases to breed, and such children as she bears are far better educated for her by trained teachers in properly equipped schools. Change has robbed her of her normal employments just as it has released her and her man from the sense of sin. There she is.

What is she to do with herself—with herself and her immensely empty afternoons? What are we to do with her? The percentage of these Claras increases in all the modern communities. I am for making boys of them and breaking up these mere empty shells and shams of suburban households. Let them live in flats and chambers and have their men come and go until they find a proper mate and a task they can share with him. Let them be educated and trained as well as their brothers and put to research and business and productive work. Let them cease to regard their sex—I will not say as a marketable commodity, but as a

negotiable right for which they may secure a comfortable living. And as I think of some of the girls one sees to-day, short-cropped like handsome youths, as tall, as energetic and bold as their brothers and often franker in thought and act, it seems to me that in writing these things I write with the spirit of the time, of a not impossible transformation.

§ 4

BUT there is still another main class of ideas and traditions that have to be taken into account before this survey of the moral field of force in which women are living is complete. These are the various romantic and chivalrous traditions that complicate its issues and confuse most women's minds irreparably with the suggestion that woman is the queen of beauty, the chief object of men's lives, the sufficient reward for every conceivable service and devotion. She is not, she never has been, she never will be. But these traditions saturate poetic literature; their roots entangle with the whole history of our race.

The two groups of standards and values we have considered hitherto correspond to two main ways of living, to the way of living when misery is abroad and when religious fear predominates, and to the way of living of the cheerful, laborious, sensible, settled folk in normal times. For thousands of years the huge majority of ordinary men have lived with women continually, worked side by side with them, joked and planned with them, beaten and caressed them, and

regarded them for most practical purposes as equals and responsible mates. But there has always been a third sort of man who went apart from women not to brood but to do. This was the herdsman, the hunter, the warrior, the knight-errant, the raiding nomad, the desert merchant, the seaman. In his phases of hardy abstinence came dreams of desire, but they came not with the quality of sin but with the quality of reward. No more than the God-fearing saint did he need woman as a companion. She and her possible litter would cumber the ship and lag upon the trail. But she was neither on the sea nor in the desert to distract him, and he did not see her as the saint saw her in the light of an incessant allurement, defeating his ends. He came back to her, alive with desire, excitable, with his hands full of spoil and pay.

There ensues from these lives of departure and return systems of relationship widely divergent either from those of the sin-haunted abstainer or the gross habitual familiarities of the accustomed man. This third type of system may be in its essence far more ancient than those of the normal settled life. The men of the Old Stone Age were hunters, and they have left paintings on the Spanish rocks showing the firelit feasting of a return or a tribal gathering—the hunters dancing and showing off, the women dancing too in poses that exaggerate the contours of their figures provokingly. The Spanish rock-paintings reflect the self-same spirit that one would find to-day in a party of Spanish-American or Anglo-Saxon cowboys come down after a spell of adventure to scatter their dollars among the

women of the town. The men and women meet excited. The women allure, the men show off, they compete, fight perhaps for the women, pay and give. Even the gestures of the Spanish-American dancing are similar to those in the rock-paintings, the arms akimbo, the protruded breasts. There is much perplexing and wounding with jealousy. The men are in their brightest garments. The women paint and dress themselves for vividness and swift effect.

This third great class of sexual relationship in which the man comes along, goes far away, returns, is, with local variations, spread over all the world. It is an open-life way since first the plough began, and probably it has never been the way of more than a minority of humanity. But it has been a potent minority. The cowboy tradition prevails over the whole Spanish-speaking world. There it produces its typical beauty, its typical costume. Love is vivid and jealous in this life because of the pent-up period of separation. When the man has won his woman he is apt to demand her seclusion. The supreme virtue of woman becomes sexual loyalty to the absent man. Hardly any other is asked of her. "Can she brew or can she bake?" It matters little. Better a red carnation in her bright black hair and a shawl drawn lightly over the curves of breast and hip.

A parallel world of romance, dances, provocations, pursuits, seclusions, is that of the desert Arab. The Arab keeps his womankind veiled and in tents. They see nothing. Their housekeeping is despicable. They do not even sew. A little stenographer with her bicycle

and her tennis in a crowded country like England knows far more of exercise and the open air than many a young woman in the vast spaces of the desert. The Arab woman reclines in the sultry shadows of the tent, planning her captivating allurements against her one great event, the man's return, his return and his choice. She brightens her eyes and paints her face and puts on her jewels and keeps herself supple for the secret dance. If she goes abroad she must go in state, protected, watched, bedizened with all the evidences of the man's appreciation. She is his supreme exploit; the symbol of his success. And this triumphant seclusion from dust and exertion, this life of honour in a place apart, is given her upon two simple conditions. She must keep faith with her man while he is away, and she must remain young and attractive. The romantic code takes little or no cognisance of old, worn, or ailing women.

This third group of codes is begotten of the life of wanderers and waste places, but its influence reaches far beyond those limits. It has gone with the sword of the rider—everywhere. Since social history began there is a story of conquest and conquest and again conquest of the settled lands, the cultivated regions, the towns and cities, by men out of the wastes, out of the deserts or from overseas. The wanderer has the habit of the upper hand. He has supplied the rulers, the aristocracies, the tax-collectors, the landowners, the lordly ones of nearly every country in the world, and they have kept his standards. The conquered womenfolk have been quick to mitigate their first abasement. His assumptions about women have been inevitably

romantic. He cannot play his distinctive rôle tied to a woman's apron strings. In the mood of going forth he finds them encumbrances, and after a phase of solitude they become magically attractive. They become objects of cupidity and then possession, animated possessions, richly decorated and pampered possessions, with hidden souls, whom one must watch jealously. Nobody planned the codes he follows; he brought the seeds of them with him into the settled lands; they are his natural reaction to his conditions. This is his way with women, just as a senior partnership is the peasant's way and avoidance the way of the sin-haunted soul.

The romantic codes, the codes of the adventurers, have had a disproportionate influence upon the life of to-day because they were associated naturally with ruling and powerful people, and so the poets and singers, the romancers and playwrights found their interest in observing them. They yielded better stories, with more colour in them. They carried more decoration. The common life is uneventful by nature; its good faith and sober industry yield no such strikingly recordable and transmissible impulses, have no such epic nor dramatic quality. Yet it is not from the conquerors and aristocrats and romantic, generous, wasteful figures of the past that the modern order arises, but from men addicted to creative toil, from sublimated artisans and skilful makers; and the mates they need if they are to round off their revolutionary activities into a new world system, are far more like the free-going, kindly, smiling, assisting womankind of the peasant and the artificer

than the fascinating houri of the excited cowboy or her exaltation, the fine lady of the chivalrous tradition.

What has happened in the sexual life of our western communities during the last two centuries, and which is now becoming world-wide, can be represented by certain very broad statements about these three great systems of promise and sentiment. Firstly the economic revolution, the change of scale in economic operations, has done much to break up the homely practical equality of commonplace men and women, by taking one domestic task after another out of the woman's hands, taking economic realities out of her sight and understanding, gathering men workers into offices, office districts, factories and warehouses, and so reducing the link between husband and wife down at last to its sexual core. The increase of knowledge has also lifted the burthen of child-bearing from the woman. The circumstances of stratum after stratum of women have approximated more and more to a low-grade, impoverished reproduction of the leisure and expectancy of the lady of the world of chivalry.

Meanwhile there has been a vast extension of reading and a cheapening of books. The literary methods have naturally followed the romantic tradition of the ruling class; for some generations women of the poorer sort were reading nothing but the cheap editions and worn library copies originally written and published at a high price for the gentlefolk, and this amounted in effect to a most subtle and effectual propaganda of the romantic attitude to sexual life. There has been a tremendous flooding of the thoughts and motives of the entire com-

munity with these cowboy-chevalier ideals. Hitherto these ideals had carried little weight in the main illiterate mass of the community; even in the upper classes they had been much restrained and modified by the sin idea and the defensive dignity that idea enabled many women to assume. But now the sense of sin was being lifted from the world with the decline in confidence of those old religious teachings. The theatre, and to-day with enormous force the cinema, are confirming the teachings of the reverie and the novelette. An increasing multitude of girls, probably a huge majority of them now, in America and western Europe, is growing up to womanhood with no idea of any sort of worth-while career except that of the heroine of a love-story with a powerful, patient, constantly excited and always devoted man.

Unhappily there has been no corresponding increase in the supply of cowboy-chevaliers and successful sailor adventurers. The young man who sits beside the thrilling girl in the cinema theatre is already, in ninety-nine cases out of the hundred, a subordinated young man; he is always going to be rather preoccupied with the interest and difficulties of the work he has to do, and he is never going far away to execute wonderful deeds. Still less is he ever coming back with his hands full of gifts and his eyes full of crystalline desire. He is doomed, therefore, to be treated as a second-best thing by a young woman who would, if she were put to the equivalent test as a heroine, fail to prove herself even second-rate. He is going to be judged by false standards and treated upon false assumptions. He may

be goaded to spirited acts that will bring defeat upon him, and to a swagger that will fail to deceive her trained judgment. Humiliation awaits him, and for her wait the scurvy reactions of a humiliated man.

It is extraordinary how the whole aspect of social life has been changed since I was a child, by the flooding out of all other traditions by the traditions of romance. It is visible in the streets, where once the best part of the women were dowdy and uneventful. Now every two women out of three call for the man of spirit, in their provocative clothing, in their conscious assertion of a cared-for beauty, in their challenging bearing. There have been times in London, in Paris, when I have wanted to go along the gallant streets apologising for myself and my sex. This change of attitude is evident even in our murders. England has few murders; it is not a murdering country, but such murders as there were in my boyhood were sordid, practical, business-like affairs, the realisation of an insurance, the removal of some encumbering person. Now three-fourths of our murders are romantic. In England, in the last eight or ten years, there have been hung some score of romantic lovers, for jealousy—lovers usually of the middle and lower middle class. They have done things, high tragic things, that seem to have been inspired by the aristocratic Elizabethan drama.

It is impossible to believe that this pervasion of the contemporary world by sexual romanticism is anything but a passing phase in the huge social readjustments now in progress. It is like a summer cloud-burst that

leaves the crops flat for three or four days and scarcely hurts them. There is no substantial support for these new attitudes; the thrust of economic necessity is against them. The harsh truth is that there is now an over-production of willing beauties and heroines; the market is more than glutted. Every prosperous man, every successful adventurer, finds there are charming, cultivated, unscrupulous young women alert for him at every turn. A lot of us have our returned cowboy phases, no doubt, times when the easy dollars fly, but most of us are much too busy and preoccupied to give these delightful creatures the full attention they expect and demand. The comparatively successful ones who get a hold on a man, go off presently with dresses and furniture and precarious settlements. A few struggle to an unstable and mortified married state. Many never get anything at all but passing attentions, and hang on until the revealing dresses reveal beauty no longer but defeat. Our fiction is still romantic, and no one has yet written the true story of lovely women among modern rich men. They do better with the heirs, perhaps, which is one reason why most of us are prepared to put great restrictions upon inheritance. We prefer the survival of our business to the seduction of our sons.

The winding-up of this phase of over-competition among heroines lies with women themselves. The warnings of the disillusioned had already started off to overtake the romantic novel twenty-five years ago. The pursuit continues. It was inevitable that to begin with women should awake to a sense that they had been

cheated and rail against the men for cheats. But men are not to blame for the comparative rarity of Douglas Fairbanks and Rudolph Valentino. It was in the nature of things, and not out of the blackness of the male heart, that these generations of women should be led to expect too much and receive so little. The flow of romance still runs high and strong, but gradually the less agreeable truths about men and women will invade the consciousness of the young girl in time to save her from the current disappointment. She will be brought back to the fact that her equivalent man is neither a god nor a cheat but a human being very like herself, and that for all practical purposes there are neither gods nor villains after the fashion of the romancers.

She must realise that though she can be violently attractive to a man she is only spasmodically attractive, and that on the whole her need for him is greater than his need for her. The fatal delusion that a woman can be the crown of a man's life, his incentive to action, his inspiration, has to be cleaned out of her mind altogether. Women may have been an incentive to action for certain types of men, but that is a different statement. The desire for women has indeed driven men to robberies, piracies, gambling, insurrections, conquests, gripping possessiveness, waylaying and forestalling. Woman has been able to make a price and forced men to find it—and so brought herself under the obligations of a purchased article. But no man has ever done any great creative thing, painted splendidly, followed up subtle curiosities as a philosopher or explorer, organised an industry, set a land in order, invented machines, built

lovely buildings, primarily for the sake of a woman. These things can only be done well and fully for their own sakes, because of a distinctive drive from within; they arise from that sublimated egotism we call self-realisation. Some women have prevented and thwarted the self-realisation of men, and others have protected and aided men, but from first to last they have been accessory. Man is and will remain incurably egotist. To cease to be an egotist is to cease in that measure to be an individual. Even when he devotes himself wholly to the service of the species, it is that he seeks to realise his individual difference to the full in order to add it to the undying experience of his kind. Even religion has exaggerated rather than suppressed the egotist by its horrible lure of egoistic immortality. The devotee, prostrate with adoration in his cell, wants to make his service to his Lord exceptional and distinctive. "Lord," he prays, "remember ME."

It is the fundamental falsity of the romantic tradition that man should subordinate himself to the egotism of a woman. Let her not dream of it. It lures her on to the development of an enhanced exaggerated ego, pitifully painted, scented and adorned for worship. In that she sinks her actual personality and only perceives the cheat when she finds the slave become owner and bully, imprisoning his mistress in the jealousy that is his instinctive, unpremeditated revenge for the unnatural subordination that has been imposed upon him.

On the whole women are not so highly individualised nor so strongly egotistical as men. The romantic tradition suggests that they are more so. The first

lesson the modern young woman has to learn is to reject that suggestion and accept the facts of the case. The greater part of the life of a modern woman—and it is astonishing now to see how far down these influences have extended—is the sedulous pursuit of an enforced and superposed individuality. In that pursuit goes all the vigour that might have enabled her to develop her more essential qualities. Her hair, her skin, her figure, her behaviour, her emotions, must be, in the same way, tortured to "distinction." Her very scent must be distinctive; her entry into a room must have "style"; she must wrap strange and striking effects of colour and texture round her mediocrity. Failing any inner radiance, she must secure the limelight. The manufacture of individuality for women is a vast industry; in Paris, in New York, in London it is dominant; it is perhaps the most skilful and wonderful industry in our world. Men and women of fine intelligence exert their utmost gifts to produce "creations"; those must be sold in secret and with passionate asseverations that they are exclusive, to the happy, rich, ordinary women who are lifted by such efforts for a few days or a few weeks out of that undistinguished chorus of female minds and bodies to which naturally they belong. A title, some historical pearls, a collection of jewels, a few anecdotes can be added with advantage. Then with a certain enterprise, and a setting and a retinue, titled attentions perhaps, and the press and the press photographers, the goddess is built up. And you take it home with you out of the clamour, and you take its marvellous clothes off it and you wash off what you can of its grease and paint

and powder, and you find a poor little human body of no remarkable quality and a mind and a character of no quality at all.

The flower of the romantic tradition has been the fine lady, who disappears, who becomes already a little ghostly and incredible. Its practical outcome has been that curious code of claims and behaviour by which multitudes of women are living to-day, here in dear, lucid, logical, impatient, shallow-minded France particularly, and the code is embodied in the phrase "*La Femme.*" By it men and women cease altogether to be fellow-creatures. The first convention in the cult, *La Femme,* is that every woman, except such women as are to be altogether swept aside as *stupides* and *laides,* is delightful, desirable, exceptional and rare. The second is that without her life is intolerable to a man, that she is his comprehensive objective, that all he is and does is for her sake—her sake or her rival's. That is the one thorn in the paradise of *La Femme*—the other woman. The man appears in her life, seeking, seeking, sometimes rather blindly and requiring assistance, but always seeking his end, his completion. After suitable inquiries and an exchange of references between the parents, she allows herself to love. She "gives" herself. The male, faint with gratitude and amazement, becomes her slave. Her lifework is over; the rest is harvest. In return for this stupendous, this almost unheard-of beneficence she is entitled to dress, leisure, amusement, servants and an establishment considerably above her or her husband's station. The male is rewarded or admonished by repetitions or refusals of

the supreme gift. It is adorned for his birthday and reserved during Lent.

La Femme, particularly in phases of doubt and disillusionment, is apt to become gregarious and voluble. She gathers in flats at tea-time and talks her fears and angers down and out. She asserts her inflexible principles, her unflinching claims. She exchanges views upon what may be borne and what justifies deceit and rebellion. Almost everything justifies deceit and rebellion. And at the back of her talk, most sacred of conventional beliefs, pretension no tea-party would ever dare to question or qualify, is the doctrine of the eager, accessible *amant.* An enormous number of prowling rich men are supposed to exist, men in reserve, the ultimate stabilisers of all the troubles of *La Femme.* If the husband prove intolerable, if his meanness and incapacity sink below the needs and pride of his impatient priceless one, she will, she declares, fall back at last upon that one certain resource. There is is. *Que voulez-vous?* She will just go out of the home, somewhere, and—a mere movement of prehension—"prendre un amant, un riche amant."

"Je les vois prenant ce riche amant," says Clementina, the wise, the disillusioned.

§5

THIS phase of social life, this submergence of upper and middle class and even artisan life by a flood of sexual romanticism must be a transitory one. There are too many women and not enough men seeking to realise these dreams, and such romantic men as are to be found are discovering the increasing cheapness of their charmers. They become arrogant beyond enduring. The sense of sin was the last restrictive force upon the abundance of women, and it has gone. There is too much humiliation and disappointment in this interplay for girls and women and normally circumstanced men. The situation eases itself by young women taking up work with increasing sincerity and ability. It can be profoundly modified by the social atmosphere able women may create. But it will never ease itself completely until there is a great reduction in the prizes that can still fall to an impudent and lucky adventuress.

That rests with the men who have the power to change economic conditions. The final cure for the vulgarisation and suffusion of life by the extravagances of the romantic lady, in action or in magnificent retirement, and of her myriads of unsuccessful or partially successful imitators and competitors, is the abolition of the cowboy type, the lucky lad, the gambler. As we regularise business and the exploitation of staple productions, clip adventurous finance to economic sub-

servience, destroy restrictive monopolies, mitigate the pressure of the mere creditor and restrain inheritance, the resources of the spendthrift male will dwindle and the ground vanish from under the feet of the heroine. As the sanitation of the world's economic life progresses, the romantic tradition will fade in the measure of that reorganisation. For some generations yet the romantic tradition will be fighting after its gorgeous fashion, in novel and play, in the press, upon the screen and in custom, costume, manners and conversation, in every daily affair, against the conception of a graver, non-parasitic womanhood.

I know very little about the younger women of to-day. They say that quite new types have appeared since the war, but they have been outside my explicit experience. I find I am too old now to get any exchange of ideas with a woman under thirty. William Clissold the Second might be able to add much to what I am writing here. But I am neither deaf nor blind; I have a certain aptitude for seeing things with my left shoulder or the back of my head where girls and women are concerned. The romantic tradition is not altogether outside the imagination of these types, but a new code is pushing it aside. One sees the struggle in the dress they wear. The short hair, the kilts, spell freedom, but many of them—even the very young ones—paint like whores. Some of the leaders must know their own minds, but most of the rank and file seem quite uncertain whether it is heroine or comrade they mean to be. Chance may determine. Maybe Angelina is a comrade on Monday and reverts to the rôle of heroine after the excitement

of the cinema on Tuesday evening. That must make very uncertain going for Edwin.

Chastity, by which I mean an invincible power of abstinence, has long been falling down the scale of feminine virtue from the days when it was not only the supreme but practically the only adornment needed by a good woman. She could be mendacious, cowardly and indolent; these things merely added an agreeable piquancy to the charm of her essential goodness. But if the new types no longer esteem virginity as a glory and chastity as an obligation, it does not follow that their code will tolerate a careless promiscuity and still less the mercenary exploitation of men's sexual desires. On that modern women join issue openly with the romantic tradition, which shelters under its ample pretences both the successful prostitute and the parasitic wife. At present I believe these recalcitrant women are working out their own conception of sexual integrity. They are in a phase of experiment, and for many of the weaker sisters experiment degenerates into aimless and undignified laxity. They do not so much follow the desires of their hearts as do what they are asked. The task of developing the new ideals is intricate and complex. The general proposition is an easy one: it is that women should make love only for love. But like most easy general propositions, it says very little because it is open for anything whatever to shelter under that word "love."

There is a Mediterranean lucidity about Clementina in these matters. There is a Mediterranean disregard of intentions that do not immediately clothe themselves

in terms of explicit reality. She examined this repudiation of any mercenary element in love.

"You say a woman must not give herself for what she gets—only for love. Yes; very good. And what makes her love a man at first? In nine cases out of ten, what makes her begin to love him? The effect of kindness, the effect of power, the quality of the givah. Because she feels he can give. She gives herself for love—yes. But she loves because she feels something stronger, safer, protective in the man. Is that being mercenary?"

I considered the proposition.

"Do I love you?" she went on. "Do you doubt of it? You know I love you. You know. I would die for you. But what made me love you first? Desiah for your beauty, Clissoldaki mou? It was because you suddenly came to me, strong and kind and helping. Because you had powah over all the things that defeated me. You came to me. Confident you were. I was afraid. I was hungry—I was hungry that night. You said: 'If you want to go to Provence, my deah, go. I let you.' It was so wonderful. You can open roads, give freedoms, make houses and gardens submit to you, put safety round my life."

"Is it only that?"

"Not at all. You know. My deah, you know. But does a woman fall in love with a man if a man isn't that? If he fails. If he lets himself be frustrated. If he cannot protect and give. All the new ideahs in the world can't alter that. Women will turn to the strong man, the capable man, the man who has mastery.

Their *hearts* will turn. Their honest love. As yours turn to beauty. When the love is won, ah! *Then* you can be weak. *Then* you can be cruel. But to the end of time, my deah, you will never be able to tell whether this woman or that sold herself for the powah a man had or gave herself for the love he commanded."

Gestures from the isles of Greece came to reinforce her asseverations. "Many don't *know*," she drove it home. "Many never know."

Then with an extended finger: "I have seen girls sell themselves, and come to love their husbands, and come to despise the pooah lover who could do no better than a serenade—and make eyes at her. Could not even take her away. Failed."

This, I admit, is an important gloss on that definition of sexual integrity, but I do not see that it destroys it. The free-spirited woman who seeks to attract and welcomes as a mate a man with some sort of power is quite a distinguishable type from the one who cultivates her charms for the market. The superficial effect may be the same, but the direction of the attention is different. *Serena Blandish,* that pathetic novel, tells how the old-fashioned trade declines.

"Sexual integrity," said Clementina, "is not to be independent or dependent. Sexual integrity is to keep faith with your lovah."

"But if there is no lover?"

"To keep faith with the lovah that is to be."

"But in your own case——?"

"I was finding my way to you."

There is at times a magnificence about Clementina that takes my breath away.

"I was talking," I said after a pause for recovery, "of the morals of the free and equal woman. I was not thinking of the woman who accepts her need of dependence on men. I was thinking of the sort of woman who has turned her back on the romantic tradition and sets out to be a self-subsisting citizen. She claims all the freedoms of a man. But since you took hold of the question this free and equal woman of mine has disappeared."

"Was she ever there?" said Clementina.

"She was materialising," I asserted.

"I can only speak of women as I know them," said Clementina. "We have to love and we are not as strong as men."

But if Clementina has not met this new sort of woman, I at least have had glimpses of her and the sexual integrity she has in mind is something more and perhaps something less than sexual faithfulness to a lover actual or foreseen. In limiting it to that Clementina goes right back to the sentimental emotional view of woman's position. She is obsessed by the idea that love is the cardinal thing in life. That is just what the newer type is struggling away from—at any cost. They are in profound reaction against that idea because in it they find the clue to their general cheapness and subjection. Some repudiate it, by treating sex as something as trivial as chocolate. But there are others who appreciate it for the enormous and far-reaching thing it is in life, and yet are resolved not to be subordinated and

enslaved through it. They want to reserve it, to keep it private, outside all negotiations, detached from all ambitions and all other activities. They want to do their work and establish their status in despite of it. As a man does. Freedom and dignity are the good things that it seems most to attack and endanger. For the sake of them they realise woman must cease to be beauty, heroine, temptress, darling, and become—a citizen. For the sake of them she must abandon the artificial advantages and refuse the restrictions of a wife. So they see it.

It is interesting to find in Clementina a vigorous antagonist to this conception of the modern woman's rôle, because it is one I seem to have held always. I do not remember that I ever scrutinised it very closely. Instinctively I have been in sympathy with it. As a student I was already talking to Clara about our being perfectly equal and perfectly free. I do not remember that I ever questioned the moral assumptions of Godwin and Shelley. I have taken this attitude with women all my life. It is only recently that I have come to realise the passion in Clementina's repudiation.

§ 6

THIS sexual integrity towards which women seem to be moving from that conception of status entirely sexual which the romantic tradition imposed upon them is entangled with certain other moral dispositions. I have been trying to state them, not very successfully, because they are so inter-

woven. They are to be found already in the code of a man; it is just because they have been and are so disregarded by women that it is necessary to emphasise them in that relation. I had written yesterday a list beginning "(1) a greater hardness towards facts, a refusal to be accommodating towards a falsehood." Then came "(2) an acceptance of a natural personality in the place of the dressmaker's substitute." But I will not give the rest of that list. After lunch I invoked Clementina.

"Think for me a little," I said. "There are some things a woman ought never to do. What are they?"

Clementina made a false start. "If a woman loves a man," she began, "there is nothing——"

"I mean, whether she loves or not," I said, and pulled her back to the question again. "Clementina, tell me, what are the common faults of women? What are the chief weaknesses against which they ought to set rules and prohibitions for themselves if they are to look men in the face?"

"We are liahs," said Clementina unhesitatingly, and then fell into a meditation while I gave Titza crumbs of sugar from my coffee-cup.

"Listen," she said, and paused for my full attention. "There are three things wrong with us—three. There are three chief faults of women. They are all forms of weakness. We are liahs, we are vain, and we give no fair play in our dealings with men."

"*You* are different," I said.

"At the bottom of her heart," said Clementina, "a woman knows—knows she cannot accomplish fairly. She is afraid. She is afraid of herself. She is afraid

she will go to pieces if she is left to do a thing alone. She has no confidence. She has no confidence she can do fairly."

"She has no confidence she will be treated fairly," I said.

"Anyhow, she has no confidence. So that as soon as things seem likely to go wrong she cheats. She lies, she shirks, she betrays. Feah."

"It is right," I interrupted, "that women should be fearful. It was—it still is—necessary for herself and her children. Always that has been so. She was afraid of the dark thing round the corner and of the quick violence of her offended mate. Hiding is instinctive. And so is lying. For a woman. She has had to ease off the truth so often. Diplomatic. Evasive. It wasn't her job to face the dark thing round the corner. And she had to keep the peace with the dark thing in the cave."

"It will be long before fear goes out of women's lives," said Clementina. "It isn't all upbringing; it isn't all circumstances. It is *in* us. We have clear minds even if we have weak bodies, and we know things, we *know*, which either you don't know or you are too polite to say. We have to judge men. We have to judge what goes to make success. We know the qualities. And we know we haven't got them. Little knowledge, little or no training, and something more. Not such power of concentration. Not able to keep on and keep on gripping. Women get quicklier tired and more muddled in their brains when they have to think out difficult things. They learn quickly—oh! we can

be wonderfully clever, give us rules, details, words, but when it comes to big general things we *flinch*."

"Training," I said. "Tradition."

"I wonder."

"And the willing, convenient man ready to say: 'Leave it all to me'!"

"But no man will leave it all to someone else, even when you say it to him. But we are glad to leave it. We are afraid, even when we could."

"A traditional want of pride," said I.

"Pride," she said, and reflected.

"Women are not proud enough," said Clementina, thinking aloud. "Telling the truth is a sort of pride."

"This is how I see it, and be damned to you," I tried it over. "That's all right."

"And they are vain also because they have no pride. Their vanity. Their industrious vanity. They fly from their own real selves. They snatch at any flattery, they stick on any trimming, any colour, any ornament, because they feel they are nothing in themselves. It's not only food and shelter they want from men. They want, always they want, to be reassured. We say: 'Do you love me? Say that you love me!' Until you wave your arms at us as if we were flies and you say 'Shuddub' to us and 'Go away!' Pitiful it is. And we are greedy for the least bit of praise. Praise is the food of love. A wise man—even a kind man—makes his woman feel that she is pretty—every day. And the less she is the more he ought to."

"I have seen men greedy for robes," I said. "I have known men find flattery sustaining."

"And their ungenerosity," said Clementina, pursuing her own thoughts. "Their absolute disregard of give and take. The way they will take from men they despise! The way they will let a worried, overworked husband they pretend to love pay and pay! The way they will take dependence as their privilege! The way they accept being put first, shirk little tasks, are lazy, and do not try! Until they are positively driven to try. And then—they drudge. Inattentively—not trying to do it. Protesting. All of it, all of it is want of pride. All of it. But you are right. We have no pride."

Then with a swift transition, with a lift of her eyebrows and a change of voice:

"Where is my pride with you, Clissoulaki? Where is my pride with you?"

She reverted to a philosophical attitude. "Can women have pride? Will they ever have pride?"

It would be impossible for a voice to express completer resignation.

"Clementina," I said, "women now are struggling towards pride. They are struggling towards pride out of conditions that have become increasingly humiliating for them. They have been trivialised and cheapened by economic forces, and demoralised and cheated by traditions that require them to be rare and sought after when in reality they are abundant and omnipresent. They can only get back to dignity by being proud, by refusing all differential treatment and insisting upon all the masculine virtues—whether the men like it or no. Courage. Truth. Fair play."

Clementina made no answer.

"That," I said, "is the quintessence of feminism. That is what the vote symbolised for them, and all the agitations of the last five-and-twenty years. A struggle back to pride."

But Clementina was away upon a trail of her own. Suddenly she looked up at me.

"In some things, Clissoulaki, you are very clever, and in some you are very dense. I do not think it has ever dawned on you in all your life how unfair and how cruel a thing it can be to take a woman into your life and treat her as your equal."

"How can it be unfair to play on equal terms?"

"Equal terms! When we love with all our beings! And you love——! I love little Titza here, more than you have ever loved me."

§ 7

EVIDENTLY I must come to a discussion of this love which Clementina, in spite of all my resistances, forces into the foreground of my mind. Yet still for a section I shall cling to my analysis of the forms of sexual relationship, if only because it is within these forms that love as she conceives it goes on. One cannot love in the air, painted ceilings notwithstanding. I will disentangle all I can of the general forces that interweave to make our individual cases before I come down to these last intimate realities. I will complete my bird's-eye view of the changes that are going on between men and women by a forecast of the coming state of affairs.

In spite of all the romanticism, extravagance, excitement, and waste in the life of women to-day, in spite of its almost universal levity and triviality, I do not believe that these conditions have any real permanence. Though the flood is nearly universal, the ground is near below. I do not believe this era of triviality will endure, because I perceive that there is too much disappointment and mortification in it for women. That the vast majority of women to-day shows no signs of any disposition to change the present state of affairs does not trouble me in the least. Women can adopt new attitudes *en masse* much more readily even than men. Feminine values are and always have been very unstable, and the zephyr of the afternoon may become the hurricane of to-morrow. I am prepared to find much promise therefore in very unsubstantial intimations.

Women in the past have shown the extremest plasticity in their ideals of life. We have seen the homely, sheltered woman swept away by the romantic inundation; we have had an epidemic of heroines; for a time it seemed as though woman had no other end but dancing. We have encountered the rebel woman, the frantic sex-antagonist. There are forces now that make for pride and reservation in women, and there is a great need for pride. As the creative and directive men who are building up a new world order in the living body of the old become aware of the full significance of the work they do and of their full possibilities, inevitably there will be women awakening also, to share in the new understandings and the new ambitions. They will be interested in these things not only directly, but

because they interest the men. Nothing that men have nowadays is altogether kept from women. I do not see how these new women can be other than women practically active, soberly beautiful in dress and bearing, a little hidden in their love, and friendly to men.

Their standards and habits, more than any other single influence, will determine the tone of social life in that emerging world-community with its wider outlooks, its longer rhythms, its more sustained vitality I have anticipated. To these first adapted women will come influence and power and prestige as the active men will disentangle themselves and their time and energy from the worn-out nets of the meretricious women. When paint and scent go they will go very fast because they will be aware of their own conspicuousness. They are not inadvertent things. They came because there was a premium upon over-emphasis; they have no intrinsic beauty or charm. The new types will set the fashion and provide the models for their weaker, more imitative sisters. The swing back will pass far beyond the types it first expressed. Gravity, capacity, independence will become the common wear.

Nevertheless, I do not apprehend a wave of Quaker drab submerging the ten thousand standard advertisements of sex that now animate our streets. Women in desperation will no longer make a flagrant appeal to all and sundry, but that does not mean they will become indifferent to their effect. Within the code of pride I have foreshadowed for women the life of the new community will have much variety, and that will display itself in costume and bearing. The new com-

munity will be one of more freely developed personalities than ours, and upon the basis of its common standards there will be a far greater diversity of personal experiences. We shall not all be boxed up by twos and twos and relaxed in crowds. The new variety will be due, not to a tangled confusion of traditions and accidents, but to an open development of personal idiosyncrasies. Our lives to-day will seem as limited, uniform and stereotyped to the larger living, fuller living, wider living people of the days to come as a crowd of Central African negroes in an explorer's photograph—all alike in paint and feathers and armed alike and nearly all in the same attitude—looks to our eyes to-day.

The institution of marriage as we know it has a false air of having lasted unimpaired throughout the ages. It has, as a matter of fact, varied enormously, and it continues to vary, in its obligations, its restrictions, its availability and solubility, its duration. People are constantly discussing, "Are you for or against marriage? Would you abolish it?" We are all for and against marriage, and we abolish it piecemeal continually. We vary the implications of the bond by fresh legislation every few years; we have in my lifetime reduced the former headship and proprietorship of the husband to a shadow, robbed him of rights of assault upon his wife, taken away his privilege of not educating his children, and relaxed the conditions of divorce. The marriage of to-day is not the marriage of yesterday, and still less is it likely to be the marriage of to-morrow. When you rule out of consideration all the points upon which marriage varies in the civilised communities to-day and consider

what remains after the stripping, you will find it amounts to very little more than the legal recognition and enforcement of that natural tendency of the human animal to mate and to sustain a joint establishment for the protection of the resultant offspring.

The force of reason is in alliance with the forces of social convenience in narrowing down marriage to a child-protecting bond. Until that is done it is clear that the state will be depriving adults, needlessly, of their legitimate sexual freedom, to the grave demoralisation of such law and police organisations as may be required to enforce these all too intimate restrictions. The community only becomes concerned with sexual affairs when the public health is affected or a child is begotten and born. Then public responsibilities are incurred, obligations must be acknowledged, and home life and upbringing ensured for the new citizen of the world.

At present legal marriage is more than such a public bond, partly out of regard for the dwindling social necessity of a rule of inheritance and partly because of the impudent intolerance of our intellectually and morally discredited religious organisations. In every generation now we humiliate and injure scores of thousands of lives under the discrimination of bastardy, in deference to the imaginary needs of keeping together estates that our death duties are busily breaking up, and because the endowments of religion are still sufficient to maintain strenuously orthodox parsons and priests. These are things of the old order, and the forces of progress thrust them aside, slowly but steadily. As the bastard

is equalised with the legitimate son, and the proprietorship of the husband and wife attenuated to the privileges of lover and mistress, the world will cease to inquire for a wife's "marriage lines" and marriage signify little more than habitual association.

Already some people are dropping the change of a woman's name at marriage, and that may extend until it is the general practice. When women write, or act, or paint, it is becoming common. Dr. Marie Stopes is really Mrs. Roe, Viola Tree is really Mrs. Parsons, and there are hundreds of such cases. Hotel proprietors all over the world, and experienced butlers in the best houses, behave as though there were millions. The time may come when the ministrations of the clergyman, the orange blossoms and the robe of white, "The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden," the hired carriages and the white favours will be the quaint social survival of the backward suburbs and the provincial towns.

Such a fading out of marriage from its present stereotyped rigidity will put no end to mating. The men and women of the wider life and the larger views will still feel our common necessity to go in couples for longer or shorter periods. But there may be much diversity in the character of their coupling. The standardised relations of man and wife and of man and mistress—which latter are at present a sort of left-handed reflection of marriage—will have given place to many variations of association. In the ampler, easier, less crowded, less ceremonious social life of to-morrow, a life of more adult, more individualised people, the consorts will not always be upon a convention of equality. Perhaps

they will rarely be upon terms of equality. As we begin to take off the stays, blinkers, traces, hoods, masks, fetters, gags we have put upon the sexual imaginations of human beings, and examine into the living realities below, we may realise that we have been trying to adapt an immensely various collection of types to one standard bilateral arrangement. We may find they are not only diverse in temperament, but that they go through diverse phases of development, so that what is reasonable and desirable for a man of five-and-twenty may be cruel nonsense if it is applied to a man of five-and-fifty. Our moral judgments may need to vary not only with temperament but with the stage of development of the individual we judge. Human growth goes on throughout life; we do not "grow up" and have done with it, as our forefathers supposed.

The Christian marriage, like most marriage institutions in the world, met the needs of a peasant life with a passable success. It happened normally about the early twenties, or a little later for a man, and it carried the couple on for twenty years, by which time toil and exposure had aged them, their children were growing up, and there was little more to be done for them. It is extraordinary how young in years some of the old women and bent ancients about here are. The romantic tradition of the nomad and his descendant, the aristocrat, was even nearer adolescence. One day came love and another death. I have already pointed out the youthfulness of Shakespearean romance. But nowadays we live much longer, we do not age so fast, we learn quicklier and mature more rapidly, and a new stage opens and

widens in life between the thirties and the seventies, for which the institutions, traditions, sentiment and poetry of the past cannot be expected to provide a complete outline. This is the stage, the new adult stage, upon which the coming order will be built and which is being cleared of its encumbrances of childish, youthful and adolescent habits and feelings, and short and narrow views. Mating and marriage and the rearing of a family must still be a part of this new life, but only a phase of it. It was George Meredith, I think, who set the world talking twenty years ago by suggesting ten-year marriages. That is surely too short. The practical endurance of a marriage is determined by the need of children for a home. The home now does not last a lifetime. England now is full of houses left like a last year's nest. At best the old home, like Lambs Court, becomes a meeting-place and club-house for the growing clan. Commonly it dissolves. The Riviera here swarms with people whose homes have come to pieces.

Probably Darby and Joan will still be found in the new world, but it may be that the common practice will be an exchange between different ages. I have an impression that at the present time the very young people do not, in the majority of cases, hit it off together very easily. Youth is too egotistically preoccupied to show much consideration for the egotistical preoccupations of another undeveloped personality. Perhaps it is more natural to have one partner rather protective and stronger, and one fresher and more spontaneous.

Or it may be that the common human life passes through phases that begin with love for a strong adult

type, go on to a love of equals, to partnership and the home and children, and give place to a keener interest in and a finer understanding for the young. Some of my contemporaries have gone through such phases, and I can find traces of them in my own rather aberrant experiences. But though this may be true of men, it may not be so true of women. I do not know. They are disguised from me, and I have not been so closely interested as I might have been in the feelings and reactions of women older than myself. Just as the young man, from the age of eighteen onward, under the pressure of the romantic tradition, is forced to imagine himself a virile adult, and stronger and coarser and wiser and more wilful than any woman at all, so every woman, unless she has turned her back upon all thoughts of attraction, must go on playing the tender juvenile part. Women pretend even to themselves, so that they can tell you nothing real; and it defeats my poor powers of psychic analysis altogether to guess at the suppressed and distorted might-bes of their imaginations. Venus Absoluta is, for all practical judgments, the unknown goddess.

Perhaps Catherine the Great of Russia and Ninon de Lenclos were intimations of the quality of Venus Absoluta. Or perhaps they were merely energetic and versatile men who happened to be of the female sex.

For many in the reconstituted human community matters may come full round to the ancient balance of the peasant life again when men and women alike were workers. At a higher level and in a more lucid co-operation. In just the measure that men are able to get

rid of the predatory and gambling and merely acquisitive processes in the new world society, in just that measure may the old intimate fellowship of man and woman return. And there, I think, comes a possible reconciliation of Clementina's assertion of ineradicable differences and dependences with the new spirit of freedom and pride. It becomes possible, when a man works not for himself but for the race, that a woman should at once remain equal and proud of herself and yet work in subordination to him. It may be that by nature his initiatives are more resolute and less hesitating than hers.

The humiliations of women in recent times have been very largely due to their realisation that their lives were subordinated to men's merely personal ends. That, they feel, is shameful, half-way to the common prostitute. Their recalcitrance was of a piece with the recalcitrance of a worker who finds his life limited, used and exhausted for the mere individual gratifications of a profit-hunting employer. There is no share nor pride in the end for the subordinate in either case. The forces of revolution work to abolish that sort of employment and any sort of dependence on individual whim. But subordination takes on an altogether different quality when it is subordination to a captain, who himself is subordinate. He also serves, and if manifestly he serves in good faith there is no loss of honour in following his leads. No social state has ever been conceived, nor can I conceive any, in which most of the men and women will not be living subordinated lives. I see no great hardship if in the future as in the past the rôle of a large proportion of women remains in reality ancillary. That

need not prevent them from living happily and beautifully, proud of what they are and of what they do.

But I grow more and more speculative; and these women of the days to come, for all their pride and graciousness, remain conspicuously featureless. My reason evokes them, fine-spirited and wise, but they are aloof from me. Their faces remain blank ovals that have not so much as eyes to look towards me.

The night is late, and early to-morrow Clementina is coming down for a great walk we have long promised ourselves into those grey wildernesses of stone and scrub above Gourdon. It will be too far and too stony for Titza's incessant little feet. I shall carry food and drink in my rücksac, and we shall sit among the rocks in the sunlight under the blue sky and wrangle and discourse about these endless riddles.

§ 8

I HAVE been reading over the sections I have written in the past two months. Many of them impress me as bare and abstract. I have written of the change of scale in economic life, of the supersession of schools and colleges and methods and institutions and forms of government, of the conflict between traditions of relationship. It has been necessary to reason close and hard and stick to general terms.

"Tradition of relationship" is, I admit, an arid term to cover people's love troubles. I have been attempting a diagram of the whole of human life as I see it passing before me, and perhaps it is absurd of me to regret

now that it is diagrammatic. Both the telescope and the microscope take us at last to the inhuman. But it is upon the gaunt loom of these economic processes, educational influences, guiding traditions, that all our lives are woven.

I return from this long flight, this bird's-eye view of human affairs in the sluices of change, to the hangar, so to speak, of this room. I clamber out of my framework of generalisations. I come back from map scale to life-size again. And I find many things in the story I have told of myself and my brother, and many other things I have seen in life that had seemed irrational and perverse and adventitious, falling into a kind of reasonableness in accord with the broad lines that outline inspection has revealed.

It is possible now to distinguish, if not to separate, the essential living matter of these experiences from the streams of suggested ideas, imitations, subconscious responses, imposed habits, uncritical acquiescences that flowed through that living matter into acts. I discover the compulsions in what seemed wilful actions, the mechanical quality of many inconsistencies and much misbehaviour.

Hitherto I have thought that Clara's offence against me was that she was unfaithful to me; but now I perceive that the essential trouble was this, that she married me and I her without lucidity or sincerity. I must have disappointed her acutely in many things; but most, and most disastrously, by my unconscious self-betrayals of my belief that I had bought her, that I had bought her at no great price, chiefly to relieve my cloddish sensu-

ality—in relieving hers. The shams we had accepted to clothe our transaction were thin enough for at least a subconscious apprehension of the truth. Only now do I realise how much of our relationship stripped down to that. We phrased it differently, in phrases that I have largely forgotten. But by nearly all the standards that mingled in her mind she had, I see, a case against me, and though I might have pleaded that she misled me in what she promised me and in what she meant to give me, far more had I misled myself. She and her sisters were saturated in that degeneration of the romantic tradition which has turned the haughty and pampered beauty into a needy and pursuing beauty. It seemed normal and proper for them to cheat in the face of such marriages as confronted them. They were already primed to cheat and snatch before I knew them. At times she must have been amazed by the realisation of her own turpitude, at the net into which her temptations and prevarications and justifications had entangled her. She must have wondered, like a beast in a cage, how it had come about that she was in such a tangle.

It is easy to condemn Clara as a bad woman, and so dispose of her. That in effect is how I treated her. But there is another side to her offences that I am only now beginning to appreciate at its full significance. I have thought often enough how they hurt me, but for the first time I am coming to think how they hurt her. What devastating hours of dismay and perplexity must Clara have lived through—even before our rupture! When she thought of what she had done and how and when I might find out, and what would happen then,

and why, why in Heaven's name she had done it! Because life had not been made plain to her, because she had been lured and shouted at by a confusion of impulses and voices bidding her go hither and thither. For every impulse, for every suggestion there had been some sort of formula and a quality, however flimsy, of excuse. If it was only the excuse of saying I deserved it. She must have lain awake at nights by my side, trying to persuade herself she was safe and all was well with the outlook, while the gathering dangers marched round about her and threatened her. Or that by some feat of rhetoric and ratiocination she would be able to "explain." And afterwards, through the tangle of adventures and misrepresentations that ended in Weston dropping her and through her subsequent difficulties, what fresh series of unsolvable perplexities must have assailed her unprotected sleepless hours.

Some years ago the sort of people who find life too ample for them used up their surplus time in putting together again extremely dissected and dispersed pictures called jig-saw puzzles. Humorists would make the difficult impossible by mixing two or three of these puzzles and presenting a selection of the *mélange* to the unwary solver. The fact beneath poor Clara's indulgences, evasions and artificialities was a mixed jig-saw puzzle of problems of conduct. I doubt if she ever had a suspicion of the trick Mr. G. had played upon her life. She never saw anything of the joke—and now I see it too late to mitigate the harshness there was even in my belated kindnesses to her.

She had a capacity for suffering as great as mine.

She never had any successes at all; life battered at her; she felt it all more than I should ever have done because she had nothing of my ultimate power of stoical self-detachment from pleasant or harmful things. She was altogether submerged in life and had no such escape. Perhaps she had her consolations, a run of luck at boule or roulette, a passing conquest, an assignation, and she may have got a fulness of gratification out of such things that I cannot imagine. They could not have balanced the account. Luck treated her badly, and I cannot jest with Mr. G. about her life as I can about my own.

I turn now to the memories of my other love adventures, the casual encounters, the passades, the brief passions of pursuit and success. I have told the reader little about them except that they occurred. What else was there to tell? Surveyed again now in this geographical, this historical fashion, they look less bright and smaller than they did before. They happened, they entertained me, some of them delighted me; I make no apology for them, and I do not repent. But there was little beauty in them, and a sort of pettiness pervaded them. I find the condemning quality about them an idleness, a pointlessness. Such things may happen with a certain grace and brightness in the heats and curiosities of youth, but not in the habitual life of a grown man. They have their value and justification in assuagement or in reassurance. But they were mere apologies to love. We were frittering away something precious for which our world provided no better use.

My life with Sirrie arose out of one of these passades and made an end to them. Few people, even among my

nearest friends, seem to understand how good a thing for me were those years I spent with her. Why will they not accept my judgment of her? They have newspaper reports, scandalous stories, the false knowledge of a few hours. I lived with her for some years. Never was the bare truth about a woman so false a libel as it was on Sirrie. Never did facts make so cruel a caricature. I was the first friend she had ever met among men, and she was the first close friend I had ever known among women. When I think of the beauty and spirit she had, her mental and physical fineness and hardihood, I am grieved, even now I feel real grief, at the wastage of her and the suffering and desolation that brooded behind the drugs and drink and misdeeds to which she had resorted. I had no hand in that, and it is only now that I can consent to look squarely at all these poor flounderings and follies that dropped her at last, a coughing refugee, into my care.

But the solitary side of life! The sleepless nights when all our mental restraints have been put off with our daytime clothes, and our stark, defenceless selves face the immensities of remorse, of self-accusation and fear! I think of that eager, slender girl at seventeen, hopefully triumphant—I have a picture of her then, and she is adorable—and then of the woman who would come from her room to mine in our early days at Richmond, whispering shamefacedly in the darkness: "Pity me! Pity me! Take me in your arms. I can't *sleep*, Billy; I keep on thinking. I can't *sleep*."

It was a phase that came to an end with her, so that latterly she slept like a child and ceased to trouble, but

it was a dreadful phase. Before she was twenty life was already staring and grimacing at her.

With her, just as with Clara, the impulses and voices in the confusion had urged her this way and that. How was she to judge? How was she to know? The traps looked like fun. The base marriage looked like wisdom and help for all her family. These two unhappy brains are just glimpses of what a "conflict of traditions," what "variable standards of sexual conduct," what "obsolete marriage laws and insincere observances" mean when they are translated into individual sensations. The jig-saw puzzles have no solution. The baffled creatures struggle over the verge of despair.

Helen, too, suffered from life, though I knew far less of her inner world than I did of Sirrie's. She had the gifts of pride and anger, and they are powerful talismans against the powers of darkness. But she wept at nights, and I was an immense disappointment of her expectations. I still wish I could atone for that to her, though indeed it was not I, but the heroic standards she had chosen for her lover and the wide divergence of our ambitions, that tore up our romance. But if she wept with rage and chagrin, I also had my share of these wakeful torments. I have told already of a journey from Geneva to Paris, when my own mixed jig-saw had the upper hand with me. I must have spent scores of hours in my tortured endeavours to fit Helen and myself into one happy and hopeful scheme of life.

I have been writing of the equal, proud woman as an ideal. In Helen I met her. In the early days we were equal and proud to the swaggering pitch. But unless

the proud and equal woman travels an identical road, how is one to keep her?

Neither Helen nor I need to be pitied as those others who are weaker and less coherent are to be pitied; both of us have something in us that sustains us and at last takes us out of all such distresses. At an early limit we grow exasperated, damn the jig-saw puzzle, and sweep it out of the way. The jig-saw puzzle is not a primary thing with us. We are more wilful and more strongly individualised than the common run of people. I have my philosophy of life, my faith, my religion, and she has the compelling impulse of her art.

A great actress is not the feminine equivalent of a great actor; being a great actress is not the same thing as acting; it is a thing peculiar to womankind. It is the sedulous development of a personality to superb proportions. The actress can lie and think of that effect she creates, that legend which grows, as I lie and think of the great revolution that began before I was born, that will continue after my death, to which I have given myself. We have these preoccupations in which our egotisms are chambered and protected; we know what we mean to do, we have banished all essential confusions of purpose; the gnawing desires for some particular but incompatible recognition, the hopes that are dependent on others, remorse for things that seemed right and yet became morally dislocated, the fluctuations of decision as one standard gives place to another; these things wait disregarded for the most part in the antechambers of our minds with little chance of snatching a passing audience and none of invading the inner places.

The schemes I entertain of a world republic, of a simplified economic system, of a cleansing and illumination of the individual and social and sexual relationships, may seem to aim only at the outer forms of life. I may seem to be harsh and merciless towards the dear old dignities and loyalties, the time-honoured social inequalities, the quaint moral prejudices, the romantic interpretations, the subtle, intricate, well-meaning religious dogmatisms, amidst which the great mass of human beings struggles up towards the light; but the brakes and thorns of this picturesque jungle are not simply outward things. They penetrate to the nerve centres and torture there.

The inner aspect of these things is hundreds of millions of baffled, perplexed, frustrated brains. The inner aspect is suppression and humiliation, the prowling onslaughts of thwarted desires and discharges of unreasoning hate that never come to the surface because of fear. We are all at sixes and sevens; those we love disappoint our dearest expectations, and our acts recoil upon us amazingly, disconcertingly, embitteringly. The great herd of mankind wanders in strange and difficult and dangerous places; it has no clear guidance towards the open lands, and its insecurity and uncertainty determine the drama in well-nigh every brain that is born into it. These things belong together, the outward maladjustment of the race and its reflection in the individual mind.

The peace of the world, the just and creative society, and the common peace of the human soul can only come, each with and through the other. Some may

escape the common lot by the vigour of their egotisms or the strength of their philosophy; some may reach forward in creative work from the incompatibilities of the present. Some find a drug or a religious dogma sufficient for stupefaction. The ordinary personal life is still a sensitised meeting-place of conflicting forces that rather imagines itself to be, than is as yet, an individual. These political, economic, social, historical discussions, so far from being unreal, touch the very core of reality; they are a sorting-out of the mixture of moral jig-saw puzzles in which every individual is entangled—a sorting-out that may at last leave the individual man or woman with a consistent problem that is capable of solution.

Biologists say that the greater part of our bodies is dead matter or mere nutrition, our hair, our skins, our bones and teeth, our blood. The only fully living reality is the protoplasmic thread hidden away in nerves and fibres and cells. And of the whole display of human life, the houses and cities and cultivations, the markets and crowds and factories and schools, the only vital part is really this struggle with the jig-saw puzzle of "What am I to do?"

I return to this inner and hidden life. This is what feels, this is what responds, this is what matters, this is what is. This is the life that in the daytime and commonly we hide even from ourselves. The night is its time for revelation. Then for all our resistances we find ourselves taken and stripped and put upon the rack of these blundering contradictions of standard and desire. Then come writhings and cries. The angel

and the ape appear. The morning finds us already most sedulously forgetting that dreadful interview with our bare selves. We dress, we examine our faces in the glass to be sure that we are masked before we risk the observation of our fellow masqueraders.

The streets are alive with people, grave, decorous-looking people. They pass intent upon their various businesses, with an air of knowing exactly what they are and exactly what they are doing. And last night this self-possessed young woman bit her pillow and beat the air with clenched hands and cried, "Oh God! Oh God! Shall I never escape?" and that grave and respectable gentleman with the gold-tipped cane stared out of his bedroom window at the dawn and wished and came near contriving another man dead.

It is Clementina who has brought me down from my bird's-eye survey of humanity to these troubles of the innermost. She has been telling me things about herself that hitherto she has hidden. She has been so gay and happy a companion that I did not realise she could also be full of unspoken distresses. How blind and stupid we can be even to those whom we meet continually and love dearly!

We walked up into those hills to the west of the Gourdon road as we had arranged, and Mr. G. gave us one of the best of his days. How few of the thousands who pass in their automobiles along that starred and recommended track and stop at the celebrated viewpoints and crane their necks over the grey battlements to look down into the gorge below, suspect the sweet desolations, the clean cool loveliness of the

uplands they skirt! It is as if God had run short of matter when he made the rocks and turf and little flowers up there, and had woven in warm sunlight to complete the job. I lay on a patch of turf beside her and talked of these traditions of relationship about which I had been writing. No one, I said, has fully measured the cruelties that could happen within the bonds of marriage. When poorish respectable people were tied together and had no means of escape. The secret hatred, the ingenuities of vexation and humiliation that might occur.

"And if people are free," Clementina demanded, "they cannot be cruel?"

"Why need they be cruel? They can go away."

Clementina made no answer.

Presently I glanced up at her and she was sitting, chin in hand, with that long beautiful back of hers drooping, so that all her figure was a note of interrogation. She was not looking at me; she was brooding on what she wanted to say to me.

"Clissoulaki," she said. "Do you think—— Do you think you have never tormented me?"

I considered it. "No."

"I want to tell you some things. You have been writing this great book of yours about everything in earth—and whatever used to be heaven, and you have come at last to women. You have been all over the world and seen and done all sorts of things. You know nearly everything, my dear. But do you know anything at all about love?"

"I know you," I said.

She shook her head. "I wish you did."

She had something prepared for me and so I waited for her to go on. "I want to tell you things. Some of them seem ungracious. Some of them are unfair. But I want to tell you them. I've hidden them. . . .

"You took me when I was an utter failure. I had gone down. Heaven knows how far a woman can sink, or how long her natural cowardice will force her to endure things, but anyhow I was very low. I did not know how to set about killing myself. But my heart had gone. I should have been glad to die. And then you came, the friendly thing you are. Surely whatever you give I ought to take. Life began again. Hope! How happy you have made me! What happy times I have had here! And all the same you torment me. You give me heart-aches. I love you. I love you altogether. I give myself to you with both hands. And you smile. And put me aside as if all that was nothing."

She paused. "If you had not met me in the streets of Paris you would not put me aside.

"No, don't interrupt me, my dear. I shouldn't have said that. I want to tell you what I am telling you now while it is clear in my mind. Perhaps that was not true. At least you need not notice it. But I think it sometimes in the night. You should know I think it. When a woman loves a man she forgets what she was or what he is. She is not even grateful to him if she loves him. She just wants him, and wants him with all her being. No other woman has ever loved you as I love you, and no other woman ever will. The more

you give me, the happier and healthier I am here, the sweeter life is with you, the more I am tormented by the thought that this is just a holiday for you, a rest, and presently you will go away. All this year I have been hiding that. I have been thinking it and hiding it. It seemed so ungracious, so unfair. Why should you not do so if you chose to do so?

"Don't touch me, my dear. Now I have begun, let me show you my heart. . . .

"Night after night I have lain awake in my little bedroom—the bedroom that is so pretty and gay with the things you made me buy—and I have been tormented! . . . If I was to lose you, then I think it were better I had died in Paris, before I knew what happiness was. I am haunted perpetually by the fear of losing you. And particularly when you have been away in England, doing I don't know what. Always then I was sure you would never come back to me. Something would happen. You would be killed. You would be snatched away. Or simply—why should you come back to me? You used to send me those little off-hand cards, telling me nothing. Sometimes you missed three days. You were busy, I know. But down here I was not busy. Three days here can be eternity.

"I used to come for great walks up over these hills. I have been here sometimes, stumbling over the stones, belated, in the twilight, afraid of sheep-dogs. Because I was still more afraid of that little bedroom down below there.

"Misery! Misery beyond reason! I have stuffed the corner of my sheet into my mouth to prevent myself

crying out and waking those English old maids in the next room."

"But had you no faith in me?"

"Faith! In the night! With you away!"

She turned upon me the eyes of an elf in despair. "You take love so lightly! You take it so easily! Love has come to you. Women have loved you. And you know nothing of love."

§ 9

THIS situation at the Villa Jasmin is, I perceive, coming to an end. I return to earth again after my flight over past and present and future, and find the securities and tranquillities about this familiar writing-table dissolving and passing away. It has pleased me so well to come and write here that I watch the end approaching with a selfish pang. But always there has been a certain unreality in this happy refuge; from the beginning it had a touch of dream stuff in its composition.

It is a dream that seemed to have materialised more completely than it has done. I dreamt it first in that train journey from Geneva to Paris, and I wanted it and needed it so much that in some way it was bound to exist. It was easy to take the happy chance of Clementina and incorporate her and make her the priestess and divinity of the place. True, it should have been a little low white house and not pink as this one is, but I forgave it that for all the other pretty details with which it surprised me.

I have always maintained that this place and this seclusion could not last, that it was too serene and beautiful a setting to be permanent. Παντα ῥει; its little fountain greeted me with that reminder when first I came to it. But it was my belief that it would be Clementina who would shatter it all, by confessing herself bored, finding a more amusing and less preoccupied lover and departing. I had always prepared myself to let her go, and everything was in readiness to secure her going from the anxieties and indignities of material need. I should not have stayed long alone here. Each time I returned it was a delight to find her still eager for my coming.

But it is I and not she from whom the decree of conclusion must come. This freakish and fantastic ménage has been founded on distresses and hopes deferred, of which I had no inkling, and now that this has been brought home to me, the dream fades.

It was Helen who used to talk of "coming through" a part. Clementina has come through her part. She was the whimsical, delightful, elfin visitant of the Villa Jasmin. That was the rôle I thrust upon her. She chose to play at being utterly in love with me, and I to be cold and preoccupied. We talked of the siege of the Villa Jasmin. The siege is over and the play is done, and we find ourselves man and woman face to face. She has come through her part and it seems I am coming through mine.

While I was soaring up there in the air surveying "traditions of relationship" and men and women in "general terms," I remarked, among other memorable

things, that much of the present unhappiness of men and women was due to a reference to different standards; that people imposed their own codes and expectations upon one another and so almost unwittingly arranged conflicts and cruelties. But this is exactly what I have been doing to Clementina. I have assumed an extreme modernity in this antique mind of hers, held her to the practice of it and treated her struggle against it as an entertaining pose. I have made her angry and baffled her and laughed at her a score of times and thought no more of it, and only now do I apprehend that I have also made her and may still be making her exceedingly unhappy.

I do not blame myself nor her for the creation of these stresses. They have happened. They might have been foreseen, but I did not foresee them. It was my impulse to make her free of me, to refuse to buy her, to give her a position and a salary and a light agreeable task beside me. That was well enough in its way. That she chose to make me her lover was my good fortune. I did not ask it or refuse it. The convention was that that might cease at any time, that she was free to take another lover or do whatever might please her. Her duties were to supervise my little house, stand between me and servants, buy and arrange furniture for me as she thought proper, lunch with me and companion me for the afternoon. Then with a liberal gesture I dismissed her to her excellent pension, she a free woman and I a free man. Here in Provence she could rest for a time, here was peace and healing and self-respect for her, and when she saw her way to a

more attractive life I would help her to achieve it. These were the handsome pretences of our bargain.

At the pension, people came and went, quite possibly interesting people. I did not see them. She had two pleasant rooms, and we had obliterated the bleak furnishing with oriental rugs and hangings and a multitude of books. She could read, write poetry—if she chose to write poetry—readjust her perplexed and broken life. Down here in my gently modernised *mas* I could think and work, come and go as my mood or my business interests required. If I went away for long months or a year or so, that was my affair. She could draw her salary, keep an occasional eye on the place, travel if she felt disposed to do so—she had the means for that. Jeanne could be trusted to mind the house. There was no need that Clementina should fall in love with me, none that she should fall so extravagantly in love with me and charge all our reactions with passion.

But she has done so. She has gone beyond all the obligations of our agreement. She has worked for me as no one has ever worked for pay since time began. She has enveloped me with a tender personal devotion. I too, quite insensibly, have lapsed from the hard rationalism of my first intentions. She is the most to blame, but I have been unwary. While I have been building up a conception of a finer, freer mating in the future, the passing days have betrayed me. A great affection has grown up between us now.

I do not know how necessary she has become to me, but it is plain she has become very necessary. Her company, her conversation, her ways, delight me as the

warm sunshine delights me. I like the sound of her now and the sight of her; I find myself watching her unawares; her tastes please me; she pleases me wonderfully. But what is more than any of these things, her happiness and her unhappiness have taken hold of me so that I can no longer hurt her and be at peace.

But though there has been all this change and growth of feeling between us, the forms and customs of our life here still follow the light-hearted artificiality of our original treaty. Clementina is still the domestic secretary who walks down at lunch-time from her rooms at the pension to see that all is in order here, hushes the barking of Titza if I am still writing or thinking, interviews the gardener and the plumber and buys the material to re-cover the chairs. And I come and go upon my mighty businesses and make it plain that I am scandalised when she tempers her services with endearments and caresses. There is a convention which even Jeanne affects to observe that we are not lovers. But all this, which was so bright and entertaining a year ago, rings hollow now and more hollow every day. She wants to be more easily with me, and I want her more at hand.

Yet Villa Jasmin is a little house, and the silence of this study was very vital to me. In this place I can conceive no other way of life than the one we have led here.

This is the situation Clementina, with her face of involuntary distress, brings to a crisis. Her fears and instincts run ahead and confront her with the riddle of what is to come. "I love you wholly," she says. "I

have put my life in your hands. I have no other life now but the life you made for me here. Do you mean to go away from me? What are you going to do with me now that the book you set out to write here is coming to an end?"

She may count upon it that I shall not go away from her. We shall go away together when the good days of the Villa Jasmin have reached their allotted term.

But I do not yet know how we shall go away nor whither we shall go. I have been so intent upon the diagrams of my world that this problem takes me by surprise. Until I have some inkling of the solution I do not know what to tell her.

§ 10

WE began our life here in a vein of genial make-believe, and the play still goes on and masks the forms of the very deep and very far-reaching relationships that have come into being between us. Clementina has thrown a passionate love into our sunny comedy, and I have pretended not to see. We two love each other very greatly now, but each after his and her own fashion. The fashions are very different. I am not sure what we shall find when we cease to pretend, and come face to face with each other.

Clementina professes love. She is my instructress in this great science, this great art. It is her occupation, her subject. For her, love is an absolute; for me it is a thing to examine and question. She speaks of love as of something that women understand by nature and that

men do not; they have to learn. It is a difference between us as fundamental as the difference of sex, a matter that affects every possible view about the position and rights and wrongs and all the standards of women. Love, she maintains, is created and imparted by women.

This is frankly opposed to my treatment of love, throughout this book, throughout my life. I have dealt with it as something as incidental as beautiful, as something that may come into a "sexual relationship" like the fires of red and gold that come suddenly from windows when the sunlight is reflected by them. And I have supposed it always to be a thing as much masculine as feminine.

I have told something of Clementina's mixed origins and varied misadventures. I do not know whether these things make her the most unique or the most representative of women, a freak or a compendium. I do not know whether we two are as Adam and Eve in a new world of men and women, or whether we are queer accidents of our time and of no significance to anyone except ourselves. Clementina has no doubt in the matter. She is Eve. Rarely it is "I and you" with her. "A woman feels," she says, or, "That is the way with a man."

I have argued with her that this love of hers, in its abundance and completeness, is not really a natural nor a fundamental thing at all. I declare it is an artificial thing, a disposition, and not a necessity. It does not come by instinct. It is developed, it is secondary; it is a thing of culture. It is a dogmatic thing, and she has wilfully given herself to its exaggeration and glorifica-

tion. She has given herself to personal love exactly as some women give themselves to love in religion. Her love has the sedulous quality of a religious devotion. She searches her conscience for imperfections and disloyalties in her love in order to cast them out.

"But that is the nature of women," she pleads. "It is religion. It is the same thing. Or rather—religion is love. One sort of love. My love for you is exactly like religion. If—I cannot imagine it—but if I thought of any man but you, it would be a sin. That is the great commandment. Thou shalt have no other love but me."

She argues very subtly about this specialisation of hers.

We all want to be held together within ourselves, she asserts, echoing my own thoughts in that. We all need interior unification for our peace of mind. I have this strange conception of world revolution, of the great creative work of setting up a World Republic, to which I give myself. By that I unify my aims and my life. She cannot unify upon that. "A woman" cannot unify on such great abstractions. But her personal love holds her together in just the same fashion. If she were to lose it, she would "go to pieces," just as I should go to pieces if I lost belief in my revolutionary idea.

"But why not religion?" I ask.

"A woman must see and touch," she says. "Women are more immediate. In convents now there are thousands of women praying, longing, desiring for what they call a vision. They call it a vision because they are taught to do so, but what they want is a tangible reality. For them images are a necessity. I tell you it

is exactly that which holds me to love. You are my image. Have you noted the *life* they put into Catholic images—the blood, the distresses, the tears? Mortifications, inflictions, pain, these things comfort religious women because they are contact. Sacrifices, new refinements of material devotion, fill their minds. But even then one must have faith. Without that the images will not even sigh or turn their eyes. That is why I failed to be religious. At one time, almost, I had faith."

"You were a Catholic?"

"But things my father had said about the Catholics kept on seeming true. When he was not quite sober my father could be a wonderful theologian. He undermined me with things I hardly knew I was hearing at the time. But I found I could not believe. When I prayed, something he had woven into me said: 'You're not believing all that. You're just thinkin' you believe it!' And it was a live thing I wanted and not a spirit, a thing with a body, a man to respond and answer—*you.*"

But then, I said, bringing in St. Augustine against her, she was not in love with me, she was in love with love.

"You complain that you are all directed to me and that I am directed away from you," I said. "But that is not true. You are no more turned to me than I to you. You are turned to love, and you are trying continually to make me also centre my life on love."

She can meet that with no rational argument. "It is you I love," she says.

There she stops with an absolute statement. No

analysis avails here. This love, which has embodied itself in me, has become an inseparable, organic part of herself. It is exorbitant, but she has loved so plainly and consistently that I can no more deny the reality of this love of hers than the reality of her soft brown neck or her shining eyes.

It is an intensively possessive love. It impels her to invade my liberties. I like flying, and at times when the skies are clear the plutocrat in me asserts himself, and I scrap my railway ticket hither and charter an aeroplane from London to Antibes. A little while ago I flew from here to Geneva. But she has a fantastic dread of flying accidents; she will not distinguish between the many deaths that happen during training and experiments, and the rare casualties of passenger flights. Her discipline is not good enough to prevent her making appeals to me to promise, promise never to fly. I am in a quandary. I argue the matter because it goes right to the roots of our relationship. All my disposition is against such restrictions, but her despair is real. I make no promise, but my last two journeys here have been by boat and train, under protest.

"If you loved me," I say, "you would let me do what pleases me best."

"But if you should be killed!"

"It is part of a man's job to be killed now and then."

Her tenderness entangles me. I cannot have the swift, sweet delight of the high air because she has infected me with a vision of herself intolerably alone, left desolate because I have seen fit to crash and burn myself to death. That thought pursues me now up

among the clouds. I should feel the meanest thing in creation if I found myself rushing down to a disaster. I could not die with self-respect. Her tearful "told-you-so" would reproach my last moments. But if men are to be afraid with the fears of loving women, how can they ever be anything but afraid?

Yet also this possessiveness flows into a hundred gracious thoughts and services. It is a very captivating thing to know oneself cared for, thought for, and sure of willing agreement. I cannot tell of the absurd little attentions she shows me. They are too humble and too touching. Always when I need her no other thing may intervene, she is ready for walk or expedition and any help I wish from her. How often she effaces herself! How often has she kept a smiling face when she was faint with fatigue, until some little thing betrayed the hidden trouble!

She disciplines herself on account of love. I discover her suppressing her impulses, developing a tremendous self-control she did not possess a year ago. We are both extremely hot-tempered, but years have made me quick to arrest and recall and repair what I can of the evil of an angry act. But her instinct for expression is vigorous. Not for nothing are the Greeks said to be the first people in history to make a rich and abundant use of language. And she has an over-sensitive vindictiveness begotten by her years of imposed inferiorities and humiliations. She used to watch for petty injustices from me and examine every careless criticism as an attack.

I should find it hard to describe one of our storms in

detail. They sprang from minute wants of consideration on my part, from impalpable nothings, from a clumsy French phrase of mine or an English expression misunderstood. Then suddenly, in the course of a walk, at our lunch table, my sunny, happy companion would vanish, give place to a white-faced creature with wicked eyes, suffering unendurably, full of a wild passion to humiliate and wound.

Very deep in Clementina's heart is resentment at life. She was defrauded, ill-treated. Hers is more than the common resentment of those who start at a disadvantage; it has been embittered. Then at last she found me, and she has been building up and reconstructing her life upon me. She has turned once more, after defeat, defilement and disaster, to love. But she has to hold on hard to love. Sometimes she seems to find it quite easy to love me. But her grip is only now beginning to be sure. At first trivial accidents could loosen it. She would find herself slipping from the position she wanted so desperately to maintain.

It has always been some quite little thing that seemed to reveal to her the earthen substance of her god, a casual selfishness, a chance assumption. Then for a time I became just another of those men who had trampled on her life, one of those beings who trample over all life, taking, exacting, disregarding, making the world despair.

I did not understand at first. I would shrug my shoulders and meet her " temper " with a flinty face.

But these quarrels that came out of nothingness are disappearing. They would last in the beginning for a

day or so—when she would not come down to the Villa Jasmin, when she gave me to understand she was packing for some unknown destination in this world or the next. How stonily I treated her then! How little I tried to find a way back for her! Later on these outbursts diminished in their violence and persistence. They came down to hours. Recently they have been mere jars of ten minutes or so, and, now I come to think of it, there have been hardly any for some time.

This change from fitful conflicts to serenity has been all her doing. She has taken that disposition to swift resentment in hand, just as a religious novice is trained to deal with a besetting sin. She has fortified her faith in me, until at last that jealous questioning of my quality has been almost overcome. So, deliberately and wonderfully, she has built up such a relationship with me as I had never known before, as I have never before believed could exist between two human beings. It is her work.

When last I came back here from England I discovered a portable typewriter in her sitting-room. She had not expected me, and she had thrown a piece of Indian silk over it. "I did not mean you to see that until I had had all my lessons," she said. She had bought the thing and gone to the school in Grasse and was already reasonably competent—and she had taken all that trouble simply because I had been sometimes put out by waiting for the typist who clears up these writings for me in Cannes.

"After all, why should you send your typing away? I can do it."

"Why should you? It is toilsome and dull."

"I want to share in what you are doing. I want to take trouble for you."

"But you were to study for yourself. You were to read here. You were to write poetry. You were to find yourself."

"I've lost my interest in poetry. It was always poor stuff I wrote. Always. Since I have been here it has got more and more like the devotional books they used to give me in my Catholic days. I can't bear it. Love can be made ridiculous if you write it down—the more you love, the more strained and exaggerated it seems, and yet it is all true. And I want to know about this book of yours."

"You said once it was just about Marx and politics."

"I know better now."

Then with a change to vexation:

"Don't you see that I want to be useful? Don't you want me to be useful? Don't you see that I want to make myself necessary to you? Is it nothing to you that I want to be necessary? I'm reading English. To get back my English perfectly. To cure my spelling. Every day when you are away from here I go into Grasse. I study. What else is there to do? Commercial stuff. *Comptabilité*. Sums, you call it! It isn't sums. It's business. I was always bad at calculation. Now I want to know about these business things. Oh! you think it's absurd. You *laugh!*"

"My dear!" I said. "No need for you to cry. But why do you not do work of your own? Why do you cast away and destroy everything that gives you a life

outside mine? I'm writing out my own faith here, getting my ideas into order for the last spell of work that is left to me. Why don't you do the same thing for yourself, beside me? I am such a preposterous thing to worship—old, egotistical, slow in all sorts of ways—and the world we can serve is so complex, so full of splendid possibilities! I am ashamed to have such a slave. It makes me ridiculous. It confronts me with what I am. It makes me feel my hundred limitations. I love you. Don't I tell you so? Be my ally."

"An ally, yes—if I am always at your side?"

"After the same ends, my dear, wherever they lead us."

"No. At your side. The world means nothing to me unless I am with you. It can be cruel. It can be crowded and unjust and ugly. I do not care what becomes of it, as you do. After I have lost you I do not care if it is all burnt with fire. I do not want the world or life or anything except with you."

That is where Clementina stands.

She is certainly not acting or lying; if this was not her inevitable self, it is now her unalterable self. Is this indeed womanhood? Or is there some difference in race and quality between Clementina and the other women I have known? It was a woman speaking to another woman, who said: "Thy people shall be my people and thy God my God." Milton may have known more than we moderns give him credit for when he wrote of the devotion of Adam and Eve: "He for God only; she for God in him."

Clementina is unabashed at my argument that she

has made a culture of love. "Every woman," she says, "who is properly a woman wants to make a culture of love. That does not mean that love is artificial because we cherish and protect it and make much of it. You might as well say a baby was artificial and not in the nature of women."

Still I doubt if this splendour of self-abandon is either wholly or permanently Clementina. For a time it is her self-expression. It seems to her to be her complete being. But I have known her for less than two years, and I have no data yet for the full cycle of her life. This may be a season, the high summer of love. This may be a phase in which many needs and desires converge and fuse. It may be Clementina's life will not always pour along this narrow channel of personal obsession. I am, I reflect, not merely Clementina's man, her mate and her lover; I am as yet her whole family, I am her children unborn. She is not only my companion and mistress; towards me she is also an arrested and perverted mother. I have monopolised the love of a household.

There, it seems, lies the clue not only to the inequalities of our passion, but to the nature of the new life to which we have to turn now that the routines of the Villa Jasmin are drawing to an end. For my own part, I confess, it has troubled me and restrained me and also made the daily substance of my life unprecedentedly happy to monopolise for these months of sunshine I have spent here the love of a household.

§ 11

IF this insatiable craving, this tender prostration that possesses Clementina is love, then it is true what she says: I have never loved, and I do not know what love is.

Perhaps what is true of me is true of all normal men.

There may seem to have been some moonlight resemblance to this radiant warmth in my desire for Helen and in my distress at her loss, but the resemblance goes no further than the desire and the distress. I wanted with an equal vigour indeed, but in an altogether different fashion. There was no devotion, no trace of self-subjugation; I did not change at all, I wanted Helen to change; though I demanded much I gave nothing, and our last two years of association were years of antagonism as strong almost as the necessity we felt for each other. I have never given myself to anyone. I have never wanted to give myself to anyone. Either, then, I am abnormal, or Clementina is abnormal, or here is a profound spiritual difference between the sexes that I am only now beginning to apprehend.

Here am I, very much in love. I am thinking now for a large part of my time of how I am to adjust my life so as to take Clementina wholly into it and to make her as completely happy as I can. I do this because in my fashion I love her, her happiness is my happiness. But let me tell the truth about myself plainly. Even now she is not necessary to me. I could and I should go on without her. I should suffer but I should go on.

She is not necessary and no one has ever been necessary to me. I cannot conceive that anyone could ever be necessary to me. And what is more, I am not even necessary to myself. That is to say, I am not afraid to die. I am not distressed that presently I shall be completely dead, nor to think that in a little while I shall be altogether forgotten. Ultimately these things do not matter to me in the least.

Now Clementina is in life, inextricably in life. Life means so much to her that she could even, if it disappointed her dreadfully, commit suicide. It matters to her like that, and her suicide would be a real tragedy. But I do not believe that it would be possible for me to commit suicide. Or to make any very incredible exertions to escape death. Only by over-statement can I express what I am feeling after in these sentences. Let me say, then, that fundamentally I am outside life, receiving experiences. I like and want to do things with life; but I am not of the substance of life, any more than I am of the substance of matter.

It may be that here I am over-defining a difference between myself and Clementina. No doubt there are less than fundamental contrasts here. I have the resignation of sixty and she has the vitality of thirty, and I am Northern and metaphysical and she has all the positive realism of her Mediterranean blood. But after all deductions have been made on these scores I am still disposed to think that the fundamental difference that remains is one that holds good between the masculine and the feminine all up and down the scale of being. Masculine and feminine, I write, and not men and

women, because in all men there is something of the woman, and in all women a touch of virility. Nature has never completely sorted out the sexes in any mammalian species. Nevertheless, the biological distinction of masculine and feminine is as plain as east and west. The female is the life itself, the continuation; the male is an experimental projection from life. It is in our nature as males to try and to do, to create and to pass away; it is in the nature of women as feminine to seize upon our distinctive selves and to seek to preserve and perpetuate them. So it has been between the sexes since the beginnings of life; so it must continue to be for the race to survive. And how in any other fashion can the race go forward and endure?

§ 12

I DO not see how I can ever part from the Villa Jasmin or let the simple peace of this room be disarranged. I shall try to buy this little house or get a lease that will at least make it ours for all our lives. And we will come back here ever and again. But from this time forth it ceases to be what it has been to me hitherto. For a time it was necessary for me to be alone, and here in the mornings and evenings and nights I have been alone, and I have been able to assemble my ideas and view my world simply. The outline and substance of my book exist; this end is incomplete, and Book Three still reads like chunks of a prospectus, but the thing is shaped. This may be the last evening for a long time that I shall spend in solitude at this table.

I have thought for a year and a half that, so far as Provence went, I was resting and reviewing life; but I discover that it is here, and neither in London nor at Downs Peabody that I have been most actively living. That casual young woman of the Parisian sunset has become by imperceptible degrees the dominant figure in my thoughts and life.

There is only one way to deal with our situation, and that is for me to marry her. That has been plain to me for some days. She has never betrayed a thought of marriage; she has had so extraordinary a training in social abasement from the days of Dou-Dou onward; and at first I believe it will dismay and terrify her to think of herself as a wife. She will imagine immense establishments, mysterious social duties, crowded functions, a stupendous strain, and it will take some time to dispel these terrors. They will be dispelled and she will have to marry me, even though she is carried squealing and protesting to the altar. I shall have to work out some way of living—a house near Paris, or in Touraine or Normandy or Brittany perhaps—in which methods of housekeeping and social procedures will not be too strange and difficult for her; and there she will gradually realise, what I have realised long ago, that she has considerable administrative ability, and will rapidly become a house-proud woman. There I can build her up socially.

She shall be slowly accustomed to the austere and dreadful manners of the English, and when by carefully selected sample visitors she is sufficiently indurated, I will take her to London. It will amuse no end of people

to find me at last a married man. I would like to take her to London in early June, and walk with her through St. James' Park in the morning when Lu-Lu Harcourt's herbaceous perennials are at their best. We will feed the water-fowl and turn back to look at the towers and pinnacles of Westminster. Then we will taxi to Hyde Park Corner and walk on by way of the rhododendra paths to the Serpentine and lunch in the pavilion in the open air. Or, perhaps better, we will go by the trees in blossom and the flower-beds right through Kensington Gardens to the High Street and lunch in that grill-room in the big hotel where Orpen's Chef was once wont to preside. Afterwards we will visit that little sunk garden by Kensington Palace. She thinks London is a cramped, sombre, unbeautiful place, not to be compared with the artistic eloquence of Paris, and this may put her in a better frame of mind.

In that house we shall get I want her to have children. I see no reason why we should not have a son or so, and it is very important that we should. It is very important that Clementina's affections should come out of the cañon in which they flow at present and spread themselves. She will have great scope in a nursery. The sooner that comes the better.

It did not seem to matter so much when I chanced upon Clementina in Paris that I was a man close upon fifty-nine and she was under thirty. It has not been a very troublesome fact here. But now that things have become thus serious and practical between us, it is a fact I have to take into very careful consideration. I have to think of her whole life. It is a result of Clementina's

disastrous upbringing that she has never troubled to think so far on as to see me aged or dead; her mind has been filled by the ambition to become my assured and inseparable mistress, and after that—suicide or endurance. That was her training.

There are moments when I can find satisfaction in the thought of kicking Monsieur Dou-Dou, that Catholic young gentleman, her first and chief trainer, hard and continuously. She has accepted from everyone the rôle of a scrap of social wastage. Her mind even now does not go beyond a vision of that scrap in love and in luck. But indeed she is as good a woman as any woman, and it shall not be my fault if she does not, after all, get the full measure of life. She will not do that unless she is able to grow out of me before some hitch of health or accident brings out the disparity of our years. When our children come she will be a little distracted from me. She will love me just as much but not so actively and consciously. She will be more in the nursery and I shall be away in the study. Quite unawares she will acquire new habits, new interests; she is still a growing creature. Even down here I have marked how she has read and thought and extended her curiosities. I shall go on with this work I have plotted out for myself, always a little detached from her. She will be less eager to participate when she is more fully employed.

It has never been my habit to think about death, but latterly, once or twice, it has occurred to me that there were limits to one's right to behave as though one was immortal. One should begin to think of the delicate sensitive tentacles of affection and dependence that tie

other people to oneself, as the final interruption becomes nearer and more probable. One has failed to live completely well if too large and painful a gap is left by one's going. The ripe fruit should fall off without tearing. The successors should be ready, the plan of campaign imparted, and no one should be monopolised, as in our youth we may monopolise those we love.

It is no ungraciousness to Clementina if I plan, not so much to break as to divert some of the threads in this matted web of feeling which she, dear spider of the heart that she is, has woven out of her living self about me. I see myself as a man of seventy-five or so, I hope not senile, I dread that, but going easy, working and handing the work on as York is doing now, and she a woman of four-and-forty, full of life, busy with many activities, our sons about her; making a domestic deity of me no doubt, a position I shall be well content to fill in her world, subject to the emendations of my sons, but no longer living as she does now, upon my direct reactions. More and more I shall be accepted and taken for granted by her. I shall be less looked to for initiatives and interests. And at last a death may be achieved that will be ceremonial rather than tragic.

That is how I plan our life. I am a little amused to find myself making this plan, for plainly it is a retrogression. This is the old-fashioned marriage in which I have never believed, and I am linking myself to a woman of an ancient type according to ideas that are to be found in their full explicitness rather in the immemorial traditions of a Hindu family than in our modern world. But for that Clementina and accident

are to blame. She has said many acute and some very profound things to me, but none more memorable than her outcry that it was not fair to treat women on terms of equality unless they were prepared for it.

Never was a woman less prepared for it than Clementina.

I do not think that I have gone back upon my old opinions materially, but I have—for my own case, anyhow—suspended them. I still think that in the progressive society of the future, sex will be a controlled and used and subordinate thing, that love will defer to and mingle with creative passion, and that there will be a very considerable assimilation of the sexes. They will become more alike in costume, bearing and behaviour. That is already going on, and it is most manifest in the new and northern societies. But it has a long way to go, it has to disentangle itself from a jungle of complex inheritances, and it has to evolve its proper social conventions before men and women can meet on terms of real equality. By all means let us help this development forward, but do not let men fall into the error of anticipating it to the hurt of women.

For nearly a couple of centuries advanced people have been making premature attempts at an unchartered freedom of relationship, without a proper regard for the handicaps of women. Shelley is a typical instance of this logically fair freedom which works out in practice as facile abandonment, cruelty and atrocious injustice. Shelley did all he did to women, I fully realise, in good faith, but all the Shelley-like adventures that go on about us are not in good faith. By all means let us treat

women openly on equalitarian terms, but not in our secret thoughts. In truth they have not our weight of egotism, they have not our disregardfulness in aim. Commonly as it comes about, they are younger than we are. A man must hold himself responsible for the woman he deals with. The last concomitant of freedom she should have is the one that is first thrust upon her, responsibility. Let women hold women responsible for all they do; that is their affair, not ours. We have not the right.

And, anyhow, whatever progress the world has made towards free and equal womanhood, Clementina and I are, as a couple, far behind. She accepts, welcomes and cultivates the subordinate rôle. She puts herself defenceless in my hands, and she would always have put herself defenceless into somebody's hands. I have to protect her and foresee for her. I have to take care of her life.

That is why I shall insist upon marrying her. So far as I can read history the wife has always been something inferior to the free princess. She has been private property. I will not flood the reader with archæological lore and quote from the Spartans to the Zulus and from Atkinson and Weismann upon the point. I shall marry her to direct and take care of her, because I am older, stronger and better placed than she. I will not continue with her as my mistress after our éclaircissements. To the best of my ability in my own poor practice in life I have made love to my mistresses on free and equal terms. But a woman who is in Clementina's position must be covenanted and ensured.

This is the logic of our situation. The reality is

that I am filled with tenderness and solicitude for Clementina, that I mean to do all I can for her life, and that if the logic were all the other way round it would not make the least difference to what I am resolved we are to do.

I do not know where we shall go from this place nor what our next arrangements will be. I shall marry her soon. The particular dispositions to make will probably rest with her. What she asks for she can have. We may take our car on a sort of house-hunting honeymoon, westward towards the heart of France. My work will no longer be her rival and her danger, and she will, I know, do everything in her power to forward it in our reconstructed life.

In this dear peace and sunshine I have put my mind in order, and I have a far clearer idea than ever I had before of what I want to do with my world. Meditation is a good thing in so far as it contemplates an ultimate translation into action. For long spells of time out of the better part of two years I have pursued this meditation here, surveyed and questioned my world, until the great revolution has come out plain and sure, as the inevitable form and subject of all I shall henceforth do. It has been, all things considered, not so very unlike a piece of industrial research, leading to a reorganisation in method. I must go on now to the practical application of what this scrutiny of my will and experience has taught me. I must take this set of ideas to a number of people, and if they are sympathetic, consult them about its flotation.

Flotation is the word I choose deliberately. I con-

template the promotion of a new scheme for doing the business of mankind. I want to try over this conception of a World Republic, as something now ripe and seeking realisation, with a variety of minds. If it seems to stand the test, or if it requires only partial amendment, then the rest of my life must be occupied in activities that will contribute to it. That is the logical development of the situation. This germinating World Republic needs a literature; it has to invade the press; it must develop a propaganda for the young and youthful-minded. It has to discover, educate and organise its adherents, and find and try out every form of persuasion and publicity. It must develop a multitude of subsidiary schemes and define their relations one to another. There must be a discrimination between businesses, organisations, institutions, that with more or less modification are capable of incorporation in a world scheme of human activities, and those which are essentially useless, obstructive, or antagonistic. It has to pervade the minds and discourse of publicists and leading men and outstanding figures with a realisation of this creative process, the developing plot of the drama in which their activities go on. Just as they apprehend and secure it, are they significant and fit for history. Just as they disregard it are they trivial, mere nuisances and obstructions, supernumeraries, voices and figures in the crowd.

Things seem clear in the Villa Jasmin with a clearness that may be delusive. I want to try over all this that I have thought and written down here, on other active men, to discover why they are not already exactly of my way of thinking. I have to test my ideas by this

question: how far has this man or that man whom I have sound reason to respect, got towards my positions? How far is he, within himself and less explicitly, of my way of thinking? I want to try it out on Roderick for example, and on one or two others of our directors who have imaginative breadth. I want to see what resistances Dickon will put up to my creed of creative action. And there are a number of other men against whom I would like to put it. A man who rouses my curiosity greatly is Sir Alfred Mond of Brunner Mond and Co., that kindred octopus which runs so parallel and interdigitates so frequently with our great network. He is difficult to talk to, nervous, and either aggressive or defensive. He flounders about in politics, and goes from party to party rather absurdly. I would give much to know what is his real philosophy, and if fundamentally he is anything coherent and determined. What at the bottom of his heart, if he has ever gone to such depths, does he think of parliamentary methods, of crown, of empire, of the war and the rule of the world? Or does he just accept it all as a cat accepts house and master? Some of his kind do, but not I think he. I must seek him out and a score of other men, Lord Weir, for example, and Sir Robert Hadfield, who have manifestly very active minds which range far beyond merely business activities. What is clear in them? What is implicit in them? And then I come to the financial side of human activities. Keynes I must certainly know more of, and such a man in and out of politics and finance as McKenna. I have never yet got to grips with a banker largely because my ideas hitherto have been

too unformed to give him a definite hold in return for my own. Dickon declares that the minds of all financial people run about between fences, and that if they were not trained to respect their fences they would become too original and embezzle, but I believe that even now a number of them do look over their fences without such serious results, and that if they were encouraged they would look over quite a lot, and make all sorts of illuminating remarks about the ways of the economic process.

One sort of man I shall pursue with my inquiries will be of the type of Lord Buckmaster, with whom the Rettinger-Dunton process has recently brought me into contact. He is a business man—in oil. Before he came into oil, he was a lawyer and a statesman; he was Lord Chancellor, if I remember rightly, under Mr. Asquith. I have met him socially several times, and always he has pleased me. He talks well, thinks finely and powerfully, and he must have a very wide knowledge of both the political and economic worlds. Now how far is the present system, the parades of the royalties, the tedious humbug of parliamentary proceedings, the manœuvres of the political groups, the social round, "patriotism" and our international rivalries, all this life that is so unreal and unsatisfactory to me, how far is it real and sufficient and final to him? How far does such a man merely go upon the surface of it, and how far does he penetrate? I cannot but believe he penetrates. And if he penetrate, how far does he see the revolution as I see it, and shape his thoughts and acts and conscience in relation to it? Has he an established

sense of it as a coherent process? As I have? I am immensely curious about his sort of man. I name Buckmaster because he comes into my head as a convenient representative, but I could name a score of such men, able, prominent, successful, who seem to me manifestly too fine-minded to be satisfied with the play of human affairs as it is staged to-day, and yet who go about as if they were. Why are they not more explicitly restless and revolutionary?

Then I want to explore the socialists. The Labour Party—or it may be the Independent Labour Party, for I made no note at the time—has recently come out with a scheme for dealing with the coal mines. It is in many ways an excellent scheme, a large scale scheme of scrapping and reorganisation for exhaustive production that would make all British coal one business. It would override many of the arrangements of Romer, Crest and Co., but such things could be readjusted. It could be bolder upon the possibilities of civilising the miner than it is, and of changing his methods of work. Of course the Labour politicians the world knows best, those men who make speeches with their fists and monkey about in court suits, are as capable of carrying out such a scheme as Jeanne here, my excellent cook, is of taking a modern battleship into action. But I find in this report the hands of at least two men, Tawney and Greenwood, who are manifestly both men of wide knowledge and evident power. They must know as well as I do what their party, as a party, amounts to, what a mere cave in liberalism, what a dreary haggle for office it is. Their imaginations are certainly as broadly constructive

as mine. Tawney is a man I would welcome upon the board of Romer, Steinhart, Crest and Co. almost as warmly as I would rejoice at the departure of Crest. He would be better occupied with us than in making schemes that can never be realised by the associates he has chosen. Why is he in one camp and Keynes in another and I in a third, while the Crests and the Percies and their kind in massive unity, with nothing but their instincts and traditions to hold them together, can impede progress for a whole lifetime?

I mention Tawney and Greenwood as I have mentioned Buckmaster and the others, casually. They have happened to come first into my mind. They are types, not abnormalities. If I set about it I could make a list of some hundreds of Englishmen alone dispersed through the worlds of finance and industry and public affairs who are of a quality that makes their collective futility and their acquiescence in existing things amazing.

Now either my conception of a World Republic as the proper form of life presented to my intelligent and active contemporaries is false, or else it is latent, or it exists in some similar form, but perhaps under disguising terms, not as yet completely assembled, in the minds of all such men as those I have cited. They are all of them men at least as able and intelligent as myself; most of them are much abler and more intelligent; our brains must be all similarly constituted, and, with a few variations of proportion and angle, they know the facts as I know them. Of course, they are where they are, as I am where I am, without premeditation. They have got

in and come through to it and found themselves at forty-five or fifty-five or sixty-five before they could make an extensive survey of things about them. But now? After the war, in the midst of the most illuminating stresses and troubles, with the needs of the world growing plain? Surely they must be awakening, as I have awakened, to possibilities that transcend all accidents of association with nation, caste, party, office or firm.

There are times when it seems to me that these men must be indeed far cleverer and far more subtle than myself, and that they see all that I do and far beyond. But that through some further subtlety they go on being scattered and divided one against another. At any rate, I have to come out of this retirement now in which I have been able to spin the web of my world state so happily, and I have to find just what it is, in my scheme or in my fellows, that bars its conscious use as a guide in public affairs. Then, with such adaptations as may be needed, I have to set about the work of getting them together in relation to it, first in groups and then through literary, journalistic and suchlike activities, and then with a conscious creative direction of monetary and industrial developments.

It is not a task I shall do well. I know that quite plainly. I have no such powers of persuasion and combination and arrangement as old Roderick, for instance. I am a sociable man, but not associative. I am by nature a solitary worker, and almost all my best results have been got with inanimate material, free of all malice or vexatious feelings, in the laboratory, in the open, or in the works' apparatus and routines. But the logic of

my faith requires me to go on to this work until at least some abler person takes it on from me and does it better. As old Lubin would have put it, the word of the Lord is upon me and I have now to leave this pleasant wilderness and go down to London, that mighty Babylon, and prophesy. The trouble is that nowadays prophesying is a skilled occupation. The happy days when all that was wanted in a prophet was a large staff, some simple slogan, and a goatskin over his shoulders, and all that he had to do was to go down to the king and make himself unpleasant by repeating his slogan harshly and inexorably, have gone. I conceive that I have to contribute to the early stages of a very intricate, difficult, and enormous creative propaganda that will end in the world state, and it is a task in which I realise I may easily do more harm than good.

I shall begin in the world of English affairs, because there I best know my way about. Here on the Continent I cannot speak to people unless they know English well. I have come to speak French, German, Italian and Spanish fairly well, which means just not well enough for any really satisfactory conversation. I can talk to men like Caillaux and Citroën here in France enough to know they are upon the same line of thought, but not enough for any hand-and-glove relationship. In Germany there are the same difficulties. The next field for me after the English field, therefore, is the American field. Into that I must carry my inquiries and tentatives as soon as I have something started in England. American intellectual life has always been a riddle to me. It is not easy to get at, because it has no central

meeting-place, and because it has not as yet developed any such periodical literature and methods of exchange as are needed for mental co-operation at a distance. Elementary ideas pass across the face of America like the sound of a trumpet-blast through a crowd, but you cannot find out what the exceptional and influential men are thinking. They do not converse. They have not the habit. Some talk, but with little give and take.

But I cling to the persuasion that the idea of an economic world republic and a single world civilisation, as an objective, must be developing in many more American brains, and developing further, than over here. That sententious emptiness of outlook, that resonant vacuity affected by so many American business men in their talk and speeches, cannot be anything but a mask and a shyness. I can no more accept the idea that they regard their blessed Constitution, the bragging nationalism that is taught in their common schools, the cold-blooded, jealous and selfish "patriotism" affected by their press as more than temporary conditions on the way to a great destiny, than I can imagine my Lords Birkenhead and Buckmaster and Beaverbrook dying together romantically on the stricken field for a rightful king. They know, even more than we know, that these things are provisional. But what is wanted now is something more than knowledge and tacit assumptions; it is recognition, it is admission. The propaganda to which I have to give myself now is not a propaganda for acceptance but a propaganda for open acknowledgment.

That is the nature of the work to which, it seems, my energies must be directed. I have just compared myself

with a prophet, but, after all, that is not quite what I have to be. That is too grandiose a rôle. I can be neither the prophet nor the leader nor the organiser of a world revolution. I observe it advancing and seek to point it out. It is not the sort of revolution that has leaders and organisers. My work is to be rather a ferment, a catalytic agent, a provocation. It is a difficult and subtle task, vague and inconclusive in its responses. Never shall I know what I have achieved nor what I have failed to achieve. It is a task to which I am quite unaccustomed and for which I am temperamentally unfitted. But here it is, at hand; I have, so to speak, thrust it into my own hand, and I must do it. I must find out how to do it and train myself where training is needed.

I wish I was not sixty; I wish I had more of Dickon's geniality; I wish there was an inexhaustible supply of nervous energy between myself and the phase of irritation. Sixty. Perhaps I have fifteen years still left, or it may be twenty. Much may be done in such a ration of time, with a flying start and good fortune. But it leaves little margin for delays and setbacks. When I began this book, a year and a half ago, I wrote that life was too short. More and more do I realise that. It is too short, much too short by the scale of modern things. I feel to-night that all my sixty years have been no more than a prelude and that it is now that life and work begin.

I must go warily in what I have to do. For all I know, I may find dozens of men presently attempting the same or kindred things. I have to keep my faith and yet remember that the scheme I propound is provisional and experimental in frame and detail. I have

to be patient if presently I find men working upon schemes akin to mine and yet in some respects vexatiously askew to it. I have not been a patient man in such cases hitherto. Hard it is to do one's utmost in contentious things and yet keep one's place; to know that everything is exacted from one and yet that one is nothing, that no cause is great or worthy of service unless it calls indifferently on others and depends on no single person.

I have changed greatly since first I came here. My will was very exhausted then, and now it is renewed. I have rested and rallied myself, and ahead of me I see years of work and a home. I was a very homeless creature, an exile from nearly everything in life, in Paris a year and a half ago. None of this would have happened as it has done without Clementina. How much do I not owe to Clementina—or to the gods of Chance that gave me her!

My thoughts come back to her, to the almost new Clementina, the ultimately real Clementina, who has been growing upon my consciousness during the last few weeks. In November last year I wrote my account of our first meeting in Paris, and it is well I did it then, for now I do not think I could have recalled the brightly adventitious Clementina, the amusing Clementina, I have set down in that passage. The Clementina of the long siege of this *mas* is also beginning to fade, the intermittent Clementina of raids and startling incidents. The new Clementina is near and warm and larger; she fills more of the landscape and sky. She is still a lean, long, red-haired, clear-skinned woman, and she has kept

her amber-brown eyes and that sweet oddity of brow and lip and nostril which betrays gnome blood. Her voice is the accustomed thread of bright silver in the world's fabric of sounds. But now she takes possession here and reaches past me into the future, and my future also is hers.

For her, just as for me, the future means much work and effort and little easy-going. She will have many disappointments, for it is her quality to expect vividly; she will often find things intractable and be tried to the limit of her patience. She will have to face endless difficulties in her home-making. She has been so long a nomad, adrift. And often I shall fail her. Just when she will want me to be patient and comforting, I shall be away in body or spirit, irritated by the effort of my own affairs, perplexed and totally absorbed by my perplexities, unwilling to fret a sore situation in my mind by talking about it even to her, by even telling her it is there. It has always been my habit when I work to work to the very limit of my capacity and good temper. We are both going back to activity, to effort and strain. Neither of us is completely and surely sugar-coated. She has not done with tears and resentments, nor I with fits of anger.

But these will be transitory things for us, the wind on the heath of life. This love, which she has invented and made and developed and wrapped about us, will temper and outlast all those storms. She can turn even her exasperations suddenly in mid-explosion into acts of beauty.

I come back to the point from which I started to-

night. In some manner I must keep this *mas* in our lives and have it available for us. We must be able to come back at times to our memories of this good interlude and these simplicities. This must be our retreat from angers and peevishness and the incessancy of the world's demands.

My little grey room is as still as death, my papers seem to have fallen asleep in the circle of the lamplight, and outside the night is very still. It is late. I do not know how late, for my wrist-watch has stopped.

This may be the last of some two hundred or more of quiet nights I have spent before this window thinking my world into order. Never has the scene been quite the same. There is an unexampled loveliness at this moment, like nothing I have ever observed before. Everything is silent; there is not a whisper in the fronds of the palm. There are a few stars in the sky, dots upon a vast expanse of silky moonshine. All the hillside of Peyloubet is dreaming; very faint and yet very clear. I can distinguish the pale houses, the terraces, the patches of trees. The moon I cannot see. It must be setting over the hill behind this house, and everything in the foreground is submerged in shadow and intensely, impenetrably black. The palm-tree, the olive-trees, the medlar rooted in the darkness of my terrace, come out against those luminous phantom slopes in exquisitely sharp silhouettes.

§ 13

IT was a grave, foreseeing man who wrote at this table last night and into the small hours of to-day. I read over what he has written with a sympathy that is already detached. I was *that,* ten, eight hours ago? The writing runs on with few hesitations, most reasonably. This is to be done, then that. There is a first list of names of people to be interviewed. I like the idea of the World Republic in hot pursuit of Sir Alfred Mond. And the treatment of Clementina is—to put it mildly—rational. . . .

That methodical, anxious, planning fellow is, I admit, my better self. I am still so far identical with him that I can correct some slips of the pen and alter a sentence or so that has gone askew from its intention. But I can write nothing more in that vein.

Nor, it seems, in any vein. For an hour now I have not written a word. I sit at my table, according to the inflexible laws that have ruled the Villa Jasmin since first we came here, but my mind wanders away from me. I can think of nothing but Clementina.

What a queer, chance-begotten, whim-borne history ours has been! At the end, as at the beginning of every individual thing, stands careless, irresponsible Chance, smiling at our rules and foresight and previsions. The great life of the species has, it may be, some other law—I more than half believe it has some other law—but this is the quality of its atoms, our individual lives.

Last night I was on terms with the stars. I was not

simply historical and geographical; I was astronomical. I was immense. I sat and wrote of the great revolution of mankind, of growing old and of the grave responsibilities of growing old, and of death. This morning I am any age or none. I am a man, and presently my woman is coming down to me, and I have gifts for her and happiness I can bestow upon her.

I wish she were here with me now, but it is my own will that set these rules between us. I have kept her waiting a year and a half and now I am impatient over minutes. I want to tell her all I have decided upon.

Last night I see that I was not even sure when we would change things and doubted whether I would take her at once into this *mas*. To-day I am consumed with eagerness to see her and sweep the last cloud from the sunshine of her mind. She will do as I wish. She shall do as I wish. And now. It would be intolerable to think that this afternoon we shall not be bringing down her possessions from the pension to install her here, her dear carpets, her little typewriter, her chosen books and her pots and bowls, and that she and I will not be talking together to-night of the united life that we have now to make for ourselves.

This day is full of sunshine, and only the habits of a year and the fact that Clementina is late in coming to lunch to-day keep me within hail of this writing-table. I sit, scribble a little, get up again. Thrice have I been downstairs and walked to the end of the terrasse to look up the straight green path down which she will come.

I know exactly how she will come, chin up, striding with that dancing step of hers—she is very light on her

feet—her short skirts fluttering, her sweet face grave but charged with a smile—that suddenly flashes out at the sight of me. It is a most ungrudging smile. How often has it not delighted me!

I have been downstairs three times, but I do not know how many times I have looked out of the open window upon the bright array of the waiting lunch-table beside the palm under the Japanese medlar.

There is a quality of fête about the day; the sunlight is as if it had been burnished afresh this morning, and the shadows are still with expectation. Everything is quiet—a holiday quiet. Even my cat motionless upon the parapet might be the soft grey image of a cat. The flower-beds are blazing with colour. The roses are wonderful, and I have never seen such irises and such carnations.

I have felt just this pleasant torment of waiting for a dear event in my childhood at Mowbray, the same restlessness, the same going to look again and again when my father was coming home.

Something must have delayed her, something unimportant, and since there are two ways down the hillside and she may come by either, I must needs stay here now and fiddle with these writing things until she comes.

I will wait for her in this room. Here we shall certainly be alone. Down there Jeanne may be hovering interested, and up the slope there may be some peasants at work ready to observe. The few words I have to say are for us alone. That moment must be particularly ours. Here it is I will say these words, here in this room which in theory has always been forbidden her.

I fancy I hear a distant yap, which may be Titza in attendance.

This April day is full of life and stir, full of the warmth and urgency of spring. I am trembling, which is absurd.

Titza's little yelp again. And now I know that she is coming. I hear her voice quite close now, her clear, sharp voice, that makes me think of bright cold water. "Titza!" she cries. "Come. Come."

In a few moments now she will be standing in my doorway, doubtful of her reception. She will look gravely at me for an instant and then smile softly when she sees I have turned my chair away from my table. For that means the morning's writing is over.

There will be a moment of mutual scrutiny, for she will realise immediately that something has changed, and as for me, I shall be diffident, I know not why.

"Do I interrupt?" she will ask according to our custom.

And I shall say—— My dear! My dear! What shall I say to you?

THE EPILOGUE
NOTE BY SIR RICHARD CLISSOLD

§ 1

AND there my brother ceased to write and never wrote again. None of these expectations was to be realised, none of these plans was to be carried out. No more work was required of him, beyond this strange book he had so nearly finished. I cannot guess what more he may have intended to say. There are not even notes for any later sections. It is manifest that as he wrote about her, Miss Campbell, his Clementina, came into the room. He ceased to write. And never returned again to his writing-table before the window.

He was killed in an automobile accident upon the narrow road leading from the gorge of the Loup to Thorenc on April 24th, 1926. Miss Campbell, who was with him in his car, was killed at the same time. This was perhaps only a day, or a day or two, after the unfinished passage was left. He was a skilful, careful driver, careful as every man with a quick imagination must needs be, but the chances were against him. The automobile of Dr. Pierre Lot of Haut Thorenc was drawn up as much off that slender track as possible in a place where there was room to pass, and the doctor himself was up at the house of a shepherd which faces the ravine at this spot. My brother was passing the doctor's car when suddenly—so far as we could gather—one of the shepherd's children ran out from behind it and stopped dismayed in mid-road a metre or so from

my brother's radiator. No doubt he clapped on his brakes, but also he swerved so as to miss the paralysed child. It was a matter of inches, the doctor told me. The wheel tracks showed that his left wheels went over the turf edge of the road and that three or four stones loosely embedded in the turf gave way.

The car turned right over sideways, dropped a sheer score of yards, crushed its two passengers, rolled over them completely, and went smashing down for nearly thirty yards more. I have never seen a car so knocked to pieces. It had left a wheel and its seats and two mudguards behind it, and the radiator was pierced by a fir sapling. The doctor was called out to discover what had happened by the terrified child.

Miss Campbell was quite dead. Her head was dreadfully crushed. She must have died instantly. My brother was still alive. His back was broken, and he was mortally injured, but he lived, pointlessly and irrationally, for some time. The doctor seems to have acted with excellent sense and decision. He had straw and sacking and a mattress brought down to him from the shepherd's house, he made my brother as comfortable as he could on the slope where he lay, he had morphia available for an injection, and so without excessive suffering my brother lay in the sunlight for two hours and at last died. The doctor stayed beside him all that time.

The doctor speaks very passable English, and he was at some pains to tell me all that happened.

Billy became conscious after awhile. His eyes questioned the doctor. He said: "Une dame?"

The doctor told him not to trouble his mind, but he attempted to lift his head and look about him. The doctor restrained him.

"Is she badly hurt?" my brother asked, and appeared to have some difficulty in recalling his French. "Elle est mal blessée?" The doctor with his instinct for documentation had written the exact words down.

The doctor assured him that she was not suffering. My brother did not hear that. "Testaments," he muttered. "Non. Non. My will. Depositions." He fretted. "Hell! what does one *do?*"

"I realised," said the doctor, "what it was that troubled him. 'Elle est morte,' I said."

"Morte?" He did not recognise the word for a moment, and then his expression became thoughtful and presently quite tranquil, as though a vexatious task had been lifted from his mind. "Good," he said.

Then: "Vraiment? She did not suffer?"

He also said something about "marriage."

The doctor reassured him, speaking slowly and in English. "Killed instantaneament. Never knew that she was dead. Before she could feel."

But after these exchanges the anæsthesia of shock wore off and pain surged up from his injuries. He was dreadfully broken; there was a possibility of frightful suffering. I thank God for the happy chance of the doctor and his morphia. He might have had to bear all that alone or with some peasant staring at him unhelpfully.

Towards the end the pain abated and for a little while his mind came back to the world again; it returned

indistinctly and blindly through the drug, like someone who returns to his home in a fog and never quite gets to the door. He talked, but in English and disconnectedly; the doctor made a phonetic note of all that he could not understand. "Il a parlé de Monsieur Dji. Qui est ce Monsieur Dji?"

For a moment I could not recall.

The doctor consulted his notes. At one time my brother had seemed to smile. He had said something which the doctor had written down and could not interpret. "Il a dit quelque chose—*'neeta you Mister Dji.'* Un sourire."

I reflected. "Neat of you, Mr. G.!" I said.

"I do not understand," said the doctor.

I did not enlighten him. But the reader who has read my brother's book will be in a better position to guess what was going on in his fading brain. These were, I believe, his last words. The mind that came back to say them and smile—I can almost see that wry smile of his—receded into the fog, sank deep into the darkness, vanished from eyes and lips, and was swallowed up altogether in the night. That mind had meant, no doubt, to reach Thorenc and rest there and return to continue this truncated book, and carry out the schemes he had developed in it, but it had swerved just a few inches to the left and got into quite another direction, *sens unique,* from which there was no recall. Just this ineffective backing, this half return, this smile over the shoulder, before the decisive parting of the ways.

In that fashion did my brother leave the world.

Doctor Lot and the two or three peasants and their children who assisted at this scene were presently alone with the twisted and overturned car and with two stiff, broken bodies covered and quiet among the flowers and grey stones and turf upon the afternoon hillside.

§ 2

THERE was some delay in communicating with me, and when I reached Provence the remains of my brother and his Clementina had already been brought back to the Villa Jasmin, and two graves had been made for them side by side below the wall of the cemetery of that church of Magagnosc which stands out so boldly to the right of the Nice road. I saw no reason for altering these arrangements. I could not have found a better or more suitable place. The people of Magagnosc are pleasant people and spoke of them both in a very kindly fashion. The two of them lie out on that headland, commanding a wide view of gorge and hill and valley and sea. The sea appears high and far through a great gap, a broad and broken and flattened V in the hills. The olive terraces and wooded crests of Provence, that beautiful, kindly, slovenly land they both loved so well, spread unheeded before their feet. But old habits of imagination are strong in us all, and it seems to me that my brother must still be seeing and thinking up there, still surveying and planning the future of his world, still considering yet further additions to this book of books he had so spaciously conceived.

I was quite unable to trace any relations of Miss

Campbell. I have never heard of anyone so completely alone in the world. Her little "brown muff" of a loulou, Titza, is in quarantine on its way to a kindly English home. It is a little oldish, sharp-nosed bitch, and for a time I feared it would be inconsolable. It wanted to follow its mistress' coffin to the grave, and then decided that she could not possibly be in that queer thing and returned to wander about the Villa Jasmin looking for her and whining. It set off once to find her at her boarding-house and was nearly run over by an automobile as it crossed the high-road, so distraught was it. Jeanne, the servant, who has a great affection for the dog, missed it and followed it and brought it back. It would touch no food for a day or so, and then it ate slinkingly and shamefacedly. But it ate and lived.

For a time I thought of leaving it with Jeanne, but Jeanne herself wants to take another situation; she knows no other way of living, and it is uncertain whether she will be able to carry a pet about with her. I did not care to leave the poor little thing to the chapter of accidents in Provence when I could be sure of kindness and bones and a not too austerely kept garden for it in England. So it broods and frets in quarantine on its way, I hope, to contentment.

The grey Persian cat my brother mentions once or twice, the philosopher of the mirror, betrayed no corresponding depth of feeling, and is quite comfortably housed and satisfied with a widowed lady in Cannes.

§ 3

SO it was my brother never completed his manuscript, and his dream of a vast conspiracy in London and America and throughout the world, to bring order into the dangerous chaos of human affairs, remains an unfinished scheme, a suggestion, a plan waiting to be worked out. I have given it to the reader as he left it, a thing begun, unproved, a project that is still half an interrogation.

He has played so large a part in my life, he has done so much to influence my ideas, that I cannot pretend to be anything but a partisan in the editorial task which falls naturally to me. I, too, am one of these discontented monetarily successful men who find this world unsatisfying. I adhere to his revolution. The show, I agree, is not good enough. It can and it must be made a better show. In all sorts of details I may differ from him, but in the main outlines of his world I am at one with him. If I could have written this book of his I should have written it much as he has done. I have secured suitable help and sought to give these writings as good a text and as advantageous a publication as possible. I have altered nothing and set nothing aside, although in one or two places I am moved—shall I say to demur?—to qualify some strokes that touch me rather nearly.

I do not mean in regard to myself. Occasionally it is manifest he makes fun of me, and I do not see why he should not make fun of me. Maybe it is easier to

take me seriously if I am made fun of. There is no malice in what he writes of me, and in places his swift and fitful affectionateness comes darting through in a way that was wholly his own. He has, if I may so put it, been dramatising his economics, and he has seen fit to magnify me a little, magnify me in several ways and make me a representative of the democratic side of big business—the retailing and advertising side, business over the counter and in the newspaper. For this purpose he has even exaggerated my size and weight a little—I was hardly two inches taller than he, and I doubt if I was ever much more than a stone heavier, certainly not two—and, as he admits in one place, he has trimmed and dressed up my talk. But that, I think, is quite fairly done. I do not see why I should refuse to become a type. What I find impossible to leave without a word or so is his discussion of my wife.

And yet that is a very difficult word or so to write.

I understand the necessity he felt for that discussion. It has been one of the things in my life to which I can never be reconciled that my brother and my wife never quite hit it off together. I do not know what it was between them; I have not the gift to fathom that sort of misunderstanding. But he did not understand her, and though she never told me plainly what she thought of him I know she was always a little uneasy in his company. Perhaps she felt he criticised her and it made her self-conscious. And perhaps he felt she criticised him. Here in this book he discusses her, he *puzzles over her.*

It was just that puzzling over which made it impos-

sible for him to be anything but puzzled by her. In life as I have found it, it is better to live first and think people over afterwards. Affection can only be invested with big risks. There are no gilt-edged securities in that world. You must put your heart down and take your chance. But both he and she, who differed in so many other things, had this in common that they thought first. He did not take her for granted so to speak at the beginning as I think one has to take people for granted from the first if affection, real affection, is to have fair play. He took me for granted, and he took our father for granted because we were in his world from the beginning, but the difficulty he had about other people, and the reason why he, who was one of the most interesting and attractive of men, had very few friends and hardly any intimates in the world, was due to this priority of the critical faculty in his mind that forbade provisional acceptance. Two people indeed he loved at last unreservedly, Mrs. Evans and, as I now realise here for the first time from his manuscript, Miss Campbell, his Clementina, and in both cases it was because accident and his anger with the injustice of the world towards them, brought them close to him before he could institute that preliminary examination of his that was so hard to pass. Closeness and mutual trust was forced upon him. And so they got their chance.

It is with no little pain that I analyse his analysis of my wife. Pain on his account and on hers. What he says of her is so close to the reality and so far from being true. He too was troubled and dissatisfied by these impalpables that made an easy happy triple friendship

impossible. Troubled and unable to recover them. He wanted that triple friendship, I can see, as Minnie wanted it, as we all wanted it. And then that streak of ruthless criticism came in between us, the analyst with his pitiless acids. His merciless intelligence seizes upon the fact that my wife was a little lacking in physical exuberance, that she was deliberate rather than quick in her responses, and it makes out a sort of case against her as a cold and cynical woman. His intelligence seems to oblige him to do this in spite of his disposition to think well of her. He carries her physical quality into his moral estimate of her. Cynicism is the word he weighs and uses. He tones it by a flattering adjective or so but it remains cynicism, albeit of the highest quality, carved ivory cynicism, as he explains. It is so wrong a judgment and yet so close a judgment that it baffles me. There was nothing at all cynical about my wife. It was the last word to use about her. Somehow—for reasons that still defeat me—he could not find the way to her gentle, finely sensitive nature. He saw her delicacies and difficulties as timidity or evasion or indifference. He did not know what things could hurt her, and not to know that much about a human being is to know very little. . . . I have nothing of his aptitude for the suggestion or delineation of character or I would correct his story here, I would tell how beneath the pride and loyalty and honour that he recognised so plainly, lived such a deep sweetness and tenderness, a fragility and withal a courage so humanly appealing, that I have never in truth thought of any other woman as of quite the same species as my Minnie.

I fully realise that she too was difficult with him. I lament it. I cannot understand it. If I justify her against my brother, so equally do I justify him against her unspoken injustice. On both sides it was injustice. They were my nearest and my dearest human beings. I can find no fault with either. They were gold; they were the best of my life. I cannot express what they were to me. And they were opposed. There are, I think, a great multitude of such faint ineluctable estrangements between fine people in this world. Conceivably I am unreasonable. I may be greedy for perfect harmonies in a world in which there must needs be differences of key. But the waste through these fine differences!

There I must leave this. I would have given—I do not know what I would not have given—I would have given extravagantly to have what is told here about Minnie told differently—told with a touch of retrospective affection. It need not have been so very differently. I once showed him a letter of hers—he tells of it—because I thought it was a letter that would make him understand. After her death. But that too, I learn now for the first time, he found artificial. And it was so tender a letter!

I leave things as he wrote them. I cannot mutilate his book.

His loss is still very fresh with me. It has carried me back to our boyhood, to our years as step-sons in close alliance against rather suffocating suppressions, to our hard and strenuous life as students together. I feel there is little to add. Knowing him so well it is easy

for me to find his personality quite sufficiently displayed in what he himself has given. I may however say here that he has a far kindlier disposition than is apparent in his manuscript, and that there is a tone of irritation in his attitude to many things in contemporary life that was not a part of his everyday self.

Always, you must remember, he intensifies. He found a sort of fun in over-emphasis. He laughed in everyday affairs much more than this book conveys. Print cannot give his eyes, his intonations. Here he sweeps in his picture with bold strokes, in his third book more particularly; he does not trouble to niggle or accommodate his line. It may be that that was unavoidable. It may be there was no other way of telling things forcibly. One must state before one can qualify. He lays bare very great ideas that are coming into men's minds, that are necessarily antagonistic to established institutions, he wants to emphasise their contrast and antagonism, and in doing so his argument takes on a militant quality by the mere force of its direction; his tone becomes aggressive.

He could be very kind, indeed he was habitually kind to individuals, but he was impatient with humanity generally, and particularly so with certain classes and professions that seemed to him to embody the old order. Politicians, royalties, schoolmasters, dons, professional soldiers, professional literary men; he can hardly mention them without a cuff. I do not think he ever once names the unfortunate Ramsay MacDonald without an opprobrious epithet. Yet MacDonald is a man of conscious distinction, refined, high-principled and excep-

tionally cultivated. And how rough he is with our poor dear half-brother, Walpole Stent!

There was an evident change in my brother as his book progressed, due to the increasing reality of this vision he was evoking of a greater world, close at hand and within our reach. The more he believed in it—if I may be paradoxical—the more massive it became, the greater was the effort needed to believe, the greater the nervous stress. His expressed disrespect for contemporary conditions became more and more resentful. He was always a mocker at the vapid assurance of the established thing, even as a student he was a great mocker; he tells a little of that; but as his conviction that much that he mocked at was already superannuated and unnecessary, that here and now it could be replaced by better things and was not being so replaced, gathered power in him, his mockery betrayed with ever increasing plainness the anger surging up beneath. "Don't they mean to move it after all?" he asked himself. "Is all this still going on?" The effort for self-control is not always sustained. "Oh! stop this damned foolery! An end to this life-wasting foolery!" writhes and mutters beneath many a passage of this book.

His book in this regard does but parallel his life. His disposition to fly in the face of mass opinion was evident even in our student days. He recoiled from all crowds and not simply from "oafish" royalist crowds. With every year he seemed to trouble himself less about the standards and approval of his community. He became more and more estranged from the normal man. His disregard of minor social obligations became con-

spicuous after the war. He ignored people, neglected invitations, dropped all irksome civilities. He no longer kept up with current books and plays and the interests of the day. He was "leaving the show." If he dressed and behaved in the usual fashion it was simply to save himself the bother of being eccentric. He cared too little for everyday usage in such superficial things even to seem to challenge it.

There was indeed always something isolated about him. From the beginning he had an exceptional quality. Even as a boy he was rather alone. He was precocious and he had a marked individuality, and he went directly for the things that appealed to him. Cricket bored him as it bores most clever boys, because of the amount of time it demands if it is to be played well. He rebelled against that priggishness in games which is so sedulously forced upon English schoolboys, and on the other hand a laboratory drew him magnetically. But he was never aloof nor outcast. He could make himself very agreeable to other boys, and despite the harsh things he says about their profession his masters not only did not persecute him but one or two of them took a vivid interest in him. He did not sulk nor shirk; at times he could be delightfully facètious. But his inner isolation grew as his life went on out of his circumstances and with his convictions. Gradually he found out that he did not like the general tenor of existence, prevalent ideas, prevalent ways of behaving about things. People seemed to be wasting their lives in dull and stupid activities, and he felt that the best of his own possibilities were being wasted in the

general waste. His belief in man's possibilities made him at times inhuman. He was harsh with our kind because he expected so much from it. His flight to the simple life of Provence, which he tells of so appreciatively, his increasing disposition to return thither and think of the world from that perspective, was only the coming to the surface of an innate tendency to free himself from immediate and distracting things.

Yet for all his isolation he was in no sense self-sufficient, and there I think lies the clue both to the religiosity of his attitude towards the Being of the Species and to the deeper element in the love affairs he describes. If he left his ordinary world it was not because he did not want a world, but because he wanted one more helpful and akin. Ours in London gave him too little that was worth having and encumbered him too much. The love affairs he tells about so frankly betray far more than a temperamental proclivity. It was as true of him as it can be of anyone that he was born out of his time. In the more " adult " days of 2026 A.D. he might have found an easy circle of understanding friends, and lovers after his own heart. He was by no means an unhappy man; he was temperamentally sanguine; unpleasant things made him combative rather than miserable; but the progressive detachment of his ideas, his undervaluation of things still widely accepted, the fear he seemed always to be fighting down that the crowd with its gregarious instincts might at last defeat him and his kind and all his dreams and go its own road to extinction, threw the shadow of a great loneliness on him, and he would set about exorcising it in ways which displayed only too

plainly his almost unconscious contempt for established conventions.

His life with the notorious Mrs. Evans, which did for a time estrange him from us, was more than an unconscious defiance. She was a banner for him. He would believe no ill of her. He would not listen to a word against her. He would see no harm in what she had done. She was his way of damning "all this chastity nonsense," as he would have called it at that time, and much else besides. He had acquired already in those days a real prejudice against women who were socially correct. That submission and acquiescence should count as possible virtues, roused him to fierce and practical denials. As hard was it for him to condemn rebellious courage, even such rebellious courage as that of Mrs. Evans.

There must have been the same element of defiance in the beginning of the last affair with Clementina Campbell. He does not admit it but it peeps between the lines. He never told me of her, but that may have been because the apt occasion never came to us. We were both busy men, we did not meet very much in 1925, and he never wrote a letter if he could help it. I did not even know she existed until I went down to Provence after his death. I am extremely sorry that I never saw her; that except for a few snapshots I found of her in a drawer, I do not even know what she was like. Whatever his state of mind about her at first, whatever the quality of their earlier relationship, there can be no doubt of the depth and sincerity of their affection at the end. Mutual affection I think of a better

quality than he had ever had before. His tenderness for her is manifest every time he mentions her. But it is not all tenderness towards her. He pulls at his cord. It does not need close reading between the lines to detect his disposition to symbolise her as he symbolised Mrs. Evans before her, and turn her to his own rebellious uses. With her he might have succeeded. The way the people spoke of her round Magagnosc and Grasse suggested a very charming person indeed, and it may be that in these laxer times and married to her, he would have been able to reinstate her completely in the world that had cast her out. He loved her very much it is plain, more I should think than he had ever loved any other woman, but I am sure that the spectacle of the old order eating its own judgment upon her would have played no small part in his satisfaction at her happiness.

He was coming back into the world with her and he was coming back for a last great fight, a completer, more systematic fight than he had ever essayed before, against most established things. He was still full of life.

I wish he could have fought that fight. I wish he could have fought that fight and that I could have been beside him. It is not natural that he should have gone before me. He has been a great thing in my world, from those early days of brooding and brilliance when with a disadvantage of two years he could beat me in my school work almost as a matter of course. He has refreshed me and stimulated me all my life; I cannot imagine what I should have become if it had not been for his corrections. Circumstances threw us very closely

together. Never at any time were we more than half estranged. And beyond habit and companionship there was something in him, strong yet weak, defiant yet dependent, free and obstinate in thought and action and yet cravingly affectionate, that leaves a heartache for him I must carry now to the end.

It is a curious thing to say, but I do not realise yet that he is dead. He has been so much in my life since its conscious beginnings that it is difficult to feel that he has gone right out of the world, that he is not away in America or Siberia or South Africa and presently coming back. I had a sense of his possible comments whenever I wrote. I have that still. If to-morrow I found a laconic postcard from him among my letters I should not be surprised. It would be only after a minute or so that I should begin to perceive it strange.

And it is all over. I think of an eager little chap in knickerbockers, with bright eyes and a quick colour—guying his governess or bolting from me with a squeak between delight and dismay after some outrageous unexpected attack. I remember him standing naked in the sunshine on a beach somewhere in France and how it dawned upon me that he was beautifully built. I fight again in a great scrap we had with some French boys at Montpellier. And there is the keen face of the young socialist, too intent upon his argument to note the spring flowers in Kensington Gardens, and the student gone clean over my head out of the common laboratory through the dark-green door that shut off research from the rank and file of learners. And so the memories come crowding one after the other, the better half before

the twenties were reached. As it comes nearer the figure is larger but less bright. I see him in tennis flannels at Lambs Court, now wary, now wild as a cat in thundery weather, a most uncertain player always; I see him smiling recognition at me on the gangway of a big liner or threading his way to my corner through the groups in the club smoking-room. And at the end comes the picture, so irrelevant and so dreadful, of that crumpled automobile I saw amidst torn turf and snapped-off saplings.

My dear brother!

Παντα ῥει. He too has passed. These words, and they are wonderful words and come like a refrain throughout his book, shall be put as his sole epitaph upon his grave.

THE END

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